



478 CRUIKSHANK. [Barker, M. H.] Jem Bunt  
a tale of the land and the ocean. 23 engravings on steel by  
R. Cruikshank. 8° original cloth, uncut. London (1841)

127  
152  
EWR

PR  
4063  
B23  
T4  
1250



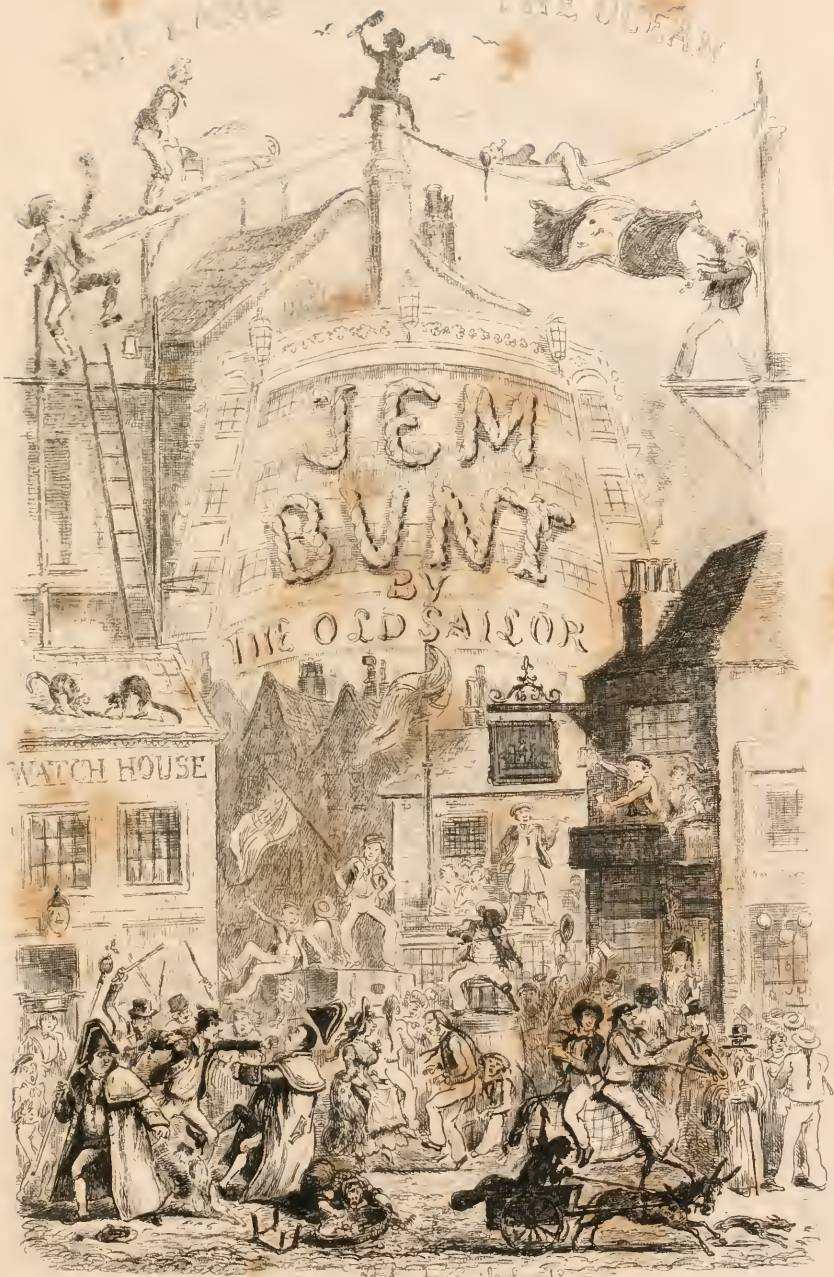
Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







THE OCEAN



Robert R. R. R.





Matthew Henry Barker

# J E M B U N T:

A TALE OF

## The Land and the Ocean.

BY "THE OLD SAILOR."

*M. H. Barker*

---

WITH TWENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL,  
BY R. CRUIKSHANK.

---

LONDON:

WILLOUGHBY & CO., WARWICK LANE & SMITHFIELD.

W. TEGG & Co. G. ROUTLEDGE & Co. GLASGOW: R. GRIFFIN & Co.



THE OLD SAILOR,  
WITH MANY GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCES,  
Dedicates this Volume,  
TO HIS MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND  
LORD RANCLIFFE,  
OF BUNNY PARK, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.





## A FEW PREFATORY REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR.

---

VILLAGES, towns, cities, counties, nay even nations have contended for the honour of having been the birth-place of some eminent individual or other, whose name, after death, has figured on the rolls of fame or in the pages of history ; but, in numerous instances, whose body, whilst living, was suffered to sink into the very depths of wretchedness and misery. Masses of marble, emblazoned with memorials, have been erected over the cold, senseless corpse, mouldering in its winding-sheet, and creating the very worms that feed upon it ; and, yet that form, when animated with the breath of existence, had endured hunger, and thirst, and cold, with scarcely sufficient covering to the shivering frame to proclaim it decent ; whilst the spirit was crushed beneath the chilling neglect of the world, “ the proud man’s contumely,” and all the thousand evils with which genius is beset when struggling with its fate ;—they refused him bread whilst living but they gave him a stone when dead.

Now all this, to me, has something in it very unaccountable ; and whilst debating the subject in my own mind, HEART *versus* HEAD, and *per contra*, HEAD *versus* HEART, I own I am completely puzzled at the arguments which each, in turn, brings forward to plead his cause, till at last I find myself in a somewhat similar predicament to king James the Second, who having upon one occasion taken a seat upon his own bench, in his own law-court, listened very attentively

and acutely to a suit that was then in process of trial. When the counsel for the plaintiff had made his speech and examined his witnesses, his majesty exclaimed, "The thing was clear enough; the plaintiff was in the right; and it was no use going further into it." But when the opposing counsel arose, and ably addressed the jury on behalf of his client, and produced respectable evidence to bear out his statements, the king was perplexed and knew not which side to credit; nor was his insight into the case much improved by the learned judge, whose mystification in summing up completed the embarrassment of the monarch, who left the court just as wise, and equally as much edified, as when he entered it.

With respect to the fate of genius,—treating it with indifference when animate with life, yet erecting monuments to record its worth when dead, I admit that the strange views I have of these things may originate in my unhappy ignorance of the real state of education, for

Born at sea, and my cradle a frigate,

I have had but few opportunities of deriving my knowledge of men and manners from practical experience; and therefore, perhaps, after all, the unkindness to the living, and the veneration for the dead,—the closing of the cornucopia of plenty, whilst in existence, and the sounding of the empty horn of fame, when life is extinct,—after all, I say, such arrangements may be in accordance with the principles of mathematics, or ethics, or logic, or cosmogony, or conchology, or any other of the abstruse sciences taught at the universities and great schools, and of which with shame I confess myself to be destitute of information. Indeed I am induced to come to the conviction that such is the case, from the circumstance that the very individuals who manifest this strange perversion of what I, in the weakness of my intellect, call generous feeling, have them-

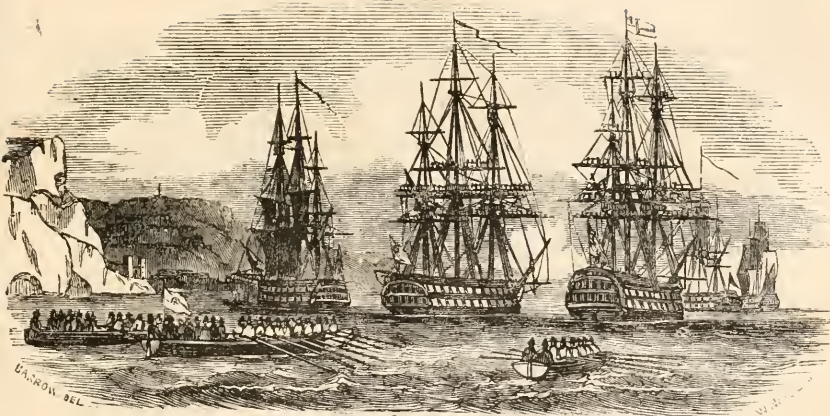
selves imbibed instruction in those public institutions for the cultivation of the mind ; and it naturally follows, at least according to my humble judgment, that they, having plenty for themselves, can have nothing whatever to do with the animal wants of other men, but only claim connexion with that intellectual portion of the immortal structure which forms the link of brotherhood. Thus, their refinement is too delicate to think upon the grosser material of flesh and blood, as requiring nourishment and clothing, whilst yet liable to corporeal necessities ; but as soon as the perishing remains are consigned to the dark tomb they raise monuments to perpetuate the remembrance of that ethereal essence emanating from the great Creator, which can never die.

## LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

---

	Page.
FRONTISPIECE. THE FINDING OF JEM IN NOBODY'S HOLE.	
ORNAMENTAL TITLE.	
THE 38 GUN FRIGATE SAILING THROUGH THE NEEDLES . . . . .	13
A WIFE'S AFFECTIONATE WELCOME . . . . .	27
THE MAN-OF-WAR'S BAROE ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR . . . . .	39
CUTTING OFF THE DUTCHMAN'S BOGUY LOGS . . . . .	51
BETTY CLOGIRON'S GIFT . . . . .	70
RATHER BREEZY. A CLEAN CAPSIZE . . . . .	82
PACKET BOAT OFF CALAIS . . . . .	104
THE OLD NEVERFLINCH . . . . .	128
THE MAIN-TACK PARTED ABOVE THE CHESS-TREE . . . . .	130
THE SINKING OF THE NEVERFLINCH . . . . .	135
CAPTAIN MONTAGUE IN HIS BAROE ASHORE . . . . .	152
SEAMANSHIP VERSUS HORSEMANSHIP . . . . .	158
MR. SYKES DISCOVERING ELEANOR . . . . .	177
THE FIREFLY AND SQUADRON LEAVING THE TAGUS . . . . .	185
A CUTTER BETWEEN TWO FIRST-RATES . . . . .	200
BILL BREEZY, LANKRIB, AND COOK . . . . .	209
FIRE AND FURIES! WHAT IS ALL THIS? . . . . .	227
CLEARING THE DECKS . . . . .	235
'TIS ONLY THE WIND OF THE SHOT, YOUR HONOUR! . . . . .	256
S'HELF ME ABRAHAMSH, TISH PETER THOMP'SHON! . . . . .	262
WHAT, POLL! MY OWN POLL! . . . . .	295





# J E M B U N T;

A TALE OF

## THE LAND AND THE OCEAN.

By "The Old Sailor."

### CHAPTER I.

O, hapless heirs of want and woe!  
 What hope of comfort can they know?  
 Them man and law condemn,  
 They have no guide to lead them right,  
 Darkness they have not known from light;  
 HEAVEN be a friend to them.

*Pauper Orphans.* BY MARY HOWITT.



IN the vast metropolis of England—a place in which one may speedily be lost, and still easier be found—were two adjoining parishes, whose boundaries were so curiously vandyked into each other, that it seemed to be an ordination of wisdom to dovetail them together, lest the fury of litigation should rend them violently asunder.

Those boundaries had from time immemorial been a prolific source of fees to the lawyers, who took pretty good care to leave the quarrel in a thriving way, so as to be productive of a long progeny of minor suits—thus resembling rat-catchers, who, in the exercise of their calling, overlook some lady-vermin, likely to renew the stock.

But there was one obscure nook attached to the parishes that had been especially and particularly rich to the members of the learned profession; and, probably, its productiveness might be owing to the alluvial nature of the soil, which was constantly collecting there. This spot was situated at an extreme point, cutting off a corner from each parish, and forming, in shape, an isosceles triangle, whose sides were ten feet, and its base nine feet (at least such was the description given in the solicitor's briefs), the sides having houses as their demarcation, the base being open to, and at the lowest descent of, a steep street, so as to receive all the deposits of mud, manure, and filth, which every shower of rain washed down. In wet weather the smell was horrible, and in dry weather it sent up exhalations of an extremely pungent and volatile nature, which a practical chemist in the neighbourhood asserted were powerful ingredients in the manufacture of thunder and lightning.

Of course such a nuisance was almost intolerable, but both parishes pertinaciously resolved to have nothing to do with it; indictments had been laid; civil actions had been brought; and the parochial authorities had been uncivilly treated; but still, in defiance of vestry meetings and law-suits, the matter remained unsettled and unsettleable.

Had the contending parties paid ten pounds each to brick it up, the cause of warfare might have been set at rest; but the vestry clerks, being attorneys, could not allow of the parishes departing from their ancient consistency; and thousands were expended upon this abominable spot without ever coming to an amicable arrangement,—what a funny world it is!—and this independent piece of ground, that had cost as much as would purchase a handsome estate, was named and known by the style and title of “Nobody’s Hole.”

Now, every parish of note must necessarily have its beadle, in gorgeous uniform and huge cocked hat, for which the lieges—no matter whether they went to church or not—were compelled to pay. These rival parishes had each its rival official; Mr. Glumbulky, in bottle-green and gold, holding the exalted station of beadle in the parish of Saint Puterpot, and Mr. Macaw, in puce and silver, wielding his staff of office in the parish of Saint Leadandall. They seemed to hate each other with the most cordial and edifying hatred; and woe to the unfortunate parish-boy of Saint Puterpot if he was caught in the fact of playing at marbles with a parish-boy of Saint Leadandall, and *vice versa* if an unfortunate lad of Saint Leadandall was taken in the act of perpetrating a similar deed of treason with one of Saint Puterpot.

One day, and it was a glorious summer day, in which the sun had been particularly busy drawing up electric matter from that grand receptacle already mentioned, Mr. Macaw discovered a little urchin fast asleep in a snug warm corner. The little wretch was clad in a crustaceous covering of dirt over his skin, for except a few rags to save the name of the thing, other habiliments he had none. He (for it was a boy) appeared about three years old, rather sickly and squalid, and his curly but begrimed flaxen hair did not improve his countenance.

Mr. Macaw, as in duty bound, and under the terror of being saddled with a vagrant, aroused the sleeper by a smart application of his cane to

the naked body of the child ; but how could any one so small in dimensions, and so destitute in appearance, be expected to feel ?—the supposition was ridiculous ; but whether the blows were harder than the ratio of progressive infliction to be practised on an infant, or the child had not been sufficiently inured to laugh at them as mere fly-kicks, certain it is that he writhed with pain and cried bitterly :

Now, to cry in the presence of a beadle, especially when commanded to be quiet, was of itself a grievous sin against parochial power, and accordingly having beat him till he roared out, the functionary had again recourse to flagellation to make him quiet. The poor little fellow would have toddled away, but then he might have strayed into the parish of Saint Leadandall, and thereby become chargeable to it ; whereas, by a slight movement he could be directed over the boundary vandyke into that of Saint Puterpot, and therefore Mr. Macaw, having lifted him up, retained him tightly by the arm so as to prevent his departure.

England is a land of liberty, and none are more sensibly alive to the joyous blessings of freedom than the light-hearted sons of Ireland. Now it so happened that the cries of the child attracted the attention of several loungers, who witnessed the official zeal of Mr. Macaw ; and one of them, an Hibernian, mace-bearer to a builder, hallooed out, " Och ! be aisy there, Misther Magaw, shure an' the drollen don't nade a tashte of the shtick, the crater."

" Mind your own business, fellow ; " returned the offended dignitary of the church, " and don't go for to meddle or make vith your betters."

" Tendther and dacent your mother reared ye, Misther Magaw," uttered Paddy, approaching the beadle, with his brawny arms bared to the shoulders, and his shirt thrown open in front, displaying a chest that would have stowed a mipshipman's outfit, " Och ! then, behave yerself, and don't put your strength as a babby against such a man as that."

Pat's error produced a burst of noisy laughter, which served to cause a greater irritation amongst the petty passions of the beadle ; and seldom has puce and silver covered a stronger working of wrath. But Mr. Macaw, when his own personal safety was under consideration could be wonderfully discreet. The writhing of the little fellow, together with his wailings, had moved the spectators to pity ; others were drawn to the spot just as the child was being passed into the parish of Saint Puterpot ; and the answers to the inquiry, " What's the matter ? " were just according to the inventive faculty of the narrators.

" Get along, you young wagabone," exclaimed the red-faced beadle " get along out of this ; and if I catches you here again, you shall be ripped and clapped in the stocks."

" An' mighty illigant the babby 'ud look in that same, Misther Magaw," remonstrated the Irishman. " Och ! cooshlamachree, come here my darlin', and divil the sowl shall cross a crooked word wid yez."

The boy tried to get to his defender, but was still held fast by the official, who, turning to Pat, menaced him with the whole weight of paro-

chial displeasure for his interference, and threatened to take him before the magistrates for "exsulting him in the performance of his duty."

"Bathershein," uttered the Irishman, contemptuously; and then appealing to the crowd, "Spake, honeys; have I exshaulted him?" Cries of "No, no!" were responded. "Oh, the devil a bit," pursued Paddy, "and so Misther Magaw, to ould Nick I pitch you wid your *beak* at yer back." He took hold of the boy, "Arrah! come here my gim and my jewel."

"You know the child, then," said the beadle, relaxing his stern features to a broad grin, under the hope of turning the tables against his opponent; "perhaps he's a by-blow of your own, Paddy."

"Faith, an' he's got blows enough of all conscience, for one day; small thanks to you for that same," returned the Hibernian; "the child shan't be lost, though its myself as niver set eyes upon him afore."

"Vy then, how did you know vot's his name," inquired the beadle, with an air of authority, as if he had made an important discovery. "Just now you called him Jim."

"An so he is a Gim to them as own him,—a jewel of a Gim; an' if he was mine, I'd wear him in my heart," warmly rejoined the Irishman. "And as for your dooty, Misther Magaw,—faith and I'd have given my mother a polthogue if ever she had let my daddy fix upon her such an ugly name, so I would;—but in regard of that same dooty, Misther Magaw, its little thanks you'll get from the parish for showing your authority in 'Nobody's Hole,' any how."

A conviction of the truth of this declaration came powerfully over the beadle's mind, yet pride would not permit him to recede, though the increasing crowd, taking part with the weak and helpless, were shouting loudly against any attacks upon their "privileges," the neutral ground being considered one of them, as belonging to nobody. The puce and silver glanced an eye of parochial indignation around him; but that glance was suddenly arrested, and began to quail when it detected the bottle-green and gold of Mr. Glumbulky bustling forward through the throng to the centre of attraction.

"Vell, sir, and vot all you say for yourself now, sir, I don't think; seeing as I've caught you in *de factotum* in your tricks," exclaimed Mr. Glumbulky, cocked-hat to cocked-hat with his rival, and having a Barclay and Perkins flush of virtuous choler on his cheeks. "Yes, Muster Macaw, I've caught you," he rubbed his hands with exultation, "I've caught you *de factotum*."

"Go to blazes with your fateckem," uttered the other, contemptuously. "You've caught! eh, Mr. Glumbulky? Pray, vot have you ever caught since you left off yer old purfession of rat-catching, I should like to know?"

"Vy, I've cateht a bigger rat to-day, Muster Macaw, than ever I cateht in my life," responded the other; "I've cateht you, and creeping out of Nobody's Hole, too."

Of all the people upon the earth, the English and Irish have the most acute sense of the ludicrous and ridiculous. The warmth of imagination immediately pictured the parochial functionary destitute of



his puce and silver, issuing forth from some cavity as a sally port, and pouncing upon the poor child, as the veritable vermin would upon a piece of double or single Gloucester. Shouts of uproarious laughter followed this bit of bottle-green and gold; and Paddy, whose delight was internal, chuckled with gratification as he uttered. "Och! let 'em alone, boys, it's a mighty purty quarrel; give 'em rope enough,—a ring! a ring! the rat and the rat-catcher."

"This is the way you brings our ancient office into contempt," exclaimed Macaw; "but vot can be expected of a hog but a grunt?"

"Divil a haporth," roared Pat, in the excess of his merriment, "and what can you get from a rat-catcher but a rat? Huroosh, boys!"

The crowd gave a tumultuous shout, as the Irishman, standing nearly between the rival beadles, urged them on alternately. Glumbulky was not to be abashed by the scorn of his opponent, and replying to him, observed, "Oh yes, Muster Macaw, there's somut more as you may get from a rat-catcher than a rat,—there's trap, you know."

"Vell, just shut your trap, vill you, and take this here hinnocent babby to your vorkus, Mister Glumbulky," said Macaw.

"No, I vont," responded the other; "you may take him to yourn; and I say, Macaw, it's easy to see vich parish you think Nobody's Hole belongs to; else vy?"

"Arrah, yer sowls," shouted Pat, as he stepped in the area named; "its ourselves it belongs to, shure. Boys, by the life of me, but the ground's our own, our freehold; and sorrow the tief, barring the dhioul, shall take it from us;" and he cut a few capers of an Irish jig.

The crowd were mightily tickled with the idea of possessing landed property; and they speedily seconded the Irishman's views, by crowding the space, though the dust they kicked up caused a most unpleasant effluvia. "And now," said Paddy, elevating himself on the rubbish in the corner, "boys, jist hear what I've got to say."

"We will; we will."—"Go on"—"Hurrah Paddy"—"That's the ticket"—"No beadles," and other exclamations, came from the throng, which was momentarily increasing.

"Arrah then, boys, which av yez will say that mine's not my own?"

Loud shouts of "Nobody!" arose from the crowd.

"Well then, if what's mine's my own," continued Pat, with more energy, as having established one position, "it stands in rason that no one besides meself has any right to it at all; and, having no right to it at all, if he makes use or abuse of it he acts conthrary to the law." (Cheers, during which the beadles were moving off.) "Arrah, jist ax them jintlemen to stay and listen awhile to my illigant discourse: it's not long I'll detane 'em, and them so ager to take care of the babby." (The officials, apprehensive of violence, consented to remain.) "Well, jintlemen," pursued Pat, "havn't we got our liberties and privileges, and ar'nt they as dare to us as the swate breath of heaven, aghrah?" (cheers) "though there's a mighty ondacent fulvy here jist now." (Loud sneezing.) "But I'm saying, jintlemen, our liberties and our privileges are our own; and they're often mate and dthrink and fuel to us, seeing as we can get nothing else; and being our own by law, nobody has any

right in law to take our food and raiment from us," (Tremendous sneezing and cheering.) "Och! boys, is it liberty that I'm spaking about? shure, then, it's the very soul of an Irishman's heart; and though it may be in tatters like his shirt, yet Paddy glories in his ragged independence." (Immense cheering and sneezing, mingled with coughs.) "Well, jintlemen, this brings me at last to the first. Nobody's Hole is our own hole, 'case as we belongs to nobody; and so that's as clare as mud." (Cheers, sneezing, coughing and laughter.) "And being our own hole, seeing that in the eye of the law we are nobody, in course it stands to reason that we only have a right here, and whoever else comes, parpitrates a trespass. Now a badle—och! bad luck to the janus—is somebody, and in consequence, being somebody in Nobody's Hole, it howlds good in law, without botheration, that them badles have murthered the law in regard of trespassing." (Cheers and sneezing.) "So jintlemen I propose to——"

What more Paddy would have urged was lost in the confusion incidental to the arrival of several constables, who commanded the crowd to "expers," or "they would charge 'em in the kings name." The beadles took courage on the appearance of succour, and in their parochial valour they both approached the apex of the triangle to seize poor Pat, whom they expected to make an easy prey of.

But the prospect of a row, was to Paddy like the snuff of battle to the war-horse; it is true he did not neigh, but he shouted "Horoosh, yer sows to glory!" and flourishing a pair of fists, like nine-pin bowls, above his head, he sprang forward and "tipp'd" them a right and left till he made a clear alley for himself, and might have march'd off with flying colours. But Pat had no idea of quitting the field. "Horoosh for our liberties, boys!" he roared with stentorian lungs: "our liberties, and Nobody's Hole, for ever!" and it was not till a stunning blow from a constable's staff brought him to the ground, amongst those he had laid prostrate, that the Irishman gave in.

But what had become of our hero? you will say. Poor child, one tiny arm was clutched by puce and silver, to thrust him over the boundary, the other tiny arm was grasped by bottle-green and gold, to force him back again; whilst he, like a mouse between two enormous tom cats, did not dare to stir. The affray had given more of character to the proceedings; and as several prisoners had been taken, as well as poor Pat, it was necessary to carry them off to a place of security.

Now there was no difficulty in deciding which watchhouse should have the honour of confining the captives that were knocked down or seized in a spot that belonged to one of either of the parishes; but Pat had fallen in Nobody's Hole, and consequently a dispute arose as to the most proper and legal place to give him a *settlement*; though the poor fellow seemed pretty well *settled* as it was; at last it was determined to take him at once before the sitting magistrate at —— street.

Away went the two beadles, still holding the child's arms—and perhaps never had arms such characteristic supporters—their laced cocked-hats and their laced coats glistening in the glorious rays of the sun, to the great admiration of the spectators. Next came a throng of consta-

bles, carrying the unfortunate Irishman; and then followed a loose rambling crowd, every member eager for strife and mischief, but having no head to direct their movements.

Their road to the office lay through a district principally inhabited by Jew clothesmen, who were sitting or lounging outside their shops, enjoying the mixture of cool hair with warm sun-beams, and cutting the society of the fleas. The buz of human voices, with the very musical accompaniment of cat-calls, whistlings, and yells, soon drew attention towards the procession.

"S'help me Got, but dere'sh shomting de matter, Moey," exclaimed an Israelite to his next door neighbour, who was half asleep, with his back against the wall, and one leg dangling over the arm of his chair. "Here, Sholomons! Levi! come and mind de shop. Vell, vere am you all got to? Cush der boysh, dey're always chucking deir dompsh ven dey are wanted."

The noise very speedily emptied the houses of heads; for those who did not put them out of the doors, thrust them out of the windows; and great was the astonishment of the beholders to see the two stout and gorgeous functionaries handling those diminutive arms as a tall grenadier would a sixpenny gun, whilst the child looked like a sucking David between two Goliaths, or the statue of a cherubim waited on by Gog and Magog. The clamour of the women increased the hubbub.

"Blesh ma heart! vat can sich a babby hash dat have done to be pulled up?" inquired a fat, greasy-faced Jewess, addressing a passer by.

"Done!" returned the questioned, sharply; "why, he's a very devil! He's knocked down that ere man as you see 'em carrying on there, and half murdered the life out of him, if he ar'n't dead already."

"Blessed Abraham! you don't shay so!" exclaimed the woman, overlooking, in the earnestness of the narrator, the utter impossibility of such a thing taking place; but glancing again at the spectacle, she became aware of the absurdity, and contemptuously uttered, "The dog of a Christian's funning upon me. Pray, friend," to another passer by, "can you tell me vat'sh de matter vid de man?"

"Vy, yes, ould lady," responded the person addressed, with much solemnity, "he's swallowed a Jewish Rabbi, and his billy-goat's beard stuck in his throat and choked him."

At length the procession reached the office; and as a second "Daniel" was sitting in judgment, they were ushered into the magisterial presence, the parochial representatives relinquishing their firm grip of the poor little fellow, who stood trembling with fear at the rough handling he had received. The room was like most public offices. The magistrates sat on an elevated bench, at one extremity; and there was a wide space between them and the bar, the main body of the apartment being separated from the official occupation by high wainscoting with rails at top. The bar was in the middle, facing the presiding genius of the place—a stout elderly man, with a profusion of powder in his hair, his waistcoat thrown open down to two buttons, and displaying an immen-

sity of cambric in his shirt frill. The bottle-green and gold and the puce and silver seemed to produce a sort of iris in the eyes of the magistrate, and to be reflected on his countenance, which changed from red to purple, and at last blended a variety of colours as he exclaimed—

“What! here again already? More quarrels between these two confounded beadles!—what’s the matter now?”

As neither of the parochial functionaries had been addressed individually, both of them considered that they were entitled to reply, which they did, starting off together, with “Please your vurship;” and then running on with their own version of the affair, which, however intelligible it might be to themselves, was wholly incomprehensible to the magistrate.

“Silence, fellow!” roared the justice; but as neither was pointed out, so neither obeyed the command, considering it not applicable to himself. “Officer, stop both their mouths; cram your staff down their throats—gag them—I shall be stunned with their noise! And pray tell me, some of you, whom it has pleased the Almighty to bless with common sense, what the charge is.”

Had the magistrate selected any one individual capable of affording the required information, it is most probable he would in a few minutes have been made acquainted with the whole affair; but as his request was issued to “people of common sense,” (and everyone present believed himself possessed of that important essential), a multitude of voices immediately burst forth, “The child, your worship”—“the Irishman”—“Mr. Macaw, your honour”—“Mr. Glumbulky, sir”—“the beadles”—“Pat Donovan, long life to yer worship”—“Nobody’s Hole”—and other exclamations, in Babel-like confusion.

The magistrate with difficulty raised his unwieldy body, stamped heavily with his ungouty foot, and stopped his ears with his hands, shouting as loud as he could bawl, “One at the time; one at the time.”

But even this order was unconfined and indefinite; and as each considered himself the most eligible to address the bench, away their tongues set off again, and “the beadles, yer worship”—“Pat Donovan, long life to yer honour”—“the babby afore you”—“Nobody’s Hole,” &c. &c. were again vociferated, till the magistrate, in a rage, ordered every soul but the child, and a favourite policeman, to quit the room; which having been accomplished, he questioned the officer as to the nature of the charge to be brought before him. The officer, however, was ignorant of the whole affair. The child was next appealed to, as to his parents; but the poor little urchin avowed himself wholly guiltless of progenitors; and as to parish affairs, what could be expected from a youngster, but little more than three years old, grimed with dirt, and his face literally plastered with treacle? The officer was therefore directed to make inquiry outside, which he accordingly did; and after some trouble, mustered the facts, with which he returned to his chief, and briefly recapitulated. The parties were then called in, and Macaw was directed, by order, to take the boy to the workhouse of Saint Leadandall, and the man to be promptly removed to the hospital.



Mr. Macaw would have addressed the bench to explain that Nobody's Hole, in which the child had first been found, was not in the parish he had the felicity to represent; but he was stopped by the sturdy magistrate, who commanded the office to be cleared, and the boy's parents sought after.

Terrific were the looks of puce and silver, and murderous were the propensities of the heart that beat beneath it, when this decision was announced. As for bottle-green and gold, he squared his cocked-hat triumphantly, and then, with a provoking bow of mock condescension, whilst conquest glistened in his ferret eyes, Mr. Glumbulky wished his rival "good-day."

Macaw, in a flaming heat, conveyed the child to his destination; and black and lowering were the countenances of the overseers, who had already heard of and anticipated the scrape he had brought them into; whilst the parish solicitor, who ever had an eye to business, cherished the hope that no parents could be found, and an appeal against the magistrate's order would be entered for trial at the proper court. Nor was he disappointed in his expectations; no trace of the child's parents could be discovered.

The case was tried; parchments as far back as the first period of their manufacture, were produced and investigated in court, to prove that Nobody's Hole belonged to nobody. Counsel made most eloquent harangues to the bench, though they threw hard words at each other, which they softened down with the style and title of "my learned friend." Witnesses were called to give evidence; Macaw and Glumbulky rendered themselves conspicuous in their rich uniforms; and there too was the child called into importance, of which he was wholly unconscious, regaling himself with cakes and apples, plentifully supplied by the audience, who looked upon him as a leading character in the play.

Twelve long hours was the hearing prolonged; Pat Donovan, in a state of convalescence, was brought from the hospital, to explain why and wherefore he had called the boy "Jem;" and this point alone, in examination and cross-examination, occupied two hours, without arriving at the object they aimed at; for Pat kept to his oath, that he only meant, by "gim," to call him "a jewel of a darlin';" and at length it was elicited that Paddy merely figuratively expressed himself in the term "gem." At all events, he had proved the boy's godfather; and, after a tedious commentary by the judge, the order was confirmed till the child's parentage could be discovered, on the ground that Mr. Macaw had been the first to take hold of him.

Great was the discomfiture that night at the sign of the Clerk and Halfcrown, and loud were the congratulations at the Parson and Corkscrew. Mr. Glumbulky, the *ci-devant* rat-catcher, had won the day; and so elevated became the hilarity of his *coterie*, that they chaired their champion round the boundary, very carefully avoiding the forbidden land. The Macaws would not, however, tacitly and patiently submit to have their sensitive feelings thus violently outraged; they assembled on the confines of their parish, and whoever had the hardihood to pass

the border, received a token of remembrance of no equivocal character. This brought forward the parochial watchmen, headed by the constables of the night; and broken heads and contused limbs gave ample employment to the surgeons of the neighbourhood.

Hitherto Jem's life at the workhouse had been tolerably comfortable, for the authorities wished to gain a point, by presenting the lad in good condition when he should appear in court, so that the public might be satisfied that he had suffered no neglect. But now that his settlement was no longer in abeyance, but had become decided at the quarter sessions, especial humanity was of course no longer requisite, and he was put on the work-house allowance of ill-usage and misery. But who cared for that? he was nobody's child—found in Nobody's Hole; and why should anybody feel for his unprotected and orphan condition? Yes, there was one who took repeated opportunities of visiting the poor little fellow, and, out of his own scanty earnings, buying him gingerbread or fruit; and that was his first and fast friend, Pat Donovan.

Jem's early education commenced amongst the oakum-pickers; and he was very soon initiated in the rudiments of the vulgar tongue, nor was he by any means deficient in learning numerous tricks which the paupers, in their love of mischief, prompted him to undertake. But his chief propensity was of a pyrotechnical character, and the finely-picked oakum afforded him many opportunities to experimentalise; in fact, he more than once or twice set the whole on fire, to the great danger of the building, and the expense of the parish in premiums to firemen for having the first engine on the spot.

Now this was rather a serious affair, or, as some of the old women declared, a "burning shame," and Jem received undeniable testimonials of his ability as a flaming character; but so powerful did the tendency operate, that in spite of numerous floggings, he persevered in blazing away, at every convenient opportunity; and when oakum was not to be obtained, the rags of the paupers, and, not unfrequently, pieces of his own clothes were substituted; nor was he at any time over-scrupulous in appropriating any article he could lay his hand on, to the indulgence of his favourite amusement; in short, he would, if he could, have made it one universal fifth of November.

This peculiarity drew upon the lad repeated punishment, whether he deserved it or not: for whatever was missed, he had the credit of destroying: at length he became so notorious that the paupers nicknamed him "Burn it." The boy was also of an aspiring genius; for he was frequently tempted to climb to an altitude of extremely giddy proximity to broken bones, should any slip occur. The governor attributed it to an attachment favouring any kind of devilry, whereas it actually originated in an ardent desire to study practical geography, by looking over the lofty walls to ascertain the localities of the building; at all events, practice had rendered him so expert and nimble that he could spring about from elevation to elevation like a squirrel, and with all the antics of a monkey.

But Jem was getting of an age to become a member of society in the world—at least so thought the overseers—for he was above six years

old, and his habits led them to the conclusion that he would make a clever artist with the brush, to which, instead of a palette, they purposed adding a scraper; in fact, the boy had every recommendation in his favour to render him a chimney sweep of no mean celebrity. The governor of the workhouse did him the honour to inquire into his views of a subject that had already been decided upon; and the love of liberty, so inherent in human nature, settled the question in Jem's mind. Of the profession, with its hardships and privations, he was profoundly ignorant; but the prospect of being removed from his prison, and allowed to range the streets, was too tempting to be lost. He consulted his friend Pat, who at first turned up his nose at the degradation, but ultimately advised the arrangement, as it would allow of his seeing after him with much greater facility; but the Irishman looked forward with considerable pride to the period when Jem would be able to "man-handle a hod of morthar wid de best of 'em."

The authorities were not long in finding a master for the boy in the person of Mr. Theodore Fluewellin, of Camberwell, whose practice was very extensive, as he was considered the most skilful in curing all disorders of the chimney for many miles around. He resided in a comfortable house, which, notwithstanding his occupation, was very decent and clean; it was near the Green, and the soot depository was conveniently situated at a short distance, with sleeping apartments for the boys, containing straw mattresses and warm blankets; and at one extremity was a chimney, in which the aspirants made their first essay.

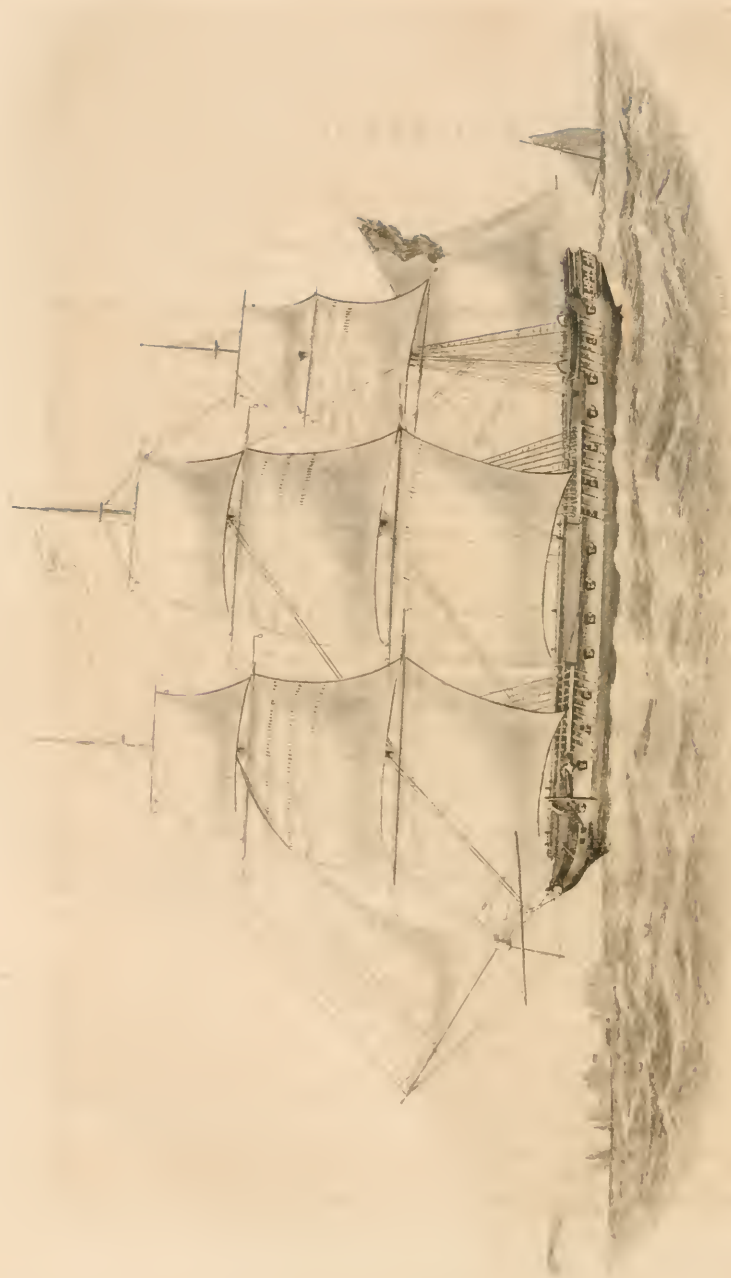
Jem's preliminary trial was highly satisfactory to his employer, though it raised a feeling of envy among his young compeers; and whilst the youngsters were laughing at the prospect of Jem's sticking half way up, to their great amazement, out came his head from the chimney-pot, and crossing his arms composedly, he looked down upon the group below with an air of indifference that would have graced the emperor of Morocco. Jem was bound: Pat Donovan acted as the boy's guardian; there was a binding-supper, at which Pat got glorious; and a few days afterwards Jem, clerically equipped, set out on his professional tours. Whether the unprotected condition of the lad had quickened his intellects, or Providence had been more than usually bountiful to him in the faculties and operations of the mind, certain it is that Jem, even at that early age, was a keen, shrewd observer, and his philosophy would have put to the blush many an older and wiser person. His great delight was, as he called it, "to rise in the world;" that is, he cared nothing for the pain or labour he endured whilst elevating himself, for he knew the enjoyment that would follow was well calculated to compensate for all; the task of elongating his body, to force it through a chimney-pot, was, in his estimation, amply rewarded when, with the implements of his profession, he hung his arms over the brim, raised the cap of night from his head, gazed upon the surrounding scenery, felt himself above the cares of the world, and looked down upon his plodding fellow-creatures with a degree of pride and contempt. The summit of the chimney-pot was his observatory, and there he *scraped* acquaintance with the clouds, and *brushed* away the darkened shades of sorrow.



I have said that Jem was a philosopher,—and so he was ; one of those sturdy dogs who take the roughs of existence as composedly as the smooths. He had, after many *corrections*, been worked off in the first edition of life at the workhouse, and now he was *revising* for a second edition, under Mr. Fluewellin. It must be admitted, he was not a very clean proof,—and his margin often displayed marks of the corrector's hand ; but Jem bore it all with fortitude (his master called it stubbornness) ; his stoicism never gave way, for he looked forward to the period when he should himself be enabled to exercise a similar authority ; and he determined to retaliate the frequent thrashings that he got upon his own apprentices, whenever he should set up in business for himself.







## CHAPTER II.

“For England when, with fav’ring gale,  
The gallant ship up channel steer’d.  
And scudding under easy sail,  
The high blue western land appear’d.”

DIBDIN.

THERE is perhaps no spectacle more truly beautiful than that which is presented by the appearance of a gallant frigate, with her canvass spread, as she breasts the mountain wave, or climbs over the rolling swell. The Psalmist says, “Oh that I had wings like a dove;” but in the bold craft, with her sails well sheeted home and trimmed, the wings exceed by far those famous pinions of the enormous roc-bird described by Sinbad the Sailor. Oh how the lovely vessel cleaves the waters, like the sportive dolphin in his play; her aerial character resembling that of the graceful swan who arches his out-spread wings to catch the favouring breeze; when, with the wind a point or two free, she dances along through ripple and spray under single reefed top-sails and courses—spanker and jib, and top-gallant sails over all. Such in fact was actually the case with the *Neverflinch*, an eight-and-thirty gun frigate, as she ran through the *Needles’* passage, bound into Spithead. It was one of those bright and glorious days in summer, when the blue waters are tinged with the golden sun; and that lovely garden, the Isle of Wight, looked richly gorgeous with all the bounteous gifts of nature and of Providence. A delightful breeze, cooled on the bosom of the wave, came sweetly refreshing to temper the solar heat: and upon the decks of that proud ship were collected numerous groups of seamen, whose hearts hailed with unrepressed gratification the lovely scenery on the shores of their native land. Several years had elapsed since they had last seen it; and now it had burst upon their sight in the fulness of its beauty, and many were heard to exclaim, “There’s no place like bonny England after all.”

Upon the quarter-deck paced the officers, exulting in the prospect of once more embracing relatives and friends whom they long had loved; the lieutenants relaxed from their usual discipline towards the midshipmen; and the latter cherishing the exhilarating idea of new outfits and spending of prize-money, were much louder in their talking than was customary with the etiquette of the parade of honour. But the captain was there partaking of the general joy, and as he uttered no reproof, but seemed well pleased with the feeling that was created, cheerfulness and even mirth was unrestrained.

Gallantly the noble frigate launched a-head—her bright-red ensign floating from the peak, and her long pennant curling gracefully from the main truck. Onward she came; and many a breast was filled with

hopes and fears, as fancy pictured the probable events that might await them on their anchoring in port. Vain would be the endeavour to attempt a description of the feelings which actuate the human mind on the return after a long absence from home. Oh there is something exquisitely precious to an Englishman's heart in the application of that term ! it conveys to the remembrance all that is dear and estimable in life ; for let Englishmen be in whatever part of the world they may, still they turn their face towards England, and call it HOME.

The captain of the *Neverflinch* was a noble-looking man, with handsome features bronzed by climate and salt-water ; in fact, he was exactly the *beau idéal* of what a British naval officer should be, and such as he is pictured when representing a legitimate son of famed Britannia. In age he was about thirty years, but arduous and active service had given him an older look ; he had been engaged almost from childhood in braving the windy storm and tempest, and when opportunity offered, had undauntedly battled with his country's foes. A better seaman never worked a ship ; a more courageous man was not to be found beneath the canopy of heaven. In the midst of the heaviest gale, when destruction on the wings of the wind rode triumphant over others, he had stood undismayed, calmly but promptly averting its fury ; and in the heat of action, when blood and slaughter streamed around him, he, with determined intrepidity and clear judgment, had led his men to victory.

Such was the captain of the frigate—respected and esteemed by his officers, and devoutly beloved by his people. Strict in his discipline, every soul, fore and aft, knew that it would be useless to shrink from duty ; but, generous in his nature, and ardently attached to his profession, he did not harass the men with unnecessary exercises of patience and endurance. His command was law ; but if broken, he tempered justice with mercy, and remembered the frailty of human nature. He was no tyrant, to torture with punishment merely to show he had the power to inflict it : but whilst condemning a fault he nicely weighed it in the balance against the offender's general character, and in nine cases out of ten the latter preponderated. The Articles of War were not of his own constructing—they were sanguinary, and placed a scourge in the hands of cruelty ; but to prevent their infliction he instituted rewards for meritorious conduct, and never failed to give encouragement to those who deserved it.

And now he stood on his own quarter-deck, with his arms folded, gazing—as it seemed—most earnestly on the sunny isle of his native land. There was a shade of melancholy on his brow ; his faculties appeared to be engrossed by some absorbing subject, that detached him from what was more immediately passing around ; in fact, his thoughts were at that moment reverting to other days, when fond and fervid affection had held dominion over him, and he was tracing in his memory the features of the charmer whom he had so tenderly loved, and from whom he had been separated at a time when she most required his kind and attentive care. Years had passed away since then, yet the treasured portrait had never been lost sight of.

There was a rattling tide, as well as a stiff breeze ; and the gratified

tars hailed every well remembered object, as it hove in sight, with joyous glee. "I say Joe, the ould gal knows we're a coming," exclaimed a seaman to his messmate, "she's at Sally-port, looking out; and I'm blessed but they're walking away with the towlin down in Capstan-square. The frigate seems to savvy as she's close to her first moorings, and longs to get 'em aboard again. Go it, my lassie—long legs and light heels make short miles, and we'll soon have you by the nose."

"It's eight years, Bill, since I last touched the shores of England," responded the individual addressed—a veteran boatswain's mate, "and I'm thinking there's no knowing what has happened since then. The old gal, as you call her, may be hove down for a full due——"

"Or, mayhap, has reared a decent family for you, Joe, and you'll look like a paddryarchal goose, with a convoy of goslings arter your wake," returned the other. "How many comfortable letters have you sent her since you have been away?"

"Why, in regard o' letters, Bill," answered the boatswain's mate, "them are consarns I never could overhaul, seeing as I larned to write with a piece of carpenter's chalk; and, consequently, don't understand making your pot-hooks and hangers with any thing in the shape of your quill driving. So Poll hasn't had much in the reading way from me, except one or two chits which Jack Splinterbolt sarved out in Bengal; for, d'ye mind, the captain's clerk scribbled a letter for poor Harry Yeomans, as was dragging his anchors for t'other world; and a kind-hearted and feeling letter it was; and so Jack Splinterbolt makes about a dozen copies of it, and sells 'em for a pint of rum a-piece; and thinking, in duty bound, I ought to send a few lines to Poll, I buys one of 'em for two quarts of grog, and put it into the letter-bag directed all ship-shape and proper."

"Why Harry's letter was as good as a funeral sarmon," returned the seaman, with a look half serious, half comic; "if I recollects right, it was giving his wife a last hail afore he slipped his moorings, and bidding her good-bye for a full due, with a yarn or two about ocean graves, and meeting in heaven; eh, warn't that it Joe?"

"Mayhap it might, shipmate," responded the boatswain's mate, "seeing as I only gave the grog for the letter, without putting myself to the inconvenience o' reading it. Jack said it was a good un, and full of all that sort of thing as 'ud please the women; and so, as I said afore, in regard o' pleasing Poll, why I guv my pint o' rum and bought a copy."

"And the chances are, Joe," exclaimed the seaman, with something like a grin, "she thinks as you are dead, and has tailed on to another."

"Why no, my boyo," answered the boatswain's-mate seriously; "I took precious good care to lay an anchor to wind'ard of that,—for arter I'd sent it away in the letter-bag, there was a summut come athwart my mind as seemed to run foul of the nat'ral course of my thoughts, and thinks I to myself, mayhap Poll 'ull log me down as D.D.\* instead of Harry Yeo-

\* The entry made against the name in the muster list, or ship's book, of any man who has died; it signifies "Discharged—Dead."



mans, though I tould Splinterbolt to splice a word or two on to the eend on it, to say as I was all alive and kicking."

"Well, Joe, I'm bless'd if that don't beat cock-fighting," returned the other, as he slued his quid; "here you sends your wife a pissel to say as you're dying, and claps at the bottom of it that there was nothing whatsomever the matter with you."

"All in course, Bill," assented the boatswain's-mate, in a tone and manner which indicated his conviction that he had done perfectly right. "But I warn't contented with that, shipmate; so, about six months arter, I gets him to sell me another copy."

"What! of the same letter?" demanded the seaman, who was somewhat akin to the character known on shipboard as "a Philadelphia lawyer."

"In course it was," responded the boatswain's-mate; "there warn't never another writ, as I knowed of, and so it was Hobson's choice—that or none; and thinking as Poll might make some misdemeanour about the first, why she'd see as I was all ataunt'o by the second; for d'ye see, shipmate, it arn't in natur for a man to die twice over."

What reply there would have been to this piece of sea-philosophy must remain unknown; for just at this precise moment the first-lieutenant's voice was heard from the quarter-deck, exclaiming, "Boatswain's-mate!"

"Aye, aye, sir," instantly responded the veteran, as his hand instinctively slid down the lanyard attached to the button-hole of his jacket, and seizing his silver call, he stood a perfect living model of attention.

"Clear away the barge and first cutter," commanded the officer, as silence reigned fore and aft to catch the order.

The pipe of the boatswain's-mate sounded shrilly on the ear, and was immediately followed by "Bargemen away!" Again the pipe was heard, and was succeeded by "First cutters away!"

Then arose a cry on the main-deck, "Away there, you coach-horses—Tumble up, po-shay lads—Hurrah for Sally-port!" &c.

The men belonging to the boats, expecting the summons, had already dressed themselves for the occasion entirely in white, with straw hats, as indicative of their having come from India; and though the climate had somewhat altered their colour, and made their frames appear more spare of flesh, yet they were fine-looking fellows, requiring only to be victualled on good English beef and bread for a month or two to make them plump and hearty.

The boats were promptly got ready; and as the barge would be first to land, the seamen who were not so fortunate as to belong to her, came clustering round those who did, for the purpose of whispering or uttering aloud their messages to relatives or friends who might inquire for them ashore. The coxswain, too, had an immense number of commissions entrusted to him, which would have been a heavy tax on the memory of half-a-dozen men, especially as the coxswain could not write. But Jem Hardover had a method of his own in making memorandums; on receiving a message or request, the person who required

his service gave him something by which he could call to remembrance the individual, as well as the particular job he had to execute for him. Now being an extremely generous and good-natured man, desirous of pleasing and gratifying everybody, it may readily be conjectured that the articles collected were many, and extremely miscellaneous in their character. Nevertheless he generally contrived to be correct; and though mistakes would happen at times, yet they were mostly rather of a ludicrous than a serious nature. Jem was a prime favourite with all hands; his ready attention to the wishes of the officers, and his constant endeavours to oblige his shipmates, gained him universal esteem. Such a man was never at a loss for a glass of grog, and yet, except on especial occasions, such as the 4th of June on board, or when on liberty ashore, he was never seen intoxicated—no, not even on that licensed period for inebriety—pay-day, for he well knew that the barge would be wanted at that time, and as the crew would most assuredly avail themselves of a man-of-war's-man's privilege to get drunk, he conceived it to be an imperative and important part of his duty to keep sober, in order that he might be the better enabled to watch over the welfare of his boat's crew, and as far as possible prevent their getting into trouble.

Onward flew the gallant ship; the master eagerly watching her progress by the land-marks, and listening to the chaunt of the leads-man in the chains. They were rattling through the Solent,—“Jack in the basket” was soon lost sight of on the larboard quarter,—both Cowes were passed,—and the ships at Spithead were counted.

“The admiral has hoisted 275,\* Sir,” reported the quarter-master to one of the senior midshipmen, who repeated the communication to the first-lieutenant, and the latter informing the captain, the voice of the first-lieutenant was heard, “Hoist the number!” Away went four small rolls of bunting to the mast-head, which, having reached, a sudden jerk broke the rope-yarn stops that had confined them, and the flags, surmounted by the union-jack, blew steadily out descriptive of 900. Scarcely a minute was allowed to elapse before they were discerned on board the guardship, and both signals hauled down. In less than three minutes more the arrival of the *Neverflinch* was known at the admiral's office in Portsmouth, and in about a quarter of an hour from her first showing her number, it was communicated by telegraph to the metropolis.

“Well, Joe,” said the seaman before mentioned as Bill, again addressing the boatswain's-mate, “there's the steeple of Portsmouth church, and in another hour we shall have larned the bearings and distance of family matters ashore. They won't keep us long in suspense, shipmate,—the Jews all know we've lots of prize-money to receive; and by this time Gosport and Portsea are trying hard which shall get on board first to have a pluck at the geese.”

“And some pretty plucking there'll be, Bill, if the prizes have all arrived safe,” answered the boatswain's-mate. “But I tell you what it is, messmate—I ain't overmuch satisfied about them there letters that I've sent to Poll—my mind misgives me as somut is wrong; and Poll

\* The signal for ships joining the fleet to show their distinguishing number.

was always a bit flightyish, carrying her kites aloft in all weathers, and cracking on like a cruiser in chase—straining her upper-works, and damaging her moral screwabilities—”

“Avast, Joe, avast!” returned his companion, persuasively; “don’t you go for to stand upon that tack any longer. As to your wife’s rig, and for standing stiff under her canvass, that, I take it, no man as is a seaman ought to complain of. To be sure she did carry her cloth abroad in many a heavy squall, and sometimes got capsized, which was all nat’ral enough; but as to what you calls her moral what-you-may-call-’ems, I’m thinking you heaves a-head a little too fast; woman was made as a consort to man; and if, after clapping one another alongside, you parts company again—why then, Joe, it stands in reason that mayhap another messmate may take her in tow; though, in all likelihoods, Joe, it may be a little bit o’ black velvet as conscience has logged down again you, and so—”

“Heave and paul there, Bill,” said the boatswain’s-mate, interrupting him, for the poor fellow winced under the allusions made by his messmate; “it arn’t by no manner o’ means fair to throw a man’s ondevious cruising in his teeth, whether it’s among the white and red of his own country, or the black lasses in Ingee. Howsomer we must take things as we finds ’em—happy-go-lucky, my boyo—eight years is a long run; and yet, with these here green spots afore me, it seems but a few days ago that we parted.”

There is, perhaps, no nation on the earth whose people are more attached to and governed by associations than the English. How often, when thousands of miles away from my native land, has a pleasant view, the smell of a flower, and other things, revived recollections, not only of my distant home, but also of particular circumstances and occurrences connected with it! And now the worthy seaman, whilst looking at the green fields of the Isle of Wight, as they lay basking in the sun, had at once a vivid recollection of events that had happened eight years before; for it was near the very spot they were now over, that he had bade his wife “Adieu.” He stood silently contemplating the shore, till a single word from the quarter-deck aroused him from his reverie. That word was “Stations;” and as soon as it was pronounced there was a busy hurrying fore and aft for a few minutes, and then every man stood fixed at his station, whilst the utmost stillness prevailed, broken only by the wash of water under the frigate’s bows as she swiftly rushed along, or the occasional announcement by the leadsman of the distance from the ground over which she was proudly careering. At length they passed the Admiral, hauled up the mainsail, and then bore up for an anchorage at Spithead. “In sail!” shouted the first lieutenant, and in four minutes the Neverflinch had every inch of canvass furled, and the men down on deck; the best bower was let go, and the cable veered out to a half-cable service; for, coming from a foreign station, it was reasonably conjectured that the ship would be ordered into harbour to refit. The barge was hoisted out, and manned; Captain Weatherall was piped over the side with all due honours from his officers and the marine guard, and the boat shoved off for the Sallyport.

Bill was right as it regarded the Jews, for the anchor had hardly got fixed in the ground before several shore-boats, containing the descendants of Abraham, were hovering round the ship: but whilst the captain was aboard they kept aloof, though two or three more bold than the rest got under the bows, where they laid in some measure concealed from the eye of the first lieutenant, and endeavoured to do a bit of business with the fore-castle men. It is true they did not dare to touch the vessel; for the sentry's "Keep off," was too positive an order to be disobeyed, especially when the glitter and rattle of the firelock evidenced that he was not only prepared but determined to enforce compliance. One wherry, however, either unavoidably or designedly, got athwart hawse whilst they were veering cable, and the frightened Jew, finding himself in an awkward predicament, or else glad of a pretext to get on board, actually seized hold of the cable just as the frigate had been checked by the main-deck stoppers. The marine saw the act, and jumped into the head to drive him back; but was prevented by the boatswain, who exclaimed "Avast there, Jolly—let the poor fellow come up." Thus encouraged, the unfortunate Israelite quitted his boat for the purpose of climbing on board; but the ship having hung for about a minute, the boatswain piped "Veer away;" and, as the tide was running strong, the cable gave a tremendous surge round the bits, and flew out at the hawse hole just as the poor Jew was congratulating himself on his skill and finesse; and was probably calculating the advantage he should gain. Away he went with the cable, plunging in the water, to the hearty merriment of the boatswain and all forward who witnessed the trick; nor were the Jews in the other boats less pleased; for envy and malice were doing their work amongst them, and they rejoiced in seeing a rival defeated.

"What's that noise there forud?" demanded the first lieutenant, from the quarter-deck.

"It's a man overboard," responded a youngster.

"Not by no manner o' means," exclaimed the boatswain; "stand by there with the bight of a rope, Joe—its ounly a Jew, Sir."

Moses had sense enough very quickly to abandon his hold of the cable; and as he rose upon the surface, Joe, the boatswain's mate, promptly jumped on the bowsprit, and dropped the bight of the jib-down-haul over his head, and catching him under the chin, just raised it above the water; but the Jew caught hold of the rope with both hands, singing out lustily for help—"Oh shave me, shave me, Lord A'mighty upon me; only shave me, and I'll give you all I'm worth."

"Aye, aye, you lubberly son of a sea cook," shouted the boatswain, "we've got you by the chin, and we'll shave you directly the half service is out; so hould on, Moses, like grim death again the doctor."

"O blessed Abrahams, look down upon a poor Chew," cried the half-drowned wretch; "shave me, an' I'll give a gold candleshtick to de shinagogue. Oh blessed Abrahams, help me, and I'll give two gold candleshticks."

"Hould your muttering, you ould sinner," cried the boatswain's mate; "if the gentleman as you calls upon was to save you, you'd cheat him



with a pair of brass candlesticks daubed over with gilt. Shove your arms into the bight of the rope, and slip your neck out on it; and I'll rouse you up for half the vally."

The Jew did as he was bid, and Joe hauled up smartly so as to raise him breast high from the liquid element; he then made the rope fast, and left him suspended. The wherry he had embarked in had floated astern, and none of the sentries would let it approach again; whilst those in the other boats, seeing their fellow-rogue, comparatively speaking, safe, refused to take him in. But Moses was not satisfied with his cool bath. "Oh Aaron Levi, dere's a good shoul, do pick me up, and it shall be a good ting in your vays."

"Vel den, I can't, Moey," returned Levi, "besides, you vent a fishing you know, and you've got a bite."

"Oh I shall be drowned—I shall be drowned," roared the Jew, "and dere's me boxsh in de wherry gone away; oh me boxsh, me boxsh."

"Clap a stopper on your muzzle—or, Joe, just shove a swab in his bow-port," exclaimed the boatswain. "I'm blowd if I can hear my own call, for the shindy he's making. Veer away handsomely—"

Joe descended the rope, and squatted himself with his legs over the Jew's shoulders. "I say, ould chap," said he, did you hear the orders I got just now from the boasun? Well, I'm blessed if I don't belay your jawing tacks, if you arn't a minded to sing small."

"Vell, vell, I vill be quiet den," returned the terrified wretch; "but oh, if you vill shave me—if you vill take me out of thish—"

"You'll never catch hould of a veering cable again, I suppose," responded Joe. "But as to the matter o' that, you can use your own pleasure, my friend; though I'm thinking this spell 'ull sarve you for a dog-watch, or so,"

"Oh, by me shalvation, I vill niver do de like again," responded the Jew, in a more subdued tone; "but s'help me Got, I vash deshirous to get firsh aboard to offer my besht sarvishes to de peoples, and keep de oder roguesh out—"

"That you might have all the cheating to yourself, eh, David Moses?" demanded the boatswain's mate; who, prompted by humanity, had slid down the Jew's body, and relieved him of the superincumbent weight.

"I say, David, did you never know Joe Blatherwick, as belonged to the Nonesuch, and did his duty in the main-top?"

"Joe Bladderwig—Joe Bladderwig," repeated the Jew, their faces nearly touching, "'pon my consience, can't shay as I recollects him."

"Oh, but you must, though, David," insisted the boatswain's-mate, "and now let me see if I can't veer away a fathom or two of lingo, jist to freshen the nip of your memory. You remembers the Nonesuch;" the other assented, "and her taking a Spanish ship with a rich cargo—"

"Blesh my heart, yesh," returned Moses; "but I shay, can't you haul me out of thish?"

"Not yet, my dicky-bird," said Joe; "dont be in a hurry to get rid of an ould acquaintance, who's come to pay you a visit in your misfortun;"

I takes it onkind of you to receive me so coolly. But I'm saying, David, as you remembers the consarn of the Spaniard, you carn't have forgotten how you diddled the lads out of their prize-money. I'm Joe Blatherwick, one of the Nonesuch's main-top men—there, don't look so grim—and I'm bless'd if you didn't fleece me close to my bare starn, saving your presence." The Jew writhed. "Now I tell you what it is, David—and you're named arter a commander-in-chief of Israel, who was no coward, and liked a pretty girl—I tell you what it is; here you are, and that you knows well enough; now, I'm blowed if I dont keep you here in a state of suspense, unless you overhauls your lockers, and pays out pretty handsomely, so as we may man-handle them there gold candlesticks as you promised to muster Abrahams, who I take it is as big a rogue as yourself, and in good consekence has no right to 'em."



"Oh dear, oh dear—my boxsh; vat vill become of me—I've losht my boxsh," uttered the Jew, affecting to weep.

"But you arn't lost your pockets, David," urged the boatswain's mate, "so jist have the condensation and generosity to onstow their cargo, and bestow it upon me. I shall want a few guineas to look at and play with; for them there rupees as they sarves out at Maderas and Calcutta, are a precious deal more like boy's dumps, than right arnest nat'ral money: and then there's our prizes—"

The Jew was groaning in agony whilst Joe talked of unloading his pockets; but the moment the last word was uttered his avaricious spirit was aroused, and his unpleasant situation, as well as the indirect threats of the seaman, were instantly absorbed in the prospect of gain. "De prizesh," repeated he, "aye, de prizesh; vat vill you take for your share?"

"Always settle old scores afore you begin new 'uns, David," replied



the boatswain's-mate; "and now I'll jist tell you what I'll do with you. Hand over the shot, ould chap; no gammon, you know—but hand it out cleverly, whether it's your goulden chain-shot, or nothing more nor canister; ease off a round turn of your conscience handsomely, Moses, and brace up the yards of honesty; and it will allow you to lay closer up for a Jew's heaven, by another point."

"De Point," ejaculated David, his thoughts instantly reverting to that notorious spot on which stood his residence; "de Point! oh blessed Abrahams, I vish I vas dere now."

"Well, and so you shall be presently, if you'll ounly obey orders," returned the boatswain's-mate. "Hoist out the shiners, like a good Christian, that is—a christian Jew; and if you does the thing as is right, so as to make all square, by the lifts and braces, I'm blessed if I don't haul you aboard, and stand all the racket with the first leftenant."

"You vill?" eagerly uttered the Israelite, as hopes of cent. per cent. again rose before his eyes.

"Honour bright," responded Joe; "ounly you jist pay out the slack of the mopuses, and you shall mount a-reeve-o', like a sky-rocket."

"Alash, alash, I am only a poor Chew," exclaimed the wary Israelite; "my moneish vash in my boxsh—oh my boxsh, my boxsh! it ish gone, it ish gone!"

"I'm off, ould buffer, seeing as you haven't a mind to be saved, neither soul nor body," said the boatswain's-mate, laying hold of the jib-down-haul for the purpose of going up hand-over-hand. "So you jist overhaul all the gallows tricks as ever you played, and think how they'll sarve you out for them in blazes, ten minutes arter I lets go the rope."

"Shtop, shtop, dere's a good shoul," entreated the Jew, seizing hold of Joe's arm; "haul me up, and I vill give you every ting."

"We alays has our grog sarved out afore we drink it, ould chap," replied the veteran; "and so in course you must come the needful afore I raises your spirits."

"Vell, vell, I have a little shilver in my breeches pocket," answered the bargain-making Jew; "blessed Abrahams! not in dat pocket." For Joe had commenced operations, and by chance had dived into one that contained a leathern bag of gold. "Oh vat shall I do? dey are countersh and counterfeetsh; tis de oder pocket you musht feel."

"All in course," said Joe, pulling out the bag and chinking it in the other's face, "all, in course; it 'ud be a pity to let these here melt in the water: and now here goes for t'other locker."

"Every ship as heaves in sight when capturing a prize, to share prize-money—so says the law," exclaimed Jack Bumpstead, the captain of the forecastle, as he looked over the bows and beheld what was going on. "Don't forget that, Joe."

"Honour bright," repeated Joe, continuing his search of the Jew's person.

"An' me see 'em too, Massy Bladywig," uttered a grinning negro, as he stood upon the bowsprit.

"Avast there, Mungo," said Jack Bumpstead; "you don't hoist the same colours as the captors; and it arn't logged down in the law as black's white."

"All same for dat, Massa Bumblestead," returned the negro, showing his white teeth, "you nebber know—"

What argument he was about to bring forward did not transpire, for Joe, having completed his treatise on abstraction just as the boatswain piped to stopper the cable, he shouted out, "Bowsprit, there—bowse away upon this here Jew;" and then muttered, "he'll come up lighter now than he would afore."

"Aye, aye," was the double response of Jack and the negro; and taking hold of the rope they commenced hauling him up, and in another minute or two he would have been perfectly safe; but his disasters were not yet to terminate, for the jib being wanted to sheer the frigate clear of her anchor, orders were given to hoist it, which were promptly obeyed. Thirty or forty pairs of stout hands were clapped on to the halliards, and the down-haul being let go from the cleat—away they danced at full speed. Now it will be remembered that a part of the down-haul was round the Jew's body; and, Jack having cast off the bight, away flew poor Moses aloft, to his no small astonishment and terror; and, but for the presence of mind of Joe Blatherwick, who, though still in the water, pulled forth his call and instantly piped, "Belay," the probability is that the unfortunate man would have lost his life. Happily for him, however, he was safely secured on the bowsprit, and handed in-board on to the forecastle; where for some time he sat bewildered and confounded, uttering unconnected sentences, mingling Hebrew and English, with the patois of a Jew, in strange confusion. But after all, Moses had gained his point—he was the first on board, and his misadventures turned greatly in his favour with the first lieutenant; his wherry was called alongside—"de boxsh" was found safe—Joe was ordered to refund a part of the pelf, but it had been too well sieved to get much back; and the Jew was not over eager for its return, as he well knew that it formed a sort of passport amongst the crew; and he could easily make up his loss by being permitted to remain on board.

The yards were nicely squared, and the old beauty, fresh in her paint, (for they had given her a lick of colour, previous to making the land), looked more like a craft that had just come out of the harbour, than a frigate from a long voyage and a foreign station. Nor was there any trickery, such as is practised in the present day, in all this; for men-of-war were not then kept for show, nor did their commanders expect pieces of plate, or gold-mounted swords, from the hard-earned money of the people. There was an *esprit du corps*—an honour, a pride, that animated our gallant naval heroes, and elevated their minds above such petty considerations. However, there she lay, slumbering on the bosom of the still waters, after a long and incessant floating abroad upon the troubled ocean; and, though requiring thorough repair, yet, to the eye of a casual observer, her external appearance betrayed neither weakness nor damage.

The ropes were coiled down, the decks were cleared and swept, the

grog was mixed, and the order was given to pipe to supper. The messes grouped themselves together; a bum-boat, in the interest of David Moses, was permitted to come alongside; the loaves (designated "soft tommy" by the seamen) and sweet fresh butter were handed in on credit, whilst the stout old dame, honoured by the title of "bum-boat woman," waddled down the main-hatch ladder to the main-deck, where, notwithstanding the feeling manner in which she had been received at the gangway by the master at arms, who passed his hands rather rudely down her exterior garments, by order of the first lieutenant, and, in utter contradiction of her own declaration, that "she hadn't a drop of the *monkey* about her" one of the quarter-masters very safely delivered her of three fine bladders of rum, which instantly disappeared, and were placed to the account of the grinning Jew, who anticipated a glorious recompense when the stuff had taken its intended effect.

### CHAPTER III.

—"With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds."

SHAKESPEARE.

Two years of Jem's apprenticeship passed away; and though he frequently proved that "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards," yet he contrived to render the days of his existence not quite so undesirable as popular prejudice would suppose. Arrayed in all his finery, he enjoyed the May-day festival; and during its continuance was not a little proud of being looked upon, not only as a public character, but also as a popular favourite. He rambled about during every day—sometimes faring sumptuously from the kitchens of great men, and at others fed but sparingly, on account of the difficulty he experienced in getting anything to eat. At night he slept soundly, for he had no care or anxiety on his mind to break his rest; and though called from his snug black-bird's nest before day-break, yet even this was an advantage, for it enabled him to witness one of the most glorious spectacles in creation—the rising of the sun. He was much liked amongst his master's customers, and many a choice morsel of savoury meat, that had been sent out from some gentleman's dining-room for the dog, the cook laid by for Jem, and the defrauded animals, full of natural instinct (some people assert that they have got souls) would bark at the poor lad, and most probably would have retaliated with their own teeth—thus getting a bit at second hand—but for the adroitness he had acquired in defending himself with his brush and scraper.

His mistress was somewhat of a virago—the "governor's" master—and consequently lady paramount throughout her sable dominions. Nor did she spare the evil-doer, or the evil deed; for whilst she condemned the latter in no very temperate language, she at the same time impressed

upon the former sundry *striking* arguments against a repetition of the offence. It is true, she seldom left any marks upon the persons of the apprentices, for to have effected that she must have chalked her stick, but still she made them feel the full extent of her persuasive energies; and even Gall and Spurzheim would have been puzzled by the supernumerary bumps she produced during her phrenological lectures.

One of the greatest enjoyments of these poor lads was their evening bath in the canal, in which they were frequently accompanied by their master, who loved to do the clean thing, and therefore sluiced his inside as well as his outside, though not exactly with the same liquid; for whilst the surface of his body was content with sober water, the interior portion rejoiced in sundry pots of Barclay and Perkins, from the bright shining pewter. It chanced that on an excursion of this nature, one very fine summer afternoon—for being warm weather the profession of sweeping chimneys had somewhat fallen off, so as to afford greater leisure to the professors—Mr. Fluewellin and his pupils stopped at a public-house, where, meeting with an old acquaintance or two, the wholesome and nutritious properties of heavy-wet were earnestly discussed and practically improved upon, till, swelled with fancied importance, and good strong beer, each one thought himself a hero. The reckoning was paid, and off they set to perform their ablutions in the canal, where the youngsters floundered about in wantonness, and so tinged the element, that perhaps a speculation might have been got up for bottling it off as ink. As for the master, he plunged into the very middle, and greatly surprised the lads by his cleverness at diving; till at last he remained so long under water, that though at first they imagined him to be performing some dexterous feat, and would not approach him lest they should excite his anger, yet, as he gave no indications of coming up, they became apprehensive that he had been seized by the cramp, and detained below against his inclination. Search was made, but the water was so discoloured by mud and soot, that it was only by groping about with the feet that there was any chance of finding him; and as the middle of the canal was out of the depth of the young sweeps, they dared not venture; Jem could swim a little, and he tried his best to seek his master, but without avail. The boys began to shout for help, but it was several minutes before any one came, and then some time elapsed before they dragged out the unfortunate man, whose life appeared to be utterly extinct. They laid him on the bank, and two stout fellows raised his heels high in the air to pour the water out of him, and thereby aid suffocation. "The governor," (as the boys called him) afforded no indications of returning animation, and the by-standers pronounced him—dead. Terrified, and almost frantic, some of the lads ran home, (one of them in a state of nudity) to inform the mistress, who was enjoying herself with a few of her friends and neighbours over a strong cup of tea-royal—that is, souchong soaked in rum before the boiling liquid is poured upon it. Why it is called tea-royal I can yield no explanation, and must leave it to those more accustomed to queens and to courts; it is probable, however, that it is of early date. The renowned Elizabeth and her maids of honour were accustomed to smoke tobacco—it was a courtly



luxury—and why not a little of the extract of the sugar-cane to qualify the tea? The origin of the term however is but of small consequence to my narrative—there sat the lady of the sweep with her cronies, quaffing the enlivening decoction, and dealing out scandal by the cup-full, when in ran the boy with the direful intelligence that her lord and master had cried “Se-veep” for the last time.

“How—vot?—tell me, you little warmint!” demanded the lady, starting up in doubt and horror—“Vere’s your master?”

“They’m just got him out o’ the vorter,” returned the urchin, crying and looking sadly doleful.

“Vell, and vot then?” she loudly inquired, as she stood tragically erect, with her hand pressed upon her bosom, as if to keep down the rising agitation.—“Oh, vot shall I do! Speak, Jack, vot then?”

“Vy, they’m laid him on the grass all onsensibly drownded, and quite stuffocated and dead,” responded the lad, as he wrung his pie-bald hands;—“its all true, missus; and, oh lor!—oh crikey—vot shall all on us do? He’s doubled up, and they’m going to bring him home on a shutter.”

Now it so happened that the conversation of the ladies, just previous to the entrance of the boys, had been on the disgraceful obedience which husbands, in most cases, exacted from their wives; and Mrs. Fluewellin had energetically denounced her spouse as destitute of manly spirit, for refusing to purchase for her a purple velvet pelisse, trimmed with swan’s-down. But now the feeling was suddenly changed; for as the boys united in bewailing the loss of so good a master, so the wife could do no more than utter loud lamentations at finding herself deprived of so excellent a husband. In fact, there was no sham in it; she was much attached to him; and the blow came both sudden and heavy; but still there was a certain standard etiquette to be kept up; and therefore, according to the approved principle, she uttered loud screams, stamped violently with her feet, alternately, on the floor, and then went off into strong hysterics. All her visitors were instantly on the alert; one cried out for burnt feathers, but as there were no feathers at hand, the hairy end of a sweep’s brush was substituted, and, singed and shrivelled, was thrust under her nose—some slapped her hands—others wasted the “winegar” on her forehead and temples—sundry basons of water were brought to sprinkle the face (I have always found that nothing short of a oucket of water will produce effect—not sprinkled, but cataracted over the person—and, like Morison’s pills, if one will not do, take two—it is an infallible remedy); but the lady remained obstinately oblivious to everything—hartshorn and “sal-wolatilly” included. The doctor was sent for, and promptly attended, but even his efforts were set at defiance; for Mrs. Fluewellin seemed determined to baffle the doctor’s skill. It was an interesting and imposing spectacle—there laid extended, on a settee, the unhappy woman, whilst busy hands and anxious faces were grouped around; and so great was their agitation and amazement, that frequent references were made to the tea-pot for the purpose of tranquillizing the nerves—the surgeon, upon one knee, was grasping her hand—a young child was sitting up and squalling in a cradle, from which the foal of a donkey was quietly eating his hay—one of the chummies was trying







to appease the little one by dangling before it half a pound of long sixteens (not guns, but candles) like so many dolls; and the rest of the chummies were taking advantage of the general disorder and confusion, to help themselves unobserved to the nice things on the tea-table, but still keeping up a loud wailing, to avoid detection.

Nearly three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, and still the lady gave no signs of coming-to, when all at once the sound of shouting was heard outside the dwelling—the door flew open, and in flew Mr. Fluewellin with a joyous cry. What a wonderful piece of mechanism is woman—that instant up sprang Mrs. Fluewellin, and overturning the doctor in her haste, she rushed towards her husband. Now it might have been naturally expected that the restoration of her “dear man” would have filled her with affectionate delight, and her arms would have at once been thrown about his neck to welcome him to life. But there is no accounting for the secret springs which prompt a woman’s attachment—instead of a warm and ardent embrace, up went her mawleys, and Mrs. Fluewellin pitched into Mr. Fluewellin right and left, with all the agility and science of a regular pugilist, at the same time upbraiding him, in no very measured terms, for getting drunk.

The uproar was immense; the donkey brayed—the company clamoured—the doctor roared “Murder!”—the child in the cradle pulled out all the stops of its organ, and bellowed with all its might—the chummies cheered at beholding their old master again (though they were not sorry to see him “whopped,”)—and Mrs. Fluewellin pegged away with right good will.

Mr. Fluewellin, however, was too much of a man to strike again; he bore the punishment with exemplary patience, and when the lady of his love had exhausted her energies in fibbing, she sat herself down and indulged in a fit of sobbing. As for Mr. F., he was perfectly sobered though coming from the bottom of the canal, his brains were still somewhat *mud*-dled; and to qualify the water he had swallowed, a quart of rum was brought forth, and the remainder of the evening was passed in harmony—that is, all hands got glorious; and Jem had an admirable opportunity afforded him of witnessing the sweets of matrimonial happiness. Mr. Fluewellin had been resuscitated in an unusually short time, through the perseverance of a clever surgeon, who, fortunately for the master sweep, happened to be taking an evening stroll on the banks of the canal after attending several fever cases amongst the poor. He had the body promptly removed to the nearest public-house, and in about twenty minutes the means resorted to, proved effectual, and Mr. F. revived, wondering what it was all about; and the first sounds of his voice, that had so often been anathematized by the servant maids about five o’clock in the winters’ mornings, commenced humming the ballad—

“O dear, what can the matter be?”

A donkey-cart was procured, and Mr. F. was conveyed home in state, where he met with the tender reception already described. From that day forward till his death the surgeon’s chimneys were always

swept for nothing, except that the *grateful* sweep got many a *grate-full* of soot. Oh, there is nothing beats gratitude!

Nor was Jem's education altogether neglected; in winter the lads went to an evening school, where they were taught to read and write, and cast accounts, for four-pence a-week each; and here Jem's natural quickness of intellect soon caused him to outstrip his companions in making pot-hooks and hangers (he copied from the kitchen chimnies) and in working the multiplication-table. Besides, as he was permitted to visit his old friend Pat Donovan every Sunday, he found a willing teacher in the worthy Irishman. Jem frequently put questions of a very puzzling nature; and though Pat generally contrived to have an answer ready, yet, it must be owned, that it was at times sadly beside the mark; however, Pat, like many other great authorities, delivered his opinions with a firmness and a confidence that left no doubt upon the boy's mind that what he said was perfectly correct.

"I can't never go for to make that ere out," said Jem one Sunday to



his Hibernian friend, as they were passing a well-known public-house, having the sign of "The World turned upside down," in their excursion of pleasure. "Does the man go through that 'ere ball, or is he t'other side on it?"

Pat stopped, raised his hand knowingly above his eyes, with the air of a connoisseur as he looked at the painting, and then replied, "Its right troo he goes, only he's reversed, as they call it, in regard of his bottom being at top."

"And vot's the ball for?" asked the boy.

"The ball," returned Donovan, gravely, "oh, shure, and that's the world—the globe they've chisten'd it, bekase they say its round like a bullet."

"And is the vurld round, then?" inquired Jem, in a tone of dubious perplexity. "Is this here vurld round?"

"That's a matter I laves to the praste," responded Pat, with becoming solemnity: "it's a pint of religion wid the clargy; and some thinks it's round, and others thinks it's flat."

"They're all flats as says it's round," exclaimed Jem, with emphasis; "vy, if it vos round, vouldn't all the chimbley-pots be pointed out just like pins from a ball-pin cushion, and shouldn't I tumble right through some on 'em head downwards, instead of being obligated to clamber up ven I vent to sweep?"

"By dad, but there's reason in that, any how, Jem," returned the kindhearted Irishman; "shure, an' a cute lad ye'll be, and do justice to yer taachers, me darlin'—more's the pity ye can't be got into the univarsalty."

"And vot's the uniwersalty?" asked Jem, whose questions generally arose from the answer last received.

"The univarsalty?" reiterated Pat; "oh, then it's the spot for a janus—Dublin to wit—it's meself wishes I could see you in that same."

"But vot is it for—vot do they do there?—is it a sort of a sweeping machine?" inquired Jem.

"What is it for? you axes," answered Pat; "by the hooky, but it's a kind of factory where they make hard words and big books, An' what do they do!—Oeh, then they get's a power o' larning that you nor I nor nobody else knows anything at all at all about."

"But they don't never mean to say that there's a man stuck right through their round vurld, do they?" asked Jem.

"By dad, but they do, though," promptly answered the Irishman; "and they say he's a Pole, in regard o' the revolutions he makes—though its meself dunna—" and Pat continued his walk.

"Vell, that's a rum 'un, any how, to eall a man a pole," remarked Jem; "and that's vy, I suppose, they tells a fellow to cut his stick ven they vants him to toddle. But, I say, it's a vonderment to me, and I often thinks on it ven I'm in a chimbley—I say, it's a vonderment to me vere ve all comes from!"

Pat looked at the lad, and his quick-witted mind was strongly inclined to perpetrate a jest at poor Jem's expense; but there was something so serious in the boy's countenance, and so earnest in his desire for information, that he forbore his joke, and replied—"Faix, an' it's meself as is bothered entirely in regard o' that same, as far as meself goes;—but the book says that Adam and Eve was our first descendants—hangecestors, I mane; an' then there was one captain Nore, as lived



at Sheernest ; an' the larned tutor as meself had ayont there in that glory o' the worlde—that pride o' the ocean—Ireland. Oh, cooshlamaacre, an' its there we'll thravel some day, an' long life to it ! but the larned tutor used to tell us about two raal Milesians ; one, Ginerall Rammelus, and his brother Ramus, the forefather of the present Musther Diddimus O'Ramus, the great Irish attorney-at-law—an' small blame to him for being a fine counsellor for a pershecutad man—" and Pat pumped up a sigh, probably fraught with reminiscences of the past. "Well, this Ginerall Rammelus, and his brother, Ramus, never had a father nor a mother, but were suckled, the pair on 'em, and rared and edecated by a she-bear—the bles'ings on her warm petticoat ;—an' they were found in the woods o' Kilkenny ; and Rammelus, as I said afore, became a great ginerall and king o' Connaught."

Jem listened with intense interest to this narrative, in which Paddy had drawn pretty largely on an imagination that was never backward in honouring the demand ; the tale was exactly suited. "And vot became of the bear ?" inquired the boy.

To any one but Pat Donovan, this would have been a poser ; but, nothing dismayed, the bold Irishman, trusting to his inventive faculties, was ready with a reply. "It's a long story, Jem," said he ; "and there's many in the worlde as don't believe in sich bedivelments and fornications ; but as I had it, war-bate-him—that's banged into me by the larned tutor O'Gallagher—why, in course, I've striking raysons for knowing it to be thue."

"Vy aye, a stick on the back, or a clout o' the head, is a werry convincing argyment," said Jem, as he shook his shoulders in confirmation of his assertion.

"It's them as carries the weight with 'em, Jem," assented Pat ; "soft words are aisy persuaders ; an' meself knows they break no bones ; but, a *pollhogue* ! oh, then, there's no denying but it bangs nathure out an' out."

"But vot's about the bear ?" said the boy, on whom the story had made a considerable impression ; "how could she bring the children up ?"

"Faix, then, it was a way of her own she'd got," returned the Irishman ; "but there they fund 'em all three in the woods—the bear and the childther ; an' so they gathered the childther up—that's Rammelus and Ramus ; and the bear, to be dacent, fetchad her cloke and her clane cap."

Jem stood stock still, and stared earnestly in his companion's face, as a strong suspicion of what he called "humberging," crossed his mind, but Pat's countenance fearlessly stood the scrutiny ; it was gravity itself. "Cloke and cap for a bear !" uttered the boy ; "vot them as is like to the bears as ve see go about the streets a dancing ?"

"Arrah, whist—they dancing consarns are uncivilized brutes, as they can tache nothing else," answered Paddy ; "they won't larn at home, and so they set out on their travels in furren parts ; besides, didn't I tell you there was bedivelment in it. So the bear fetches her cloke and cap, and follows the childther into Kilkenny, and may be there wasn't

thousands to see how nathrally she behaved herself, except as she waddled a good deal in regard o' the shortness of her legs. An' so they tuck her to the mayor, an' she made oath upon the vestments—"

"Made oath," uttered Jem, dubiously; "vot swear afore the beak, the same as a right arnest natral born'd christian."

"To be shure," returned Pat; "what else in life could I mane?"

"Vy, you don't never intend for to say as a bear, a real hanimal bear, can talk, do you?" asked the boy.

"Not the ginerality of them," answered the Irishman, "ounly them as is edicated and bediveled. Besides, how in the name o' rayson, could she tache her childther if she couldn't talk herself?"

"That's werry true," returned Jem, who at once admitted so reasonable a deduction. "And yet it's somut of a vonder for a creatur like that 'ere to have the gift of the gab."

"Thru, for you, Jem, my boy; but there's never no accounting for nathral history," rejoined Pat; "don't parrots talk, an' where's the great differ atwixt a parrot an' a bear, barring one has feathers, and the other a frieze jacket. Well, as I was a saying, the bear tuck the oath afore the mayor o' Kilkenny, and kissed the book upon it, that the childther was left in the woods when they were no bigger nor a bee's wing; an' so she tuck 'em home to play with her cubs, an' brought 'em up in the fear o' God an' o' larruping. An' the boys were taken care on; an' the bear allowed rations at the barracks, an' became a pensioner upon Dublin Castle—long life to the lord-leftenant; an' there she lived like a fighting-cock, upon the best of everything. An' the childther grew up; an' Rammelus went into the army, an' Ramus studied the law; but the bear didn't like the musty ould books an' the parchments, an' the statues at large: she burnt her nose with some hot cake upon a little tub, an' tuck herself off to the barracks; where she dthrank ouisky, an' smoked her bacey in the canteen—"

"Vot, take her pipe, too? Vell, there is funny things in this here vurd, sure-ly," remarked Jem; "but there, I've not never seed nuffen yet."

"To be shure not," returned Pat, "oh yer sowl, why you've never seen Pidcocks!—it's there they all are at Exeter Change, alive and kicking; and the first thirteen that hever I get wid two heads to it, blur an' ounds, but I'll take you to see 'em."

"See vot?—the bear?" demanded Jem; "my crikey, but she must be an old 'un by this time."

Pat very shrewdly conjectured that a period might arrive when Jem would visit this celebrated exhibition, and at once discover that no such creature as the one he had been especially speaking about existed in that establishment.

"No, no, Jem," said he, "she's not in such an oncivilized place, poor sowl, she had a misfortunate eend at last, and all Kilkenny went into mourning."

"A misfortunate eend had she?" repeated the boy, sorrowfully, "vell, I thought—but vot did she die on?"

"Gunpowdther, Jem—och the sowl, she died of gunpowdther,"

responded Pat, with a mournful shake of the head; "the cratur got boozy over-night, an' nixt morning away she goes to the canteen in her cloke an' cap, an' 'The shine o' the day light to yez, Mrs Haggarty,' says she. 'The same to you, Mrs. Bruin, an' lashin' of it,' says Mrs. Haggarty; for they called the animal Mrs. Bruin, instead of Mrs. Bear, in regard o' the dacency, and for shortness. 'An what 'ull yez take to keep the cowld out?' says Mrs. Haggarty. 'Faix then,' says the bear, 'it's but a poor breakfast I've made—seein' as I've been emptying a barrel o' ball cartridges into me; and, by the powers, but its hard of digestion they are, and lays heavy too—that's upon my stumick, Mrs. Haggarty; so I'll jist take a taste o' ouisky an' a whiff o' baccy to make things sthrait.' 'An' you shall do that same, Mrs. Bruin, an' welcome,' says Mrs. Haggarty; 'a raal dthrop o' the mountain dew, as never wetted the shtick,' says she; and so in course she hands her—that's the bear—a double naggin o' stuff; but the cratur would have the dood'en first—more's the pity—an' so she fills the pipe, and houlds the ouisky in one hand, all ready to dthrink, whilst she puffed away—when, how it happened, sorrow the know any body knows—though may be it was a spark got down her troat—all of a sudden the cartridges went off, one at a time: an' there they was, bang, bang, like a core o' sharp-shooters, for the full space o' ten minutes, or more; an' she tuck the ouisky to quiet 'em, but divel a use was it at all, at all; for they kept up a terrible pother, as the balls flew right through her; an' the guard ran in, an' the throops turned out, for it was during the rebellion, and the colonel believed it was an attack, when it was onely the poor baste; an' the bugles sounded, an' the dthrums rolled to arems: an' there niver was a precious shindy if there warn't a precious shindy then. As for Mrs. Haggarty, faix an' she got a ball where it wouldn't be dacent to mintion; an' a corporal an' six privates were maimed for life, besides others wounded and kilt. An' there the poor misfortunate dhiuol kept firing away till they'd all gone off—that's the earthridges, Jem—and then she dropt down dead—och hone!"

"Vell, I never *did*," uttered Jem, his eyes protruding with astonishment; "and so the kind-hearted brute vos shot, eh?"

"Shot, do you mane?" vociferated the Irishman, with well-assumed anger. "Shot is it she was; well then, if she warn't riddled with bullets, there's no holes in a sieve."

"An' vot became of the childther?" inquired Jem, who still had some doubts upon his mind; not as to his companion's veracity, but the veracity of Mr. O Gallagher, from whom he received it.

"Arrah, didn't I tell you afore what come to 'em?" answered the Irishman. "Whisht, Jem, whisht; shure, an' haven't I put larning enough in your head for one day; let it rest there awhile, my jewel, for if I tries to cram any more into your skull, doesn't it stand to rayson that it 'll shove the other out? a cask can only be full to the bung, any how."

Jem admitted the reasoning, and said no mere; though he certainly did not forget the subject, but made it the theme of many a meditation when he got into his study, half-way up a chimney. I have already

said the lad was a philosopher; and I must also add, that, like most philosophers, whilst he affected to despise the pomps and vanities, the buffetings and revilings, of the world, he was nevertheless extremely ambitious of being a leader amongst his own peculiar class; in fact, he could not stoop to the indignity of being second in any enterprise that himself and colleagues undertook; and ultimately his fellow-apprentices, as well as the youth of the neighbourhood, hailed him as their chief; for, though much their junior in years, he was by far the cleverest among them in scheming, and never flinched from threatening danger.

Now it so happened, that at Peckham there was an academy for young gentlemen, kept by a very clever, intelligent, and worthy dissenting minister, who was always ready to give every encouragement to his pupils when they endeavoured to excel, or to punish the idle and refractory. This academy stood opposite to Dr. Collyer's chapel; but the vicinity, at that time, was very different to what it is at present, though the school yet remains; there was then a very large plot of land adjoining to the play-ground, called "The Wilderness," where Peckham fair used to be kept; and names that have long since disappeared from the emblazonry of such festivals, glistened in all the brightness of gilt above the show booths. There was the veteran Richardson, with his dramatic corps; in which first appeared some of the most eminent actors of after times; the voices which then echoed within the canvass walls—Kean, Oxberry, Slader, Fawcett, and many others—subsequently drew down national applause in the royal theatres. There, too, were Jonas and Penley and Scowton, as rivals: Saunders, with his superb equestrian troop; and Gyngell, with his musical clock and harmonious glasses. They have all passed away; and even their celebrity, famous in its day, is entirely forgotten; as for learned pigs, small dwarfs, fat children and wax-work, the race will never be extinct.

In the neighbourhood of this school and wilderness were several fine garden-grounds and orchards; but which were planted first—the school or the orchards, I have now no means of ascertaining, but I should rather incline to believe the latter; as it would be a hazardous experiment to place such palpable temptations as rich ripe fruit in the vicinity of an establishment containing seventy boys—many of whom it must be confessed have since become eminent men, yet then were eager for mischief—without previously calculating the consequences;—at all events, there they were in a very perilous proximity to each other.

Jem and his confederates had marked the delicious tempters that clustered on the trees, and they judged, pretty accurately, that if they could obtain a portion for themselves without detection, the mal-appropriation would in all probability be laid to the account of the school-boys; but in order to attach the culpability more strongly to the decliners of Latin nouns, Jem suggested the possibility of purloining an article or two from the play-ground, which might be dropped in the orchard, and offered himself to accompany any of his companions to accomplish this object. Of course so noble a demonstration did not want for support, and a volunteer being obtained, the plan was arranged, the time set,



and the garden of an old man named Abbey fixed upon as the scene of their exploit, not only on account of the excellency of the fruit, but also as being the nearest to the school.

It is curious to observe what great events arise from little causes. The period agreed upon for the enterprise was close upon the eve of the midsummer holidays—it would not do to drive it later, as the school would be closed and the youths, to mark their sense of the conduct of an obnoxious usher, had secretly prepared an effigy, which was concealed in an arbour of one of the little gardens that bounded the playground. The drawing boys had vied with each other in producing a fac-simile of the face; and a very fair likeness to the usher was the result; whilst to render the deception more complete, an old coat belonging to the petty tyrant had been purloined for the occasion; in point of fact it was a clever thing, and had a natural appearance, except that on the brows were mounted a large pair of horns, and from beneath the tails of his coat branched out another tail, thick as a good sized wrist at the upper part, but tapering away in a six-foot length to the extremity, and from one end to the other well charged with gunpowder. This was intended for an *auto-da-fé* on the following evening, being the last night before breaking up, and from time immemorial a season devoted to insubordination and misrule.

Jem and his confederates waited beneath the Wilderness walls till near midnight, before all was perfectly still, and then the gallant pair of chummies climbed over and trod the soil associated with many *class-sick* remembrances. At first they were cautious and wary; but grown bolder through meeting with no impediment or obstruction, they entered the arbour containing the terrific figure. Jem's companion was the first to discover it as he was groping about; and taking it for some one on the watch, he instantly dropped upon his knees and entreated for mercy; but obtaining no reply, and not feeling the expected grip securing him as a thief, he summoned sufficient courage to feel again. But this time he was more terrified than before, for perceiving that it was motionless, he concluded it was a dead body; yet so fearfully was he excited, that a sort of horrible impulse restrained him from withdrawing his hands, and on passing them over what he supposed the features of the corpse, his fingers were suddenly seized between the teeth of some living being, though sooty made sure it was the jaws of the defunct that held him, and he bellowed like a bull-calf.

"Hould your fool's roaring!" exclaimed Jem; "vot made you go for to put your thieving hooks in my tater trap, eh? Vell, I never! if you goes on that 'ere rate, I'm bless'd if we shan't be coteht, and no mistake. Vot are you afraid on—vy this here's not nuffin more nor an ould guy."

The fact was, Jem had at once ascertained the nature of the figure, and had got close to it the better to examine its construction; his accomplice in his fright had thrust his fingers into Jem's mouth, and the latter, for the joke's sake, had held them fast, nor would he be persuaded to remain a moment longer than he could get free; he was over the wall and starting off at full speed, nor could the confederates outside arrest



his progress, or gain any information as to the cause of his flight. Luckily for Jem, no one but a small boy or two had been aroused by the noise; and they, so far from giving any alarm, covered their heads up in the blankets and trembled at their own breathing. The sweep remained perfectly quiet for a few minutes, and then divesting the effigy of its horns and tail, he mounted the wall, rejoined his companions, and they made a speedy and safe retreat. Hearty was the laugh against the runaway when the tale was told; but there was no time to be lost—the morning was creeping on, and they had yet another feat to perform in old Abbey's garden. Still however, as full of fun as they were of mischief, they fixed the horns on the brows of their leader, as a trophy of triumph, and attached the tail to his nether garment; thus equipped they entered the forbidden ground.

Now the proprietor of the orchard, fully aware that the period for the departure of the scholars to their several homes was near at hand, and sensible that his fruit was most temptingly ripe, he entertained apprehensions that some of them might be induced to pay him a farewell visit, and satisfy an old grudge by robbing him of his luscious black-heart cherries and delicious juicy white currants, on both of which he prided himself as being the best exhibited in Covent Garden market. That he might be prepared to meet his unceremonious guests in the most distinguished manner, he posted himself amongst some bushes, with a good horse whip in his grasp, and he chuckled to himself at his own penetration and discretion when he heard the invaders coming over the inelasure. Still he remained quiescent, for a new thought had entered the old man's mind, and that was, to seize as many of the intruders as he could, and turn their capture to advantage in the way of ransom. Peeping from his ambush he beheld four or five dingy looking beings advance in stealthy silence, and he made sure of his prey; but suddenly a violent revolution took place in his feelings, the perspiration was forced through every pore by terror, when, by the dim light of the illuminated metropolis reflected on the sky, he discerned what he took for devils junior, or infernal imps creeping towards his concealment, and one evidently setting at rest the contested point of the horns and tail. There could be no mistaking the fact; it was plain and palpable, and had the "chummies" held their tongues, it is more than probable that, in the exuberance of his terror, old Abbey would have run off and left the coast clear to the depredators; but one of them, feeling the delicious fruit, could not forbear exclaiming, "My eyes, Jem, here they are, all round and sound and nothing a pound," which broke the spell, and the old man's courage returning, he sprang up hurriedly from his concealment to punish the delinquents. But Abbey's previous trepidation had deprived him of his usual activity, so that the young rogues had gained the base of the wall before he began to advance, and accustomed as they were to climbing, it was but little more than the work of a moment to ascend one side and drop over on the other. Jem, however, was embarrassed by his tail, which enumbered his retreat, and his horns had more than once got entangled in the foliage of a wall-tree, so that his pursuer had time to catch hold of his nether appendage, as it

hung down, before he could accomplish his escape. Happily for him, it had either not been very strongly secured, or the small clothes to which it was fastened were not over stout, for it rent away in the old gardener's hands, and Jem was free.

Confident that they would not return again that night, and pleased at his exploit in outwitting Satan, old Abbey returned to his dwelling, where on passing through the yard, he threw the tail into an out-building used as a depository for wood and coals, and having taken a sup of brandy to keep the cold out, he tumbled joyously into bed, where he related to his good dame the marvellous events that had occurred, and promised to show her the devils tail in the morning. Both enjoyed a hearty laugh, and, from happy merriment, they sank into refreshing sleep. But notwithstanding old Abbey's display of valour, the occurrence was revived with many a fearful vision in his dreams, all assuming different aspects from what had really taken place, and the worthy gardener was all the remainder of the night tormented with evil spirits, who played him a thousand mischievous tricks, and eventually were bearing him off to the place of everlasting misery. He could not struggle to free himself for he was bound hand and foot; he could not shout for help as he was gagged; but he contrived to make what noise he could, especially when approaching the confines of that dread abode. But still they carried him forward, and he saw the red hot gates unfolding at the flaming portal, when suddenly a loud explosion shook every limb, and, springing out of bed, loud shrieks and the crackling of fire burst upon his already alarmed senses. He found his limbs free, but the cries of distress and the raging flames were reality; and rushing to the window he saw beneath a cloud of smoke, that a detached building, used as a washing-house, was laid in one mass of ruins, whilst fire was issuing forth between the fissures, threatening destruction to the whole. To increase his amazement, two women were racing to and fro in wild affright, and loudly calling upon heaven to defend them from the evil one.

As soon as consciousness to the affairs of life had somewhat restored old Abbey's faculties, he hastily put on what garments he could lay hold of, and then ran down stairs, when, with the ready help that he obtained the fire was soon extinguished; he then made inquiry as to the cause of devastation, but no one could render any satisfactory account of it. The servant girl had got up to wash, and with a woman to help her, had commenced making a fire under the copper; they had gone into the yard but a moment when the blow-up took place, and that was all they knew about it. Nothing could be more evident than that some combustible had been used, as part of the roof and the copper were thrown to a considerable distance; but the mode or manner in which combustibles could get there was a mystery, though the old dame, recalling to remembrance the narrative of her husband the previous night, could not help conjecturing that the imps in the garden might indeed and in fact have been real right earnest demons, and, whilst talking over the affair at breakfast, she requested a sight of the tail which Abbey had brought home as a trophy.

Away went the worthy gardener to gratify his wife's desire; he hastened to the wood-house and searched it round, but nothing in the shape of a tail could he discover, and he began to feel some strange misgivings himself as to the identity of his dark visitors. He called for the servant who promptly obeyed his mandate, and inquired what had become of a certain article, which he described to the best of his recollection he was informed by the girl, that being short of fuel, she had shoved it into the copper-hole just after lighting the fire. Old Abbey stood struck with astonishment, and hurrying in to his wife, he related (with a few natural embellishments peculiar to himself) that the devil's tail had been the cause of the whole "blow up," and the old pair believed that it actually and *bona fide* was the veritable nether out-rigger of some sucking Beelzebub.

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Would you ax for to come for to go  
A true-hearted tar to discern;  
He's as honest a fellow, I'd have you to know,  
As ever stepp'd 'twixt stem and stern."

DIBDIN.

I HAVE always admired the barge of a man-of-war, as propelled by the sinewy arms of her crew, she proudly cut through the yielding element, and left her wake cresting the dark green waters with white rippling foam; and a right jovial band were the gallant bargemen, as they stretched out their oars, displaying the powers of their muscular strength upon their own peculiar element. They were generally selected from amongst the best-looking and the finest seamen in the ship; and as they were generally arrayed in the same costume, they presented an admirable specimen of those undaunted beings who so nobly sustained the honour of the British flag; and an honourable and confidential station was it to belong to the admiral's, or the captain's own boat—honourable, for the distinction it conferred, and confidential, because in their constant communication with the shore, reliance was placed in them that they would not desert.

There is something extremely repugnant to English feelings in the name and character of "a deserter;" but more especially does this increase into downright abhorrence, when desertion and treason are coupled together. Many things may conspire to induce a man to run from his ship: whim, caprice, intoxication, staying over his leave, the love of change, the better wages, the bounty-money, and numerous other causes; but only an innate depravity of heart can influence a man to become a traitor. Desertion was rather prevalent during the last war; and it became a favourite theme with public writers, and with public speakers, who were disaffected to their country, that the treat-

ment of the people on board a ship-of-war was the actuating power that made them desert. It is true that in numerous instances great and unnecessary severity was used, and the system of flogging for trivial offences was, by some captains, carried to a cruel and disgusting excess; but it could not be to avoid this that our tars *volunteered* into the American navy, for punishments both manual and at the gangway, were far more frequent and heavy in the American than in the British service; and it was seldom, if ever, that a traitor was to be found under any other hostile flag.

A seaman was mostly an improvident reckless fellow, who exercised but little discretion as to the course which he should steer. On board the American ships he heard his own tongue, received better pay than in the English navy, and was entitled to a larger share of prize-money; besides, very great premiums were offered, to tempt the English seaman, particularly the man-of-war's man, to desert his own colours and enter for the stripes and stars. There was a double motive in this. The Americans well knew that sailors are like a flock of wild geese, generally following in one another's wakes; and therefore they hoped, by obtaining a few deserters from the union-jack, they should draw away others from the British navy. They also endeavoured to throw odium on our national service, by asserting that the seamen had abandoned it through ill-usage. Statements were industriously circulated tending to disseminate dissaffection amongst our tars; but to the honour and credit of the gallant fellows, the machinations of the enemy met with but small success; and those who were base enough to become traitors to the red-cross flag of St. George, under which Nelson fought and triumphed, very soon found, that though they received a few more *stars* in the shape of dollars, yet they were also compelled to submit to an additional number of *stripes* from the Yankee cats.

Now, I never was partial to cats, and more especially a cat with nine tails. It is true, there is something domestic about the former, but the latter is unnatural and monstrous. I have not now to learn that where so many men are confined within the small compass of a floating box, it is necessary to preserve discipline; but I am fully satisfied that it may be done without the use of an instrument of torture, to scarify and lacerate the back. I sailed three years in one craft, and never saw more than two men flogged (one for getting drunk and nearly blowing the ship up, and the other for thieving) during the whole time; and yet she was as smart a vessel as ever danced a gallopade over the waters.

But to return to the barge of the Neverflinch. Away she went, smoking through ripple and spray; for heart and hand were conjointly engaged at the bending oars, and feelings that can never die in the human breast were strengthening the impulses of nature. The relaxing clime of India no longer weakened their frames—they felt the renovating air of England bracing up their nerves; and, if the unpoetical truth must be told, they smacked their lips in joyous anticipation of a glorious blow-out of heavy-wet at the well-remembered sign of the “Duncan's Head.”







*View of the Harbor and the City of San Francisco, California.*

It perhaps may be said I have descended from the sublime to the ridiculous; but I deny the accusation. A pot of porter in the pewter ridiculous? England's own beverage to be scoffed at? I say; my friend, just you make a voyage to India, and remain on the station seven or eight years without ever tasting the cool delicious fluid of Meux and Co., or ever getting sight of a refreshing draught of Whitbread's entire, and then come back to England again, you will not think a frothy pot of either ridiculous. Only look at the bright pewter with its hoary foam upon the top, just like a coom of the sea glistening in the sunlight.—Now taste it; aye, you glue your lips to the rim. Avast there—avast; why, zounds man, you have emptied the bucket, which now resembles a midshipman's chest after a long cruise,—the first thing you see on looking into it, is the bottom.

But as I have said before, it was not porter alone that urged the bold bargemen to their duty; there were friends, and relations, and sweet-hearts, and wives, and children, clinging round their rugged hearts, as they hoped to see them on the beach, awaiting for their arrival. There was also a longing wish to see old faces again, and an eager desire to put all sickly doubts and apprehensions beyond the pale of uncertainty. The men were thus engaged, but their respected chief had no occupation wherewith to exercise himself; there he sat alone, struggling against impatience, and striving to subdue a natural impetuosity that made him fancy the boat was scarcely moving, and the strife increased the nearer they approached the shore. Still busy memory was labouring in her vocation, and the certain past and the uncertain future were vividly sketched upon his mind.

Portsmouth Point was—I say was, for I have not seen it these five-and-twenty years—a long street, running from the barriers and draw-bridge that separated it from High-street, till it terminated in a shingly beach up the harbour; and being nothing more than a narrow slip of isolated land, from thence derived its name. There was also a sort of purlieu or by-lane, with an intervening space, which, from its having an old capstan in its centre, was designated Capstan-square.

A noted spot was the Point in the days of war. There stood the inviting "Blue-posts," where many a hungry reefer has enjoyed his tea for two, and toast for six. Oh it was a delectable sight to witness the eagerness with which the "young gentlemen" regaled themselves; dining the waiters, to show that they were real officers, and topping the grandee in extraordinary style, without the least fear of being brought up, all standing, by the first-lieutenant.

Dear delightful Blue-posts, how well do I remember your characteristic columns at the entrance, and the snug coffee-room on the right hand side of the passage;—happy and joyous have been the hours I have passed within those walls—many a bleak winter morning have I had charge of the large cutter, and pulled or sailed in from Spithead, shivering with cold, wet, hungry, and fretful. Ordered by the hard-hearted and cruel first-lieutenant not to quit the boat myself, nor suffer the men to do so, no sooner did the cutter's nose grate upon the beach at Sally-port, than I manifested my obedience by lodging the crew at the Duncan's Head

(where, as a matter of course, I paid the shot), and then hurrying to the Blue-posts, have found a dozen or more, equally as attentive to duty as myself—luxuriating in the warmth of a glowing fire—sitting over their steaming cups, and swearing big oaths that they would submit to no control but that of the captain; for whom probably, a letter lay by their side, with orders from the first-lieutenant that “it should be delivered immediately on landing.”

“Waiter, breakfast! and bear a hand about it,” was the order; and in came the hot rolls, not merely unctuously spread with, for that would hardly have contented a midshipman’s palate, but swimming in butter, to gratify a half-famished appetite, and no fond mamma or discreet papa at hand to check their darling in his gorge. Oh, the glorious, delicious, melting morsels, how rapidly were they devoured; and ever and anon the room resounded with the demand, “Waiter, more rolls.”

“What a history might that place record! How many young and ardent aspirants to naval fame have congregated there in the first opening dawn of their glory—from the child of ten years, who fancied his cocked hat and uniform made him a man, to the bold dashing midddy of twenty, who proudly calculated upon having done “some service to the state.” I can remember many a fine handsome youth, full of eager hope and expectation, longing for his time of servitude to expire, and reckoning up the sum of influence he possessed to obtain a commission from the hard-fisted, patronage-loving, first lord of the Admiralty. These were young men who fearlessly sought danger

“Even in the caermen’s mouth.”

and where are they now? Some I see occasionally are greyheaded old men, who, having gained the desired step, have never risen higher;—lieutenants who toiled amidst the alternate strifes of storm and battle for some twenty or thirty years, and there they are, lieutenants still; whilst boys—mere boys, who never smelt powder, but in firing a salute, have grasped the coveted distinction, and sport their pair of epaulettes. Others, it is true, are now old post captains, and some few have hoisted their flag, but the greatest portion have been swept away into the dark abyss of eternity.

But to the Point again. There also stood, the “Star and Garter;” but that was more of a lieutenant’s house—a touch of the higher grade—a sort of weather-side of “entertainment for man and horse.” I frequented it in later days when I crept from under the lee of the mizen-stay-sail; but though the refreshments were excellent, and the company somewhat select, yet I never felt so much at ease, or revelled in such unbounded luxury, as at the dear old Blue-posts.

Upon the Point too, was that celebrated apartment devoted to the foremost man in nightly rounds of revelry—the long room (which our esteemed friend George Cruikshank has so happily illustrated in my “Greenwich Hospital”); and not unfrequently even officers of an elevated grade would disguise themselves in the jacket and trousers for the purpose of gaining admission; for here the hardy seamen, unfettered

by restraint or discipline, indulged in all the strange freaks of their peculiar nature.

The Point was also famous for the dwellings of those kind-hearted children of Israel, who supplied the wants of the seamen at the moderate interest of about five hundred per cent. Talk of your London Jews—keen as they are—a Point Jew would have cheated a dozen of them in an hour. The sea-line of this neck of land was prepared as a fortification, and its semicircular arches used to remind me of an enormous mouse-trap. On a sunny afternoon in summer, the apertures were generally occupied by lounging idlers; nor were there wanting groups of those bloated beauties, who tickled the hearts of the honest tars into ecstasy by their erudition in the vulgar tongue, and more especially in the application of sea-terms. The sallyport was a large gateway in the stone wall, with a short flight of rough steps descending to the beach.

It was at this latter spot that the barge of the Neverfinch grounded her bows as the seamen tossed in their oars, and in another minute Captain Weatherall once more trod on his native land. It was a proud moment to him, for he had embarked from that very spot—the last he had touched in England—some eight or nine years before, a young lieutenant—he now stood upon it a post captain in command of a frigate; and some of you gentlemen-skippers who have experienced similar promotion must well know what the feeling is under such pleasing circumstances.

There were several other boats at the landing-place, and numbers of both sexes, apprized of the arrival of the Neverfinch, had assembled to make inquiry after relatives or friends. No one, however, approached the captain, for his rank forbade such intrusion, and followed by his coxswain and one of the crew, carrying packages and letter-bags, he took his way to the admiral's-office.

No sooner had the chief disappeared beyond the draw-bridge than a rush was made by the bargemen—one only remaining as boat-keeper—for the Duncan's Head, a public-house that stood in the narrow passage from the Sallyport to the street. It was built entirely in the old style, and the first floor formed one capacious apartment appropriated solely to the seamen of his majesty's fleet. The ceiling was low, with stout oak timbers across it, not inaptly resembling the beams of a ship; and as the whole was blackened by the incessant smoking of its successive occupants, the similitude was still further borne out. The walls were covered with dark oak pannelling, ornamented with many a grim head of ancient naval officers, as well as those of more modern date—engravings that are now extinct, or only to be found amongst the lumber in some obscure broker's shop. These were interspersed with coloured prints of sea-fights and rough crayon portraits of veteran seamen, who, if denied the honour of figuring in the pages of history, had a just claim to have their memorial cherished at the Duncan's Head. The windows were more like port-holes than those essentials to light and ventilation which were so heavily taxed by "Billy Pitt;" and the jovial tars, with a slight stretch of the imagination, might fancy themselves on the lower deck of a first-rate. In fact, the peculiar tastes of the



seaman appear to have been cultivated for the purpose of pleasing ; for the benches and tables were constructed similarly to those used in the mess-berths afloat, and, as near as possible, arranged in the same way.

The landlord, old Bill Bentley, was a perfect original. He had worked his way up from purser's boy to Jack i'-the-dust, and ultimately to be purser's steward of the receiving ship at the Nore. In this latter station the money of the impressed men flowed in abundantly upon him. He was a long-headed Philadelphia-lawyer sort of fellow ; and what with scheming and saving he amassed a handsome property. In due time he got himself discharged with a pension for servitude, and returning to the place of his nativity, he purchased the public-house, which he named the Duncan's Head, in honour of the gallant chief under whom he had fought. Bentley was a courageous but a cautious man : he planned before he acted, but never flinched from consequences when once his schemes were set a going.

And now the bargemen, amidst the hearty welcomes and congratulations of old acquaintances, surrounded the mess-table, and long draughts of cool delicious porter were drank to the renewal of friendship. It is true they had no money, but old Bill could well afford to give them credit, for he was aware the frigate had captured several valuable prizes. Then came the inquiries after shipmates arising from long standing remembrances, and many were the ejaculations of sorrow for those that were departed, or expressions of gratification at the welfare of the living. Very soon the scene began to get more interesting : most of the crew of the frigate were Portsmouth lads, and mothers were seen clinging round the necks of their hardy sons, and some few wives hailed the return of husbands they had almost forgotten. And there were widows, too, sighing for losses which they scarcely felt, though there was one who with unfeigned grief questioned the boat-keeper, and seemed to write down his words in her heart.

The return of the coxswain, however was the signal for a general catechising ; and Hardover, with his usual good nature, replied according to the best of his ability to every interrogatory. Then came his commissions. " Let me see," pondered he, " who was it guv me this here ball," (a large and beautiful cornelian bead), " Oh, aye, it was Bob Ransom ; and I was to show it to Poll, and tell her he'd got a shot-locker full of 'em aboard, if she liked to come and fetch 'em. Halloo there, my darlings, does any on you know in what latitude Poll Wesson is to be found ? "

" What, pretty Poll of Oyster-street, as they used to call her ? " demanded a haggard and wrinkled old crone, who removed a short blackened and toul pipe from her lips, to enable her to speak. " Aye she was a beauty—she was—and what would you want with Poll, Jem ? "

" Ha, ould Jenny, is it you ? " returned the coxswain, chucking the old woman under the chin ; " and looking as young and as handsome as ever ; why how many husbands have you had, Jenny ?—you ought to have made a fortin' by the 'lotments."

" And don't you see I've made my fortune ? " uttered the ancient dame, with bitterness of spirit, as she held up the tattered remnants of



a dirty brown stuff petticoat, over which was the nearly worn out coat of a marine; "mine has been a rough life, Jem, and no wonder that it has left me a ragged estate. When I was young, Jem, I had servants at my beck, and shoulder-knots at my command; but that was in the days of Rodney, boy, long before your time—the fire-eating Rodney—God bless his pig-tail; aye, many's the time I've tied it for him, and he's given me a kiss, you might have heard it in the main-top."

The coxswain looked at the woman eagerly; she was withered and ugly almost to hideousness; but her thoughts dwelt upon the days when she was actually beautiful. She had been well educated too—the daughter of a clergyman; but human passion and man's seductive influence had dragged her from a state of innocence; and as the mind becomes obdurate in proportion as the body sinks in infamy, so had she lost the sense of shame; and though recollections of early days would frequently obtrude, it was only to compare past gaiety and meretricious pleasure with present misery and prospective wretchedness.

"But what did you want with Poll, Jem?" continued the old woman, "I suppose I shan't do instead of her?"

"No, no, mother, beauty as you are, Bob would rather see Poll," returned the coxswain, laughing; "and so do you jist go to her—and it 'ull be a drop of summut in your way—and tell her that Bob—Bob Ransom—you remembers Bob—well, tell her he wants to over-haul a little 'long-shore palaver with her, and he's sent her this here to inwite her to elap him along-side as aarly as convenient."

"Ah! see what it is to be young and cared for," muttered the old crone; "I am despised now in the years of my age."

"Why, Jenny, if it was myself, you know, the thing would be ontirely different," responded the good-natured coxswain, desirous of soothing her apparently irritated feelings; "but it arn't in jometry to answer for another; and Bob's a rummish chap in his way; so bear a hand, there's a good ould soul, and make sail for her moorings."

"And it will not be long, Jem, before I shall lay at the same moorings," uttered the old woman, with something like melancholy in her manner, though it was partly mixed with spite. "Well, well, there's no knowing, I may hould on a few years longer in trouble and pain—Poll's dead."

"Dead!" repeated the coxswain, gazing intently on the wrinkled features of the old woman; and instantly calling to remembrance the smiling and lovely countenance of her who was no more. "Dead!—the thing's onpossible; why, mother, it can't be more nor eight-and-twenty years since she was first launched, and you are——"

"Carrying on for fourscore, my son," returned the old woman taking up the sentence where he had dropped it; "she had a short life, and the girls called it a merry one." An hysterical laugh stopped her for a moment, and then she proceeded—"But what matters, Jem, flesh and blood is flesh and blood all the world over; there's Nance there—baxom Nance," pointing to a female at a short distance, who might well

lay claim to the title of buxom: "show her the beautiful bead; she wants something to hang round her neck, and I dare say Bob won't be very nice about who has them."

The bead was consequently displayed to Nance; and after a few preliminary questions, she consented to console Bob for the loss of his favourite lass.

"And now that's settled," said the coxswain, "what comes next?" he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, and produced a sailmaker's palm. "Whose is this?—it must be Joe Marshall's; but I'm blessed if I don't forget what it was about, the old woman has so flabergasted me; though mayhap it was to ax arter some ould flame or other." He raised his voice and shouted, "Is there any on you here as disre-members Joe Marshall—Dainty Joe, the sailmaker's mate of the Never-flinch?"

"I do," exclaimed a young girl of nineteen, rolling up to the coxswain, and betraying by her erratic movements that she had been imbibing something stronger than pure air. She was gaudily arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow, and if reversed, might at a distance have been mistaken for a gigantic tulip. "I knows him well," added she, "and when the ship's paid, I'm to be Mrs. Marshall."

"Oh, you are, are you," shouted a fat little woman, as she waddled to the other's front, and sticking her arms a-kimbo, glared spitefully in the girl's face. "Why, you howdacious hussey, to go for to claim consort with my own lawful husband as married me twelve years ago; but I'll give it him; I'll tear his eyes out, and yours too, marm, if you stand there grinning at me."

"Take it out o' that," exclaimed the girl, turning the crook of her left elbow outwards and gracefully touching it with the tips of her right hand finger's "Joe Marshall's my fancy man, and I'll be aboard with him directly."

"What a blind demon is jealousy. The real Mrs. Marshall, jaundiced by the evil passion, did not reflect that it was utterly impossible her husband could be known to the young virago, for he had been absent from England eight years; and yet, with the spirit of contradiction that takes possession of an enraged woman, she at once flew at her more youthful antagonist, who was very soon denuded of much of her flimsy énéry. Liquor inflamed the passions of the one, the yellow devil gained the ascendancy of the other, and never did pugilists have more virulent or more determined backers. The married women,—and there were several on the beach,—sided with Mrs. Marshall; the doxies, who were the most numerous, rallied round their frail sister, though even amongst them there were many who strongly condemned the conduct of the girl for interfering with marital rights. It was evident that a battle royal was about to commence, when Hardover stepped between the hostile parties and exclaimed—

"Avast there; avast, both old 'uns and young 'uns; it's all in the regard of the matter of a mistake, which is jist as clear to me now as Beachy-head in a fog. My message was to you, Mrs. Marshall; I'd forgot as Joe was spliced; and this here palm was to log it down in my

memory, as he longed to shake hands with you again. He bid me ax how the kids was, and whether there was any addition to his small family, and how the mangle worked; but, above all, to bear a hand aboard with some bacca and some lixy witey. So you see, my precious," turning to the girl, and giving her a knowing wink, "you ar'n't altogether right nor cobbler's mendus in your calculations, and mayhap it's some other Joe Marshall as you means."

"Not the least objections in life," answered the girl, affecting disdain towards her opponent. "Sich a thing as that's Joe Marshall, ar'n't my Joe Marshall; and I wouldn't have him at no price whatsoever. I dare say he's some loblolly-boy or dish-swabber."

This untoward observation was very near breaking the peace again; for the rotund and portly Mrs. Marshall, could as little endure to hear her husband disrespectfully spoken of, as to suspect him of infidelity. "I'd have you to know, Miss Minx," said she, putting herself into a belligerent attitude, "I'd have you to know that there ar'n't a smarter lad in the fleet, though I say it; and glad I am to hear that he's alive." This was the first time she had thought of it. "He has alays done his duty by me, his lawful, wedded wife, and so he has to his king and country, and as for the mangle, Jem," turning to the coxswain, "tell him it's all right, and I've a snug little affair of my own, which I shall be proud to welcome him to ashore; for Joe's a man wot is a man, and the home's his own home whensomever he likes to take it. Can you," slueing round to the girl again, "say as much to your Joe Marshall? And look here,"—she pulled out a canvass bag, and shook it aloft,—“here's thirty goulden guineas as I've worked hard for and yaarned to make him comfortable; show as much as that out o' your elbow, you trollop. I'm an honest woman, I am."

"And a regular trump, too," exclaimed one of the bargemen. "Lord love your heart, how I do wish I was Dainty Joe; we calls him Dainty Joe acause he alays hauled his wind among the black girls."

"O, he did, did he?" vociferated the dame, mistaking the man's meaning; "I'll haul his wind for him when I gets aboard—I'll dainty him?" and flop went the canvass bag into her capacious pocket again.

"Well, I'm blowed if you arn't a rum 'un any how," responded the man, laughing; "I tell you Joe never would go cruising amongst black velvet; though now I recollects," and he winked his eye at the coxswain; "there was a summut up atwixt him and Bangalore Sal."

"What," shrieked the punchy little woman, "Bang-the-door Sal? Oh Lord have mercy upon me!" and she wiped the perspiration from her face with her apron. "Bang-the-door Sal, too! Here have I been a faithful, loving wife to him for eight long years; living reputably, like an honest woman, whilst he's been hauling his wind with Bang-the-door Sal. Here, waterman—waterman"—shouting to a man in a wherry that was coming into the harbour—"I can stand it no longer. Here waterman!" The man ran his boat upon the beach, and she

skipped into it. "There, take me alongside the Neverflinch, here's wot'll pay;" and she shook the canvass bag again. "Oh Joe, Joe, to think that you should come for to go to do this here! but I'll haul your wind for you, and to the devil I pitch Bang-the-door Sal;" and off she went for Spithead, amidst the uproarious laughter of every individual who witnessed her agitation.

But now another female approached the coxswain, and she did so modestly and deferentially, as if she feared to intrude. It was the widow, in her sable vestments; and Jem instinctively removed his hat, for there is a sacredness in sorrow that ever commands respect from the humane and brave. She was pale and wan, and by her hand she led a fair-haired boy, about nine years of age, in clean, but coarse attire; he was a mild, pensive-looking child, that drew the generous heart towards him; and his resemblance to the female, connected with the black crape round his straw hat, evidenced that he had lost a father.

"One hard, horny hand of the coxswain was extended to the boy, the other was held out to the female, whilst, with downcast eyes and flushed cheek, he uttered in a voice tremulous with emotion, "What cheer, eh; what cheer?" She had been the wife of a highly valued and esteemed messmate, who had been drowned about nine months previous, in Madras Roads.

"I should wish to have a little talk with you, Mr. Hardover, when you can spare me time," said the widow.

"To be sure, my precious; to be sure you shall," responded Jem, letting go the boy and passing the hand which had held him over his bronzed features; "but I'm saying," continued he, "I shall take it as a matter of conjestication if you'll be good enough not to call me Mister"—and he looked sheepishly towards his brother tars—"seeing as I ar'n't got a handle to my name, and mayhap never shall. But how goes it with you? Ah, poor Tom!"—he shook his head—"a gooderer messmate or a better seamen never hauled out a weather carring." The poor woman sobbed convulsively, and Jem with difficulty repressed a gush of grief. "Come, come, my dear creature, don't take on so," said he; "it ar'n't never no use, you know, and he's happy aloft, you may be sartin on; so cheer up, there's sunshine ahead, and the young un alongside;—d—n the breeze, how it fills a fellow's scuppers with water."

The widow smiled when the seaman alluded to her boy, but it was that sort of smile which, accompanied by a bursting sigh, gives powerful evidence of the anguish of the heart. "My sun is for ever quenched," replied she, mournfully, "but I cannot trust myself to talk with you here. I am living with my mother in the old house at Gosport; will you, Mr. Hardover—will you come and see me, and tell me every particular?"

"I wool, I wool,—indeed, I wool," returned the worthy coxswain, "and the more in betoken that I've got a summut stowed away in my chest for you of poor Tom's. I saved it on purpose; for, thinks I to myself, his wife ud like to have it jist by way of remembrance; so I took



it when the duds were sold afore the mast; and next time I comes ashore, I'll bring his bacea-box with me."

"Do, do, my friend," uttered the widow, "my mother will be glad to see you, and I shall have a melancholy satisfaction in listening to the circumstances of my husband's fate."

"There will be some prize-money due for you," said Hardover, desirous of rendering information that might relieve the distress of her mind, "and mayhap the skipper may take to young shiver-the-mizen here," pointing to the lad, "and make a smart seaman of him."

"Oh no, no," eagerly responded the mother, drawing the boy more closely to her side, "I cannot part with him; he is all that I have left.—You will come, then." The coxswain nodded his head in reply, and the bereaved woman quitted the beach.

It was several minutes before Jem Hardover could rally from the thoughts which the appearance of the widow had revived in his memory relative to his unfortunate messmate, Tom Stafford. Poor Tom had been mate of a trading brig, and was expecting to obtain the command of a similar vessel, when he was married to a pretty and interesting girl, the daughter of a veteran warrant officer, who enjoyed a pension for wounds and services, as well as the cabin of a seventy-four in ordinary. Tom's brig, with government stores on board, had hauled alongside, and lashed fast to wait a tide, when the bright eyes of Susan Tompkin shone upon his heart, like the Lizard lights in a gale of wind when first making the land. She was then in her seventeenth year. Tom was young and handsome. The flood was in his favour. He boarded the hulk,—treated old Tompkin with grog,—presented his wife with some gunpowder tea,—and made love to the daughter in his own peculiar way.

I have said Susan was pretty, but she was also a good girl. The veteran gunner, her father, had been very careful over her; and her mother, a kind and honest-hearted woman, dearly loved her child. Every morning Susan was in the boat at half-past eight o'clock, and the old man paddled ashore and saw her safe into school. Every afternoon at five, the boat was punctually waiting on the beach to re-convey her on board; and though pretty Susan was well known, no breath, even of malice, could taint her character. She was cheerful without levity, and at all times obedient to her parents.

When the first interview with Tom took place, she had discontinued her daily visits to the shore; but she still occasionally waited on different instructors to receive lessons, so that mental cultivation was added to her amiability of disposition.

Never had the tide seemed to flow so rapid as on that afternoon when the brig laid alongside the seventy-four. The wind was dead into the harbour; and to the great joy of the young folks, as well as to the satisfaction of the old ones, who had taken a liking to the good-looking mate, at the top of high water the breeze freshened to a gale, and the master of the vessel declared his intention to remain all night, and start in the morning, should the weather permit.

It is not necessary to make a long story of the matter. Tom improved his time whilst it lasted: it was a first love to them both; and



fondly and faithfully was it adhered to with all the fervency of sincere affection, and some months afterwards pretty Susan became Mrs. Stafford.

The old gunner was a man of some property; and though he would rather have seen his son-in-law engaged in the service to which he himself belonged, yet it was enough that he knew his daughter was happy, and he determined to purchase a share in some craft, of which the young man might take command.

Thus stood affairs when the brig, of which Tom was mate, unfortunately foundered at sea in a heavy gale; but the crew were saved in the boats, and picked up by an outward bound East Indiaman, that carried them to Madras, where Tom, having no protection and being a thorough seaman, was with others impressed into a ship of war, and subsequently joined the Neverflinch, and, at the time of his death, held the station of gunner's mate.

But to return to the coxswain of the barge, who was now busily engaged with his memorandums, till the top of a silver call attracted his attention, and he immediately glanced with eagerness over the assembled females, as if looking for some one whom he wanted. At last he beckoned to old Jenny, and inquired whether Mrs. Blatherwick was still floating on the stream of life?

"She has left Portsmouth many a long day," returned the crone rather sharply; "she was always a gay 'un, Jen; though I don't believe there was much harm in her;" and she laid a stress upon the word "much."—"However, she scarcely held up her head after the news of Joe's death came—"

"Joe's death!" repeated the coxswain; "why what do you mean, Jenny? Joe's aboard now all alive and kicking; and this here," showing the memorandum, "is a bit of his pipe."

"Why, he wrote word—or somebody wrote it for him—that he was dying," returned the old woman; "and Poll, as I said before, left Portsmouth with the babby."

"With what!" exclaimed the coxswain, laughing; "with the babby—I say, Jenny, that 'ere's pitching the gammon too strong; so jist tell us where she is; for poor Joe is rather down in the mouth about her."

"I have already told you all I know," responded the crone, rather angry at being doubted; "and I can tell you no more. Poll got the letter, and after that she started for London, and I've never seen or heard of her since."

"But the babby—what do you mean about the babby?" inquired the coxswain archly.

At this moment, and before old Jenny could give a reply, Captain Weatherall made his appearance at the sallyport; the barge was instantly manned, and the gang-board run out from the bows, over which he walked to his seat in the stern sheets. The boat shoved off, the oars were raised perpendicularly in the air; but when on the open water, the coxswain waved his hand, and the blades fell with one simultaneous splash on the surface of the stream. The current was running strong

out of the harbour ; and as the bold bargemen again stretched out, their strength renovated by porter and pigtail, they were soon alongside the frigate. The boatswain piped as the barge steered towards the gangway, and the bowmen having laid in their oars, stood erect, each with his boat-hook in his hand. Four lads hung to the frigate's sides, as they presented the red-man-ropes to their commander, who promptly ascended, and was received with all due respect by his officers and the marine guard. The boatswain's shrill whistle was again heard—the side ropes were unshipped, and Jem, with a well-filled cloak-bag over his shoulder, appeared upon the quarter-deck. The officers gathered round him—numbers of the seamen crowded near the main-mast ; for all well knew that the bag contained letters from the post-office, with numerous articles of various descriptions which Jem had been commissioned to procure.



## CHAPTER V.

"Doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood."

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR Mulberry Boreas, Vice-Admiral of the Red, was born at sea when his father was chief boatswain's mate of the old Bristol, at that time one of the ships of war belonging to his most sacred Majesty King George the Second, and noted in naval history for her active and actual services as a cruiser. The day of his birth was a peculiar one, as the following circumstances must evidently prove.

One of the most eccentric beings of former days was the Honourable William Montague, second son of Viscount Hinchinbroke, who commenced his naval career at an early age; and on account of his daring and romantic disposition, he very soon acquired the name of "the Dragon;" and his subsequent eccentricities, which, though bearing ample testimony to the generosity of his nature, did not at all times manifest the soundest discretion, obtained for him the *sobriquet* of "Mad Montague."

It was whilst commanding the Bristol, in 1746, that in working up channel with a fine breeze, he fell in with a large convoy of Dutch merchant ships, outward bound, who were making the most of a fair wind. Captain Montague fired at several to bring them to; but the Dutchmen, wishing to avoid detention and delay, kept on their course, upon which the Bristol bore up in chase, and by firing indiscriminately amongst them, soon brought them to sensible obedience.

Mrs. Bilberry Boreas was hourly expecting to present her liege lord with a son, who she hoped would be heir to his pigtail and his silver call; and the firing of the guns violently shaking her nerves, threatened to hasten the period of her *accouchement*. Poor Bilberry divided his attention between his attendance on his wife and his duty upon deck; with the latter he eyed his pipe, and with the former, he was more than once tempted to pipe his eye; for the cannons rattled, and Mrs. Bilberry groaned, and the poor fellow, to whom the first was harmony and the latter discord, felt uncommonly flat between the two.

But the Bristol was now in the middle of the alarmed convoy, with her maintopsail laid to the mast, and Bilberry was engaged in hoisting out the boats to overhaul the Mynheers.

"Send the carpenter's crew with their tools aft here," shouted the captain; and in a few minutes Mr. Augurbore and his mates were on the quarter-deck, and promptly ordered into the barge, whither Montague immediately followed in person. Away they shoved off, and the







coxswain (at that time called the cock-a-stern) was directed to steer for the finest looking craft amongst the fleet.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the coxswain, "I see her, sir; there she is, looming like a cathedral adrift;" and the boat's head was promptly turned to a large Indiaman that was at no great distance. They were soon alongside, and Captain Montague having reached the deck, was received in due state by the Dutch skipper, whom he threatened with punishment for the want of proper respect to his Britannic Majesty's flag. He then examined the hideous but gorgeously painted figure on the ship's rudder-head, and having called his carpenters, gave orders that it should be cut off and stowed away in one of the boats.

It is well known that, even to this day, the seamen of Holland highly prize the ornamental part of their vessels, particularly those monstrous heads called boggart-logs or boguy-logs, but corrupted by British seamen, who, partly through superstition and partly through prejudice, utterly detested them. In those times, however, they were almost idolized by the Mynheers, who prized them as a sort of tutelar divinity; the practice having no doubt descended from the ancients who were accustomed to use symbolical figures, and hence arose the figure-head.

Nothing could exceed the amazement of Mynheer Von Frizzle-bolam, at the strange command of Captain Montague, or his rage, grief, and distress, when he beheld the carpenters busily employed in executing the order of their chief. He implored,—he entreated,—he raved,—but it was utterly in vain; and at last finding his efforts useless, he stoically put his long pipe in his mouth, and thrusting his hands into the pockets of his seven-and-twentieth pair of small clothes, superintended the decapitation himself, lest the hideous enormity should get damaged.

The carpenters enjoyed the freak amazingly, and worked with a hearty good will; so that in a short time the head was removed from its position and deposited in the boat, amidst the boisterous merriment of the crew, who had in the mean time been plentifully supplied with Schiedam. This exploit achieved, Montague inspected the whole fleet, boarding each vessel successively, till he had selected twelve of the most ugly boguy-logs he could find; and these being formally taken possession of, as an atonement for disrespect to the British flag, were severally lopped off, and the Dutchmen were dismissed to pursue their way.

Now it so happened, that during this process of beheading, one of the jolly tars, a messmate of Bilberry's, espied a curious misshapen monster, that, grinning like a Cheshire cat, adorned the windlass of one of the schuyts. What it was actually meant to represent could never be clearly ascertained; it was a sort of compound mixture of human and celestial, with a very large proportion of the infernal. In altitude it was about eighteen inches, and the whole was richly painted.

"Well, I'm bless'd," said the man, "but this here's a happy windfall any how. Just overhaul this bit of a consarn, Sam, and lend us a hand. You knows, Sam, as Bilberry's wife is about to make a launch of it; and mayhap, by the time we gets aboard again, the craft may be off the

stocks. Now shipmate, I understands a little summut about babbies and siehlike cherrybums; and so I'm blow'd if I don't, whilst the captain's arter his spree, have a bit of a ventur of my own. What's a babby without never a doll to play with. I tell you, they chaw 'em as you would a bite of nigger-head or pigtail, and it larns 'em to cut their teeth. Well and good; and here," pointing to the nondescript, "is jist the highdential thing; so Chips, lend us a hand to onship it, and we'll have it in the boat in a jiffey. God bless the innocent babby as 'll be born afore we gets back, and then we can give it the doll to quiet it. Bear a hand, shipmate, there's a good sowl; heave with a will—oh, ye hooy; and there it is," taking it up; "my precious eyes and limbs, what a beauty!—shove it into the bows of the boat, Sam; won't the babby crow and be pleased with it!"

When the boats returned alongside the Bristol, it would be wholly impossible to describe the uproarious mirth of the seamen on beholding the fruits of their captain's whimsical revenge. Roars of laughter resounded, and set all discipline at defiance; every head was duly criticised with nautical wit, as it was hoisted on board and ranged along the quarter-deck, where Montague, with his officers, minutely examined them. He then set the carpenters to work to fix twelve brackets round his cabin, on which the heads were mounted, and arranged with the most ludicrous contrasts that could be conceived; and underneath them in succession, were inscribed the names of the "Twelve Cæsars."

But to return to Bilberry's messmate, who, as soon as the boats were hoisted in, hastened down below to the berth with his prize, and found, as he expected, that Mrs. Boreas had brought forth a boy—for nobody thought of a girl; and Bilberry was then sitting upon his oak chest, with the infant, just rigged, stretched upon his knees, and he looking upon its features with about the same delight that a young Miss feels on being presented with a new wax-doll that opens and shuts its eyes. But there was a stronger sensation than this working in his heart—all the rich feelings of a father on beholding his firstborn were in full operation; and though unsophisticated and destitute of the refinement of sentimentality, nature was triumphant, and Bilberry felt as if something was twining and clinging round him for support and protection.

Down came his messmate. "Its all right, and I knowed it," said he, with the air and manner of a victor; "and I say, Bilberry, here it is," holding up the figure, "Sam and I puekalow'd it out of a Dutchman, for a doll for the young'un; but take eare how you man-handles it, for there's a bit of a secret about it in regard of its distestines" (he probably meant "intestines")—"and see here, messmate," he turned it up, and showed a plug that had been driven in underneath, which he withdrew; "hand us here the grog kit, and we'll christen the babby in grand style."

The grog kit was produced, and forth from the figure issued a tempting stream of Holland's gin. The fact was, the monster was not of solid material, but had been hollowed out inside, probably for the purpose of smuggling, or perhaps as a place of concealment for the ship's papers. However, at the time of its being deposited in the boat, the

fact was discovered and made available to stow away about a quart of stuff. Bilberry heaved a deep sigh as they drank "success to the boy," and swallowed a good taste of the cordial to the same toast. The lips of the infant were just moistened with the liquor, but it had nearly stopped its breath, and both baby and doll were conveyed to Mrs. Boreas, who by mistake, took hold of the latter first, fancying it to be the child.

I think I have read or heard it said that all infants are pretty, because they are innocent. Now if beauty is intended, all I can say is, that though the youngster was innocent enough, yet he was downright ugly; and though the error of mama was instantly rectified, yet, about the head, there certainly was some resemblance between the figure and Boreas junior.

It was somewhere about two years after this event that Mrs B. increased her family by the addition of a fine girl, the very opposite in frame and features to her brother; and this enlargement compelled the lady to remain on shore; but the boy, who had been christened Mulberry, was kept on board, partly through the attachment of the seamen, and partly from a superstitious notion that no danger would happen to the ship whilst one so young was under the peculiar protection of the Almighty.

Both boy and girl grew up; the former had entered the service when he came into the world, and was placed upon the ship's books. As his years increased, his father prided himself upon making the lad a seaman; and every spare moment was devoted to teaching him the several duties of a thorough tar. Nor was the youngster backward in learning; and it really was an interesting spectacle to see young Mulberry and old Bilberry at their studies—knotting and splicing and whipping—in short everything useful and ornamental, from raising a mouse upon a stay to pointing the end of the main brace.

At nineteen, Mulberry was as good a seaman as could be found in his Majesty's navy; and old Bilberry, who had got a snug berth in Greenwich, as regulating boatswain, ardently desired to see him an officer; but a feeling of diffidence, approaching to shame, prevented his making application to his superiors, and the young man consequently continued before the mast.

His sister, Miriam Boreas, grew in stature and loveliness almost unparalleled, but education was wanting to adorn her mind. She was but seventeen when she was seen and admired by a young officer of the army, of the name of Weatherall. He was extremely handsome, and possessed all those pleasing qualifications which render one sex so acceptable to the other. Miriam was artless and unsuspecting; they enjoyed many rambles through the beautiful park, and over the wild heath beyond; her simple heart was entirely won, and when the hour of parting came, she clung with the earnest fondness of first affection to the man she loved. His regiment was ordered to America, then bursting out into resistance against the Stamp Act, and she determined to quit father and mother, country and home to enjoy the unblest attachment of her lover.

Edward Weatherall was the eldest son of a poor but proud baronet, whose sole estate consisted of an unblemished reputation in a long line of ancestors, a manor house of the Elizabethan period, and about two hundred acres of land under cultivation. By dint of saving, and parliamentary interest, a commission was obtained for the baronet's son; and as the young sprigs of nobility were not over desirous of visiting the shores of New England, he found but little difficulty in rising to the command of a company. Edward was most affectionately attached to Miriam, and would have made her his wife, but for the stern interdiction of his venerable father; whilst the poor girl, who fancied existence would be worthless without him, made a sacrifice of all else beside, and, disguised as a male servant, accompanied the captain across the ocean.

Poor old Bilberry bore up against his loss for some time; and though not over delicate in his sentiments, he felt that his noble-minded boy might be disgraced, and the circumstance would be a bar to the darling wish of his own heart. Mrs. Boreas, on the contrary, forgot, in the alliance of her daughter to an officer, that their union was unhallowed and might be broken in a moment. The veteran lingered over the remembrances of his child: he would sit in the park for hours, always selecting the self-same seat where he had so often witnessed with delight, the sportive playfulness of his darling, who, when tired, would place herself by his side and eagerly listen to his tales of other times. Sometimes, in the dimness of his sight, and the weakness of his age, the old man would fancy she was before him; and he would call upon her name, but there came no response; and the cold silence chilled still more the decreasing warmth of his breast. "She is gone," he would mutter to himself; "I shall never see her face again." He shuddered as if with ague. "No, no, she has left her poor old father, and I am alone—alone."

The arrival of his son at this juncture re-animated the spirits of the veteran; for Mulberry had accomplished his father's wishes, and been promoted to the quarter-deck, through the influence of Lord Howe, then treasurer of the navy; and though the old man still mourned the absence of her whom he had cherished as the very light of his eyes, yet he became more encouraged to hope for her future welfare by the very kind manner in which Captain Weatherall had written to the aged couple, promising to take care of, and to love their child. Miriam, too, had sent a letter, speaking in the highest and warmest terms of her protector, and plainly evidencing that she clung to him with all the ardency of woman's first and fondest regard.

The American war of independence is a matter of history—and most instructive matter too! Never was the fact more strongly verified, that neither the word nor the sword of a monarch can control by coercion a people determined to be free. The troops sent to the American colonies were some of the finest in the world, but they were compelled to submit to untrained, undisciplined men, fighting for liberty near their own hearth-stone.

For ten years, during the arduous struggle, did Miriam dauntlessly



follow the fortunes of Major Weatherall—who had gained a step in rank—until the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga. She had borne one child, a boy, soon after their arrival in the colonies; but Providence seemed to favour her under the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, for during the whole period of the campaign she had no addition to her family.

The treatment which Burgoyne's army received from the Americans is too well known to require repetition. Miriam bore all her privations and misfortunes with great fortitude; and at length with great difficulty the major was enabled to procure a passage to England, where, on his arrival he found his father at the point of death, and who, after a brief interview with his son, that afforded great satisfaction to both, breathed his last breath with his head resting on the major's shoulder.

Old Bilberry was yet in existence; and though his faculties were much impaired, there was still a never-dying recollection of his daughter cherished in his heart. He was sitting in his accustomed seat in Greenwich-park, and it so happened that memory reverted back to the days when his darling child shared the spot with him. As was usual on such occasions, he called upon her name, and Miriam, who had sought her father, reached the place at that very moment so as to hear his voice and utterance. She fancied she was recognised, and instantly answered, "Yes, father, I am here."

The old man sprang up—the weakness of age had fled—his ears had drank in sweet sounds that like revivifying elixir had given a fresh stimulus to life. Years had passed away,—seas had divided them,—a long, long silence had intervened, yet the voice of his child had never been forgotten: like the breath of heaven amongst harp-strings, so did the response of the daughter strike harmoniously the chords of affection in the old man's breast. He looked at the female before him, but his sight was too dim to trace her features. The voice, however,—the voice was hers; he would have known it from a thousand. Joy like a rushing tide overpowered him; once more he called upon his child, and would have fallen prostrate to the ground, but that her arms embraced and held him up.

Happy was the meeting between Miriam and her parents, and proud was the aged grandfather as he conducted his daughter's child amongst the pensioners; nor was their gratification diminished when in a week or two Sir Edward joined them, and led the grateful and delighted Miriam to the altar. They were married privately, and none knew but the ceremony had taken place previous to their departure for the colonies, so that Lady Weatherall was at once received into the family, and took possession of the old manor-house in due form.

One of Sir Edward's first acts was to inquire after his brother-in-law, who had served with great credit, but without obtaining promotion. His commander spoke well of him, but he had no influence to push him forward at a period when favour was to be purchased by some sacrifice or other. Sir Edward exerted himself to the utmost; and at length the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the admiralty, appointed Mulberry



to a lieutenancy, and he joined his old commander and friend, Lord Howe, in America. His lordship promised him every help; but in a few months subsequently he returned home and struck his flag, leaving Mulberry first lieutenant of a fine frigate, and strongly recommended to Admiral Byron, who appointed him commander of a prize that was captured and commissioned as a sloop of war.

Delighted was Lady Weatherall with her home of rest after all the hardships she had undergone. It is true, she regretted, and deeply too, the illegitimacy of her child, who, now in his eleventh year, was a fine hardy robust lad, with an earnest predilection for the sea, which his grandfather never failed to encourage at every opportunity. Sir Edward retired from the army, and devoted himself to agriculture, under the hope of leaving something handsome for his son, whom he well knew could not inherit one acre of the property.

About this time an unexpected event occurred. Lady Weatherall gave promise of increasing her family, and in the course of nature brought forth another boy. This would have been highly gratifying to the parents, but for the thought that the fresh comer would supersede his elder brother. However, as there was no help for it, and the estate, small as it was, as well as the title, would be kept in regular descent, they determined to do all they could for their first-born, not only endeared to them by that strong tie, but also as having in his infancy shared their perils and their wants.

Young Edward was put to school, and when fourteen he was entered as midshipman on board the *Mermaid* of twenty-eight guns, under the command of Captain Mulberry Boreas, his maternal uncle, who had now risen to rank and opulence.

Nothing could exceed the delight of the veteran Bilberry, on being informed of the several promotions of his son; and when the news reached him that Mulberry was posted into a frigate, he dwelt upon it with childish glee; every wish of his heart seemed to be fulfilled, and he quietly and happily resigned himself to an eternal rest; and his remains mingle with the brave in the cemetery of Greenwich hospital. Mrs. Boreas passed the residue of her days with Miriam, but she did not long survive the separation from her husband; and the humble partner of the boatswain's mate was interred in the family vault of the titled Weatheralls.

Captain Boreas, although perhaps the ugliest man in the service, was certainly one of the most brave; in fact, on being presented to George the Third, the repulsive character of his countenance was remarked before his majesty, who promptly replied, "Ugly! ugly! no, no, no! Handsome! very handsome! his beauty is in his heart!"

It would have been impossible for young Edward not to have learned his duty from so able a teacher. Through the interest of his uncle he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and at the opening of our history we find him captain of the *Neverflinch*, landing from his barge at Sallyport.

I have already mentioned that a cloud seemed to hang gloomily over his mind: both his parents had died during his absence in the East, and

the secret of his illegitimacy had been disclosed to him. Grief for the loss of those he revered was mingled with disappointment and regret. As for the title, he determined to win one for himself, but it was painful to think that the ancient name of the family should pass from him. His uncle, in his rough nautical way, consoled with and encouraged him, and though his language was somewhat coarse, yet his intentions were kind and good, and were sensibly esteemed by the captain, whose younger brother succeeded to the estates as Sir Wentworth Weatherall.

I began this chapter with "Sir Mulberry Boreas, vice-admiral of the red," &c., he was very rich; a bachelor with but few wants; and though he had purchased a splendid country seat, with gorgeous suites of apartments expensively furnished, he chose himself to live in a wooden building in his park, erected under his own especial orders, and the apartments closely resembling the cabins in a ship of the line. The roof was flat with bulwarks, so as to allow of a quarter-deck promenade, and here, with about twenty old tars, who kept a quarter watch successively the admiral whiled away his time. He had a full command of the bay near his residence; and no officer under a pennant that ever flew in that neighbourhood but was well acquainted with the admiral's signal for dinner, when the state apartments were set in order, and after the fourth bottle, Sir Mulberry's barge, a boat upon wheels, was drawn up at the hall-door, ready manned, and the veteran in ship-shape style was dragged home to what he called his "hurricane house," where he was safely deposited in his cot in the "great cabin."

Sir Mulberry purposed bequeathing the whole of his wealth to his sister's children, without distinction; but having a title himself, he deemed it proper to maintain, by every means, the ancient one of the Weatheralls in proper dignity. To effect this, he made a very liberal allowance to the young baronet, with the use of his own country establishment when he chose to visit it, and a handsome town-house in a fashionable square, with equipages, &c. &c. As for the captain, he considered him a tar like himself, and superior to all such superfluous concerns.

Now it so happened that the next house to Sir Wentworth's town residence was occupied by an immensely wealthy, but miserly old fellow, who had acquired and amassed great riches by usury. He had an only and a beautiful daughter, whom he had awfully and solemnly sworn should never touch a sixpence of his money if she married beneath the title of earl. He cared not for affections—he cared not for the misery he might inflict upon his child; Ambition had grasped the bony hand of Avarice, and thus united they grinned with horrible delight at the prospect of empty and hollow distinctions.

But the lady and Sir Wentworth had met; and the first meeting led to several others, till both were as deeply enamoured as any novel writer would wish them to be. In reality, a fervent and sincere attachment was formed, and a fervid union of respect and esteem bade fair to cement a stronger reciprocal regard than the mere ebullition of passion, which is too often misnamed love.

An old *roué* with a ducal coronet, but the ermine much chafed by poverty, had also seen the fair girl; and having, by the agency of his creatures, ascertained the peculiar character of the father, he waited upon the old man, and proposed in due form; taking care, however, to go in great magnificence, with his best carriage, and footmen in state liveries.

Mr. Obadiah Elwester could scarcely conceal the excess of his delight at the prospect of beholding the strawberry leaves surmounting his daughter's brow. He had become acquainted with what he considered mere flirtation with the baronet, which he had winked at, as he hoped it would attract greater attention to his prize; but the moment the Duke of Q—— had been obsequiously bowed into his equipage (and Elwester, in the gratification of his heart, shook one of the footmen cordially by the hand), all intercourse or communication with Sir Wentworth was strictly prohibited.

“But love will enter in  
Where he dare na well be seen.”

And so it was in this case; for the young baronet and Amelia had sworn eternal fidelity; and though female vanity struggled for a short time between “your grace,” and the plain title of “my lady,” yet the comparison between the two suitors decided the matter; and the beautiful girl was graceless enough to prefer the dependent baronet to the semi-pauperized duke. The consequences were, that she was locked up in her room; all correspondence with Sir Wentworth was stopped by rigid watchfulness; Amelia was never allowed to emerge from her apartment except when the Duke of Q—— honoured Mr. Elwester with a visit. The young lovers were driven almost mad; in vain Sir Wentworth tried “to feast his eyes” at midnight, by watching the expiring light of the taper in Amelia’s sleeping apartment; all and every communication was at an end, nor could money or money’s worth ensure the conveyance of a letter—old Elwester got possession of them all; they were not few; and Sir Wentworth regularly received them back again, tied up with red tape, and carefully labelled “REJECTED ADDRESSES.”

---

## CHAPTER VI.

"This is the very ecstasy of love,  
Whose violent property fordoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does afflict our natures."

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR hero, "James Burnit,"—for by that name he was apprenticed,—was a moralist as well as a philosopher, and his favourite place of study was either half way up, or at the summit of a chimney. His master declared that he went to sleep; but Jem stoutly denied the accusation, though it not unfrequently brought chastisement upon him when he descended.

"Vell I'm blessed," said he, one forenoon, as he leaned over the rim of a pot belonging to a house situated in a rather crowded thoroughfare; "vell, I'm bless'd if that 'ere aint jist the vay o' the vurld; there's a ould warmint, like Peter Macaw, has spilt a poor voman's basket o' horanges acause she ar'n't never got nobody to stand up for her. Ah, ye ould badger, please the pigs I'm out o' yer vay, any how. And there rolls a cove vot thinks no small svipes of his-self; in the heat of his flue he fancies he's above everybody, whilst the svell chap is greatly beneath my noticing on him. There's a young voman, too, shaking her clout of a duster out o' the vinder, and there goes the contents sarved out over the dandy's toggery; thank God I'm up here safe out o' that, so she can't never do no damage to my uniform." (A voice here shouted up the chimney, "Jem!") "Ah, bellows away, ould blow-hard," mumbled the lad to himself; "I shan't vag yet avhile, till I've had a bit of a ruralize to my own cheek." He looked out at the country beyond the noisy town; "Vell, them fields and meadows, and young hinnocent baa-lambs, sporting about like fun, do look insinivating, and no mistake. How I vish I vas a bird, to fly about vhersomever I pleased; though, mayhap, I'm better as I am; for it can't be any fun to have stones shied at you, and to be banged at with a gun full o' shot." (Here the shout was again repeated, "Jem, ar'n't you never a coming down?") "Ar'n't I never a coming down, he axes. Oh yes, I shall be down upon you presently; for I expects you von't have the generosity to send me any grub up in this here sky-parlour. Look at that 'ere lady, jist stept out of her drag, vith a big flunkey behind her in hot-cinder coloured breeches; vot miserable creaturs they must be; all so stiff that they're afeard o' moving about." (The voice again, "Come down here, you young wagabone, or I'll fetch you.") "Vill you, old vizzen," laughed the boy; "I should like to catch you at it. But, arter all, the vurld's nuffin but wanity; here I must quit my 'joy-



ments, and sink to the ground again." He bellowed out at the top of his lungs, "Se-veep—se-veep," four or five times, and rattled his brush against the outside of the pot, so as to attract the attention of every passer-by, who instantly stopped short to gaze at the urchin. "Ah, I knows you all enwy me," said Jem, "acause you earn't come it as stiff as I do; but there, like a good christian, I despises and pardons you;—se-veep, se-veep," and rattle went the brush again. In another minute his cap was pulled over his face, and down he bobbed, like Jack-in-the-box.

In the course of his professional avocations, Jem was engaged to operate at the house of Sir Wentworth Weatherall; and having cleared the kitchen chimney, he was very kindly presented by the cook with a basin of beautiful bread and milk, before he proceeded further in his duties; and he was directed to sit down on the hearth, in the housekeeper's room, to eat it. Now the savoury mess was not cool enough to be attacked at once, and so the lad sat blowing and tasting from a silver spoon with all the gusto of a nobleman.

Several tradesmen were in the apartment, as well as the cook and the housekeeper, and a conversation was going on relative to the unfortunate condition of Sir Wentworth, who was described as dying in love, because he could not get a letter conveyed to the object of his passion at the next house. In fact, the exact position of the baronet (such as given in the last chapter) was detailed with sundry embellishments, under strict injunctions that the whole should be kept a profound secret.

"And so he cannot even write to her, Mrs. Creasey, eh?" said one of the tradesmen, addressing the housekeeper. "Wouldn't her maid—eh, Mrs. Creasy?"

"No!" returned the housekeeper, warmly; "nothing has been left untried as was any way likely to take. Master wouldn't mind,—ay, any money to get a letter to her dear hands. Poor gentleman! he sits moping and molifying in the library; it's quite grievous to see him. He's afraid the lady's fortitude should break down under the barbarous treatment of her father; and then he will be made miserable for the rest of his nat'ral life."

Jem looked round at the well-replenished stores in the room; he cast a wistful eye at the richly-filled larder, the door of which stood open, and he thought, "Vot a simpleton that ere barrownight must be, to be arter breaking his heart vilst there's sich lots of good things to make him comfortable."

"But surely the thing,—I mean the delivery of a letter,—might be accomplished by some means or other, said a second tradesman, a lusty butcher, casting more than one sheep's eye at the cook. "If it was me, I'm staggered but I'd—"

"Vish you could," rejoined the cook, with a deep-drawn sigh, as she returned the slayer of the innocents his amorous glances. "Vish you could, vith all my soul; but I tell you the thing's onpossible; and if poor master dies, vot's to become of us all?"

Whether this latter pithy question of the cook's was the main spring



that moved their sympathies, I must leave to those who are better judges of human nature than myself. As for Jem, he did not lose one word of the conversation, but he said nothing; and, on finishing his meal, he went to resume his labours in the chimney of an upper room. In ascending the stairs, however, he had to pass the library door, which stood partly open; and callous as his heart was rendered by constant contact with misery, he could not banish from the vision of his mind's eye the pale and haggard features of the baronet, of whom he caught a passing glimpse as he hurried by. It haunted him whilst, with the cap over his head, he groped his way up in the darkness of the chimney, and he was glad when he reached the top, so as to uncover his optics to the daylight.

Nor was the lad in any haste to descend, for he leaned over the summit for a few minutes in a contemplative mood, and ultimately got out upon the roof. Whether he observed anything remarkable or not in the next stack of chimneys, or was merely passing a scientific judgment on their capabilities, I do not pretend to say, but he certainly examined them most minutely; and, after a close practical inspection, he once more entered his pot—gave the usual cry—and promptly descended. His ascents and descents being completed, he shook off his superficialities of soot; and after receiving a handsome present from both cook and housekeeper, he quitted the mansion, with his well-filled bags, and seated himself on the low wall that sustained the railings of the enclosure that formed the middle of the square, and was soon in deep cogitation.

"Vell, I'm jigger'd if I couldn't do it," said he, mentally, as he looked up at the houses; "it's as easy as kiss my hand," and he held up his delicate paw, "and never no mistake at all about it. But I arn't never got no toggery, and he wouldn't go for to see me in these here clouts. Yet that ere face aint by no manner o' means to be got rid on. And then there's the dumps: I dares for to say he would'nt mind stumping a guinea. And arter all, if the thing's to be done, it must be done in these here duds, so vy not up and speak to him, Jem, at vonce; he von't go for to mind the vurking dress if I only does the trick for him! 'Pon my hookey, I'll try! Vich is the vinder, I vonder—back or front;" and keenly he scanned the residence of Mr. Elwester, from eavings to area, with all the gravity of a skilful architect. He then looked at the house of the baronet. "There! the door's open!" he mentally exclaimed, "and not nobody there! I'll go, and if any on 'em sees me, I'll pitch it 'em strong that I've left my scraper on the hob up stairs. Go it, Jem; remember the proverb—'Not nuffin venture not nuffin have.'"

Away the lad hurried towards the steps, which he boldly mounted, and having entered the residence of sir Wentworth, unobserved by any one, he reached the library, and pushing open the door, trod softly in, made a scrape with his foot, "begged his honor's pardon," and noiselessly closed the door after him.

The baronet sat absorbed in his own thoughts in much the same position as when Jem had seen him before, with a cast of melancholy despondency on his pale countenance. Such an apparition as the poor sweep, however, could not fail to attract his attention: he gazed rather

wildly on the unflinching lad, and then uttering a laugh that had more of hysteria in it than merriment, he demanded, "What the devil brought you here?"

Jem pointed to his legs, but instantly checking his propensity to mirth, said deferentially, but at the same time with perfect self-confidence, "I'll do it for your honour."

"Do!—do what? you young imp," demanded the baronet, impetuously, as a flush of anger blended with the paleness on his cheeks; "who has dared to sanction your entrance?"

"Not nobody votsomever," replied the boy in the most undaunted, and, at the same time, confidential manner; "it's all in regard o' hoomanity. I couldn't abear to see your honour so moloncholy, ven it vos in my power to sarve you."

"You serve me!" exclaimed the baronet, in a tone of astonishment, not unmingled with disdain; "what can the young dog mean? Come, sir, walk out as you came in, or I shall reach the horse-whip."

"No you von't, yer honour, ven you comes to know all," answered the artful lad, with a knowing wink of his eye, "I've haard as offered sarvice arn't never got no saywoury smell, but I'm too much of a hooman christian to see any fellow-creatur onhappy as Jem can help, and so, if your honour pleases, and will stump down handsomely, I'll take the letter."

"Take the letter!" reiterated the baronet, in still greater surprise than before; "what letter?"

"Vy, the letter for the genelvoman next door," answered Jem, in a business-like way. "If you'll guv it me, I'll deliver it safe and sound and that's all about it."

Notwithstanding the distress of mind under which Sir Wentworth was labouring, the ludicrousness of such a proposal from the individual before him, overset his gravity, and he laughed heartily, though it must be admitted that the laugh was not natural. "A pretty love-messenger, truly," said he, as soon as his over-strained mirth had ceased—"a cupid in a soot-bag!" He assumed greater sternness. "But pray, sirrah, who has dared to tell you anything of my affairs?"

"Never you mind that," said Jem with firmness, "it vas them as vishes you vell. Only say the vord, yer honour, and post the poney, I'm jigger'd if I don't do the clean thing all spiey."

There was something so serious in the lad's manner, that the baronet restrained his anger, and indulged an inclination to question him further. "Well," said he, "suppose I do want a letter conveyed to the next house, how would you propose to deliver it?"

"Never you mind that, neither," replied Jem with boldness; "all yer honour 'as got to do is to gie me the letter, and say, honour bright, vot's the damage?—leave the rest to me?"

"This is a strange proposition," uttered the gentleman, as he strode two or three times to and fro in the library. "You seem to be aware of that which I deemed a secret, and——"

"Oh, yer honour," responded Jem, interrupting him, "genelmen in our purfession picks up a little of ewery think; and as I onderstood yer

honour was muddled about the lady, and I seed you myself looking so down as I vent up stairs to sweep the chimbleys, vy, I thought on it in the flue, and says I to myself, 'Vel, I'm jigger'd if I don't do it, if his honour vill only tip vot's proper.'"

"Are you going to sweep at the next house, then?" eagerly inquired the baronet, anxious to grasp even the remotest possibility of accomplishing his wishes.

"Vy, not disactly that 'ere," responded Jem, with a smile, that beamed through his sooty mask like a flash of sunshine through a thunder cloud. "But as your honour don't seem to like for to go for to trust me, without I 'splains the matter, vy, then, it's jist this here: I means to dive down the chimbley, instead of going up it."

"Go down the chimney?" repeated the baronet, inquiringly, and partly catching at the boy's intention; "how are you to manage that?"

"Vy as easy as kiss my hand," replied Jem, putting his sable flipper to his lips, to suit the action to the word.

"But how—how?" demanded the baronet impatiently. "You are trifling with me, sir. Confound the fellow, he will drive me mad."

"Vy, Lord love yer honour's silly heart," exclaimed Jem, as he nestled his bare feet in the soft down of the warm carpet; "vy, carn't ye guess?" He stopped for a minute, awaiting a reply, but none was given; in fact the baronet appeared to be too much irritated to answer. "Vell, then, if you ar'n't fly to it," continued the lad, "I'll up and tell you. Vell, I sweeps yer honour's chimbleys to-day, and the cook says—says she—" He paused again. "No, no; it voru't the cook, not by no manner o' means—and its no matter who it vos; but I haard 'em talking about yer honour being in love, and half cracked acause you couldn't get to speak to the lady, not yet so much as send her a letter. So, thinks I to myself, if I had his honour's big kitchen, and sich vhacks o' grub as I seed, there's not nevver no lady in the vurld as I'd go for to grieve about—"

"This is sheer impertinence," angrily uttered the baronet, advancing with haste to the bell-rope, for the purpose of summoning a servant to turn the intruder out.

"Now don't you go for to turn foolish," said Jem, who guessed the baronet's intention, and really did not mean to be impudent, his mode of address being nothing more than his usual way of conversing with his companions; "if you goes to pull that 'ere cord you'll blow all, and I shall cry 'sulky.'"

Sorely perplexed, and somewhat incensed, the baronet stood irresolute—the fable of the lion and the mouse crossed his mind. "God grant me patience!" he ejaculated, as grasping the top rail of a chair, he seemed ready to fall down through agitation.

"This is actually insufferable," peevishly complained the excited baronet. "It is indeed almost beyond endurance," added he; but I will try and bear it."

"Vell now, there's some sense in that 'ere," observed Jem approvingly; "and now I'll push on in my displanations. So you see,

arter hearing all about yer honour and the lady-bird as is caged up next door," (the baronet winced), "vy, I sets my vits to vork, to puzzle out some vay or other to sarcumwent 'em. So I climbs a little vay, and then I sticks fast, to have a bit of confab with myself in the chimbley—for I alays studies best in a chimbley; and then I spouts it a little higher, and has another bit of confab; and the master raises his gruffy, and shouts, 'Jem, vot, are you asleep?' But no, yer honour, I vos vide avake; and the more I shoves up the flue the more readier the thing seemed, till at last I reaches the top of the pot, and I pulls off my cap—ve alays has a cap over our beauty ven ve're sreepin, to keep the sut out of our fan-lights:—vell, ven I discharges myself out of the top of the pot, pulls off my cap, and vipes my vinders, vy it vas all as plain to me as the nose on yer honour's face."

"What was plain?" vociferated the baronet, stamping with his foot, and giving other strong indications of exasperated feeling. "Go on, sirrah, go on; when will you come to the point?"

"Venever yer honour pleases," returned Jem, with the most perfect self-composure, and smoothing down his matted hair with his hand, "though a pint's rather a long draught too; but I've got a cinder in my throat, and if you'll let it be half-and-half, I don't mind."

"Go on," ejaculated Sir Wentworth, now more accustomed to the boy's manner; "only tell me what you have to say, and you shall have whatever you like."

"Thanky, yer honour; vy that's all fair and square," returned Jem, "do the vurk first and tip arterwards. But vere vos I? Oh, I remember, vith my tuppenny loaf out of the chimbley-pot; and so I looks round me, and 'I'm jiggered if I earn't do it,' says my thoughts to myself, 'if I ounly knowed vich vos vich.' So I gets out on the roof to dixamine the stacks—"

"Examine what?" demanded the baronet, who was now gaining a clearer insight into the boy's design.

"Vy the stacks—the chimbleys to be sure!" answered Jem—"to try and find vich vay the flues run; and now don't you take?"

"Take!—take what?" inquired Sir Wentworth, affecting ignorance, the better to draw out the lad's full purpose.

"Vot, you don't take, eh? Lord, how stupid!" said Jem, with a half laugh. "Vy, you're a greater flat than I thought you vos!" The baronet grinned. "I vonted to find out the flue to the lady's room, that I mought jist turn penny-postman down it, and carry the letter for her and not nobody never suxspect. There now, I've svept my conscience clean—you knows all about it—vot 'll you stump?"

"If I understand you right," said the baronet, "you purpose ascending one of my chimneys, and then descending a chimney into the next house."

"Zactly so," replied Jem, nodding his head in token of full assent, and looking pleased that he had now made himself understood; "unless—vich I think vould do jist as vell—I cuts my lucky out o' one o' yer honour's garret vinders; then, you see, I'm over the roof, and down the chimbley, in less time than nuffin."



"But suppose you should mistake the chimney," urged the baronet, "And get into the wrong apartment; what would you do then?"

"Vy, the job requires judgment, and a bit of sly-boots," answered the lad, knowingly; "howsomever, yer honour must leave all that to



me, and if I gets down the wrong 'un, I must get up again. But you jist tell me vich is the room, and I ar'n't much afeard of finding the fire-place."

There seemed to be so much of plausibility in Jem's arrangements, that Sir Wentworth, after debating the matter with himself, and looking earnestly at the sweep, demanded, "Are you certain that you can perform what you have undertaken?"

"Nay, yer honour, I ar'n't have undertook it yet," responded Jem, shaking his dingy locks; "but I'm sartin of doing the trick as clean as a vissel, if yer honour agrees to fork out handsomely."

"I would give twenty guineas to get a letter conveyed to the person I wish," uttered the baronet, aloud, though rather speaking to himself than addressing the young sweep; "surely that will satisfy him."



Had Sir Wentworth named five guineas, or even one, as a fixed and determinate sum, Chummy would have gladly jumped at it; but when twenty was mentioned contingently, he quickly conjectured that by some tact in manœuvring he might obtain more. "In course, yer honour 'ull consider the risk," said he, imploringly; "and not nobody can do more than his best—now I means to try my hardest—but suppose I gets nabbed, and pulled up afore the beak for housebreaking—"

"Leave the reward to me," said the baronet, somewhat proudly, for he could not endure the thought that his generosity should be suspected; "and you shall have no cause to complain. If you are successful the first time, it is very probable you will have to repeat your visit."

"On vages, or by the job?" asked Jem, as he looked up inquiringly at the baronet's face, to ascertain the precise nature of the agreement.

"You are a strange lad," returned Sir Wentworth, rather pleased than angry at the boy's manner, as it plainly manifested that he was in earnest. "If I consent to your proposition, I think you may safely leave the remuneration to myself."

"The muneration, yer honour," repeated Jem, inquiringly, "vots the muneration?"

"Why, the recompense—the reward," answered the baronet; "you shall have no cause to complain; and now, when will you perform this undertaking?"

"Vell, then, I'll trust to you," said Jem, approvingly; "and that's more nor I'd do to everybody. But as for doing the trick, I'm ready to begin immediately, if so be as you'll let one o' your flunkies carry home the bags to master, at Cambervell."

Sir Wentworth was at all times extremely alive to a sense of the ridiculous; and when fancy pictured to his vivid imagination one of his belaced and bepowdered livery servants crossing Westminster bridge with a couple of soot bags over his shoulders, he could not refrain from a burst of laughter. Nor is it to be wondered at, that in the midst of grief he should indulge in mirth—his nervous system had become greatly relaxed, and consequently was easily acted upon either way.

Jem stared at the—to him—unaccountable merriment of the baronet; for the youngster had proposed it with great seriousness, as necessary to their arrangements, and he was half angry that his intentions should be turned into ridicule. The lad, accustomed to be thrashed for every act of neglect or disobedience, had no idea that the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot could have a will of their own. Alas, poor ignorant boy! he would not have believed, if any one had told him, that in numerous instances, one of the greatest recommendations of a footman consisted in having a handsome calf to each leg; indeed, I have heard of one who sported false ones that greatly attracted the attention and admiration of his mistress; but one unfortunate day, whilst behind the carriage, rattling over the rough stones of the city, the bandages slackened, and the pair of calves shifted round in front, so that he lost his place and character together. At all events, Jem was apprised that no one on the establishment would undertake to convey away the bags, and the lad was too

honest to think of his master sustaining any loss. Some further conversation ensued, and it was finally determined that the attempt to communicate with the lady should be made.

How far the baronet, in listening to the young sweep, and humouring his proposals for going down the chimney, was governed by right feelings, we shall not stop to inquire; and the probability is, that neither did he pause to question himself as to the rectitude of the course he was about to pursue, nor could he, at the moment, have contemplated the want of delicacy to the lady in the proceeding. He was sick with love, and mad with disappointment; and when a man is both mad and sick, great allowances should be made. Still he deemed it advisable to defer the visit till the evening; and Jem was directed to carry home the bags, and return at sunset—an order which he readily obeyed, with the cheering prospect before him of rising in the world.

Throughout the remainder of the day Sir Wentworth was irritable and restless. At one time he determined to abandon the scheme altogether; but the sight of his rival's carriage at the next house—before which it remained some time—overthrew his determination, and he resolved to run all hazards, so that he could communicate with the lady of his love. He walked impatiently about the library, and at intervals sat down, and, piece by piece, penned an impassioned appeal to the possessor of his heart's best, dearest affections, and earnestly implored her not to be dazzled by the splendour of a coronet on the brow of age, but to adhere to her vow of fidelity to him.



## CHAPTER VII.

"Births, deaths, and marriages, epistle's wet  
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks,  
Or charged with amorous sighs ——"

COWPER.

WHEN Captain Weatherall once more stood upon the frigate's quarter-deck, his ready eye quickly glanced aloft to ascertain if the yards were nicely squared by the lifts and braces, and to see whether every thing was snug in its proper place. A gratified smile lighted up his features when he discovered that all was as he would wish it to be, which smile was repeated on the face of the first lieutenant, who bowed as the captain descended to his cabin, and a space being cleared, Jem opened his bag, turned the contents out upon the deck, when forth rolled two legs of mutton, a sucking-pig ready dressed for cooking, rolls of pigtail and quarter pounds of tobacco, five or six loaves of bread, three or four cones of lump sugar, several cakes of gingerbread, and various other articles, all intermingled with letters, and parcels, and newspapers, which had been lying at the post-office in expectation of the frigate making that her port.

The master-at-arms stood ready to deliver the epistles according to their several directions; and it was extremely curious to see the many anxious faces that were around; some displaying the warm flush of excitement; others, in their pallid hue, giving strong evidence of the internal workings of the mind. Nor was it confined to the officers only, for many of the men, partaking of the eager expectation of the moment, had forgotten the rigid rules of quarter-deck etiquette, and were peeping over the stooping shoulders of their superiors at the anomalous collection spread upon the deck.

The master-at-arms raised several letters, and reading the direction of the uppermost, exclaimed—"For Muster Pinchandsru, purser of his Majesty's ship——"

"That's for me," shouted the individual named, a spare, thin man, with keen eyes, and a nose like the beak of a hawk; who eagerly snatched at the letter, glanced his eyes over the direction, and then inquired, "Are there any more?"

"Come, come, purser, be satisfied with what you've got," said Mr. Seymour; "and if you don't like it when you have read it, there's Darby Allen there," pointing to a gawky reefer, whose gaze was intently fixed upon a leg of mutton, "he will buy it of you."

"Fifteen pence, sir," uttered the master-at-arms, holding out his open palm towards the purser, whilst his eyes were directed at the next letter; but Mr. Pinchandsru had disappeared.

"Chalk it up, old boy," exclaimed a fine handsome-looking midshipman, about two-and-twenty years of age; "and here, messenger, bring me the log-board. May I, Mr. Seymour? I'll stand accountant."

The first lieutenant nodded assent; and young Handsail, who had passed his examination for a lieutenantcy, chalk in hand, stood ready to take down the demurrage of defaulters.

"Muster—Muster!—Well, I'm bless'd if I can make this here out," said the master-at-arms, "the writing is so cramp—it's jist like sheep-shanks in a top-gallant back stay—and there's a somut in the corner. Muster!—no, it ar'n't Muster, nither."

"Let me take a squint at it," said Handsail, removing the letters from the veteran's fingers; "I am skilled in all languages, especially short hand." He looked earnestly at it. "You should go to school again, old boy—any body may see it is for Captain Seymour." He handed it to the first lieutenant, whose face was flushed with crimson. "There's the first lord's frank on it, too, sir; so it's needless to say more about it, for there's no occasion for chalk this time."

The officer eagerly grasped the letter—"hope told a flattering tale," which, on breaking the official seal, he found to be realised. It was a notification of his being promoted to the rank of commander; and warm congratulations flowed in upon him from all quarters, whilst excitement continued to increase.

"James Simmonds," shouted Handsail, who had superseded the master-at-arms in his duty; and instantly a seaman returned the shout.

"Aye, aye, sir—that's me. By the piper that played before Moses in the woods, Muster Handsel, but you shall have it for a glass of grog arter I've done with it."

"Sir William James Purvis, Baronet," exclaimed the midshipman, reading the address of another, with a large black seal, which he directly handed to the junior lieutenant, whose trembling hand and flushed cheek told a tale of warfare within. Both a father and an elder brother must have departed from existence, and he had succeeded to the title and estates. The truth flashed upon every mind, and not a word of mirth escaped.

"Mr. Meddlesome Hardskull," shouted the old master-at-arms, who felt annoyed at the duty being taken from him by the young midshipman, and had gathered up a packet for himself. The announcement produced loud laughter, for nobody claimed the epistle; and again the name of "Mr Meddlesome Hardskull" was loudly proclaimed.

"Nonsense, nonsense, old man," uttered the captain's clerk, who was looking over his shoulder: "Ship your barnacles, if you will read them. It is Mr. Middlemas Handsail."

"The devil it is," said the midshipman, snatching at it, and taking an eager glance at the handwriting. "All right and ship shape. Here, Darby Allen, clap your grappling-irons on to the log-board, and chalk me down two-and-eightpence—it's a double letter—"

"And written by a female," remarked the marine officer, who had taken a side-long look at the superscription. "You're a happy fellow,

Handsail. But you have not been away from England long, or perhaps you would be forgotten too."

The last word, "too," implied, that the utterer dejectedly considered that he himself was amongst those who ceased to be remembered. But Handsail was off to the taffrail, where Purvis also stood, and Darby Allen, assuming the chalk, lifted up the object of his veneration, the leg of mutton, with a piece of parchment on the shank, and read the following inscription:—

"For leftenant merius mister Orashow Donesnival, vif the luv of Betti Clogirn."

An uproarious burst of laughter followed this proclamation, to the great mortification of the marine officer, whose real name was Horatio Dunstanville; but there was no mistaking for whom the joint of meat was intended, and which in fact had been sent by his former wash-woman, Betty Clogiron, who receiving information that he was in the frigate, had thus testified her gratitude for past favours, and, with great policy, hoped to lay the foundation for a renewel of them.

"Don't look so *sheepish*, messmate," said Mr. Coilaway, the master, as he familiarly slapped the marine on the back; "instead of despising that 'ere leg of mutton, you ought for to cut *capers* over it.—"

"D—n!" ejaculated the marine officer, turning round and forcing his way through the group, as the name of "Betty Clogiron" sounded in his ears—for discipline was relaxed, and officers and men shared the general hilarity.

"Avast heaving, messmate," exclaimed old Coilaway, laying hold of the marine officer's arm, and stopping his further progress. "Two legs are better than one; and no doubt Betty has sent both on 'em for you. What's the direction on t'other, Darby?"

Thus familiarly addressed, Allen took up the second leg, and affected to read. He then uttered, "No, sir, it is not for Mr. Dunstanville. I think it is for you."

The laugh immediately turned against the master; but the coxswain set matters straight, by saying he had purchased it for the warrant officers. "Not quite so much of the monkey, Mr. Allen," said Coilaway, forgetting that he had himself set an example of insubordination. "You must larn to read better, or mayhap the school-master 'ull give you a taste of rattan."

Thus the delivery continued amidst much humour and fun, and soon after receiving their letters, several of the midshipmen offered them at half price to their less fortunate messmates. And yet, notwithstanding the outward display of merriment, the nice observer might have readily detected on many a countenance—not only of the young, whose softer emotions were more easily excited, but also on the hard and weather-beaten features of the veteran seamen,—strong evidences of what was passing within, whether the smile of pleasure curled the lip, or the tear of anguish trembled in the eye.

Amongst the group at the break of the quarter-deck stood Joe Blatherwick, the boatswain's mate, most anxiously waiting for the moment to come when he might obtain from the coxswain some news







of his wife. But Jem passed him by without heeding the signals he gave; for the worthy fellow could not bear to be the messenger of evil tidings, and therefore he hastened to his berth, where Mrs. Marshall had already taken possession of her husband, and was taxing him with his attachment to "Bang-the-door Sal."

The poor sail-maker protested his ignorance and innocence in vain; and being a quiet inoffensive man, he thought it most advisable to suffer the gale of his good woman's wrath to blow itself out, and therefore he sat

"Like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief."

albeit his seat was nothing more than a gunner's match-tub. Jem tried to persuade the punchy little dame that she had been practised upon by a mere joke; but this only served to convince her mind that the whole was literally true, and that his messmates were striving to screen the delinquent, who had been, by her account, "hauling his wind" among the lasses during their separation.

Whilst discussions and explanations were going on, poor Joe the boatswain's mate presented himself, and affected to laugh at the comedy that was then enacting; but there was something so dejected in his look that it plainly evinced his mirth was forced, and there was no real pleasure in his heart. The coxswain saw that his messmate wanted to question him, and therefore withdrew to the forecabin, to which part of the ship he was speedily followed by the boatswain's mate, whose impatience had been increased by the liquor he had swallowed, from the supply introduced on board by the bum-boat woman.

"Is it a bite o' nigger-head as you wants, Joe?" demanded the coxswain, presenting the tobacco, as the other approached him.

"Why not ezaactly that, messmate," returned the boatswain's mate, taking the proffered gift; "though a chaw is no bad comforter when a fellow's in trouble, and I'm thinking, Jem, as you've no good news for me."

"I don't know for sartin whether it's good or bad, Joe," responded the coxswain, laughing. "Some o' the lads 'ud be more glad to get rid of a wife than most on 'em 'ud be to take one."

"She's worked up, then," said the boatswain's mate sorrowfully, and the muscles of his hard face quivering with emotion. "My mind did misgive me as Poll had let go the life-lines. Mayhap she got the first letter, and died afore the second arrived in port. When did she part her cable, Jem?"

"I didn't tell you, messmate, as she had parted her cable," returned the coxswain; and then he repeated the conversation he had had with old Jenny, to the real distress and mortification of the veteran, till Hardover mentioned her having quitted Portsmouth with the infant; the latter part of the announcement having much the same affect upon the boatswain's mate as it had had upon Jem.

"Babby!" exclaimed Blatherwick in surprise. "Why, I say, Jem, arter all them there years as she never thought about it, to go for to—" He stopped for a minute, and then, looking earnestly at the coxswain, inquired, "But arn't you coming a bit o' gammon over us, messmate?"

"No, I assure you, Joe," returned Hardover; "you've got it as I got it; but mayhap I should have larned a little more, but the skipper comed down jist at the time I was hearing on it, and so, in course, we were obligated to shove off."

"Why, where the blazes could Poll get the babby?" muttered Blatherwick, half doubting the paternity, and yet somewhat proud at the thoughts of being a father. "Did Jenny say how ould it was?"

"I hadn't never no more time to ax questions," responded Jem; "but when we get into harbour, why you can inwite old Jenny aboard, and she'll overhaul the whole consarn to you."

"Aye, aye, boy; we must find the bearings and distance of matters," returned Blatherwick, mournfully; "but I'm blessed if ever I buys another letter again as long as I live; it's that as has done it, messmate;—and a young infant, too!"

"Boatswain's mate!" was shouted from the quarter-deck, and Joe gave the usual response. "Call away the first cutters; and, quarter-master, send the captain's coxswain here."

Joe raised his pipe to his lips, and after giving a chirp, loudly exclaimed, "Babbies away!"

"Why what the devil boat's that, Joe?" demanded the captain of the forecastle. "The second lieutenant said the first cutters."

Poor Joe for the moment was bewildered; but again blowing his call, he summoned the first cutter's crew to their duty; and then got out upon the bowsprit to meditate upon the strange intelligence that had just been communicated to him.

Obedient to command, the coxswain hastened to the quarter-deck, and was directed to go down into the captain's cabin, which he immediately did. "Take my cloak-bag, coxswain," said the captain, "and go ashore with me in the first cutter."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Joe. In another half hour they had landed on the Gosport side; Jem was ordered to follow his commander, who entered the first respectable inn they came to, leaving the coxswain (who delivered the cloak-bag to the waiter) outside.

Jem cogitated in his mind what the captain could be up to, and would gladly have paid a visit to Mrs. Stafford, whose residence was only a short distance off; but he was too good a seaman not to obey orders, and too partial to his chief to incur the hazard of his displeasure. About a quarter of an hour elapsed when a chaise-and-four drew up in front of the inn, and a few minutes afterwards a rough-looking regular man-of-war's man issued from the door of the house, and jumped into the vehicle.

"Yo hoy! shipmate," exclaimed the supposed stranger. "Yo hoy! there; bear a hand aboard!"

Jem stared, for it was evident that the hail was meant for him, and there could be no mistaking that voice, which was as familiar to his ears as the whistling of the wind in a heavy gale, and he had often listened to both at the same moment of time. "Aye, aye, sir," was the coxswain's response; and he was moving off towards the Hard, in order to return to the frigate, when a second hail was heard, calling

to him, in nautical terms, to get into the chaise. More puzzled than ever, Jem promptly obeyed—the steps were put up by the obsequious waiter—the door of the carriage was closed—the postillions, well acquainted with the freight of their vehicle, started off at a rattling pace; and they were very soon clear of the town.

When the chaise had got upon the smooth road, and was dashing along at racing speed, Jem's fellow-passenger said to him, "I have brought you with me, my man, because I have observed, since I became your commander, there were many excellent traits in your character, and because I believe you may be trusted under circumstances which demand circumspection and secrecy."

"God bless yer honour," returned the coxswain, "for having such a good opinion of me: and I'm—I ax yer honour's pardon—but I'm blessed if I wouldn't go through—"

"I know what you would say, my man," responded the other; "and you may rest assured, by the confidence I am about to place in you, that I have studied more of your real disposition and temper than you can be possibly aware of. If I am mistaken, the misfortune will be yours, not mine; for if you should forget what is due to the character of a British seaman, and divulge the private signals of your captain, I should henceforward look upon you as a traitor, and of course, an enemy—"

"What, yer honour," exclaimed the worthy fellow, as he restlessly shifted his berth, "Jem Hardover turn traitor and enemy? No, no, I'm d—d—" he stopped short, and then continued—"I ax pardon, but it was the jolting of the craft as knocked that 'ere out of me. I'm saying, yer honour,—but what's the use o' saying any thing, seeing as its actions, and not words, as proves the right-arnestness of a man's mind."

"Very true, very true," returned the other; "and I have reason to believe that I shall not find my confidence misplaced. Now, listen to what I shall tell you."

"In course, sir, I wool," replied the coxswain, highly elated at the thoughts of such condescension on the part of his companion, but his mind still involved in that sort of mysterious perplexity which the illiterate generally experience when engaged in any especial pursuit with a well-educated superior.

"You are not married, coxswain, I believe?" said Jem's fellow-traveller, inquiringly.

"No, sir, I never got quite so far as that in my navigation," responded Hardover with a chuckle; "but I was onest precious nigh hand aboard of it, though."

"Indeed," returned the other, "I should like to hear how that was; do you remember the particulars?"

"The ticklers? Oh yes, I remembers the ticklers well enough," replied Jem, "though I can't say as ever I tasted 'em, sir."

"I mean the circumstances that took place," said the other, "Who was the lady?—and how did it happen?"

"Why, if yer honour doesn't think me obstreperous in spinning a



yarn, I'll jist overhaul the matter," returned the coxswain; and no answer being given, he took the silence for consent, and proceeded. "I was at that time a main-top man, in the ould Howdacious—though she warn't the ould Howdacious then, seeing as she was nearly a new ship—and we were refitting at Plymouth, after a pretty long cruise in the bay and off the Western Islands. Well, being young and foolish, I gets into a stark calm with a female gal, who had a handsome figure-head, and stood stiff under her canvass; and so, arter boxing the compass of courtship a turn or two, I axes her consent to be hailed in my name, by entering it in the parson's log-book at church. Well, yer honour, it was all agreed on—the papers were made out, the gould ring was bought and the day fixed for me to take command, when it so happened that on that very day the topmen were all busy aloft about the rigging, as orders had come down to send us out to sea, without a moment's delay. To be sure I went aft, and axed the first lieutenant for liberty to go ashore and get spliced, but he wouldn't hear a word about it, and ordered me up into the top again. Now this was a sort of badgering about in a kind of awkward predicklement, and it threw me slap aback in regard o' knowing that Bessy would be waiting, and the ould folks would be waiting, and the parson would be backing and filling, like a collier in the pool, and no Jem to lend 'em a hand out of the hobble. So I goes to my messmate, Jack Branston, who was coxswain of the pinnace, and had jist been ordered away for the shore, and I up and tells him the whole consarn. Jack knew Bessy, and had been rather feathery with her; but she took me for choice, and so Jack gave up the chase. Well, sir, after a bit of confab with Jack, he proposed to go to church and stand what you calls deputy in my stead; that is, he was to take my place and get spliced to Bessy for me, and then she was to come aboard till we left the harbour, or I could get liberty ashore, which last worn't very likely, as everything was start-on-eend to move into Cawsand Bay. So I gives Jack the papers and the ring, and away he went, and found 'em all in the doldrums, 'cause I hadn't got alongside; and Bessy cried, and the ould 'uns scolded, and there was a bit of a bobbery, till Jack dis-plained to 'em the plan we had hit upon, and that brightened their faces up a bit, and so they made sail to the church, and the clargy paid out the whole sarvice; and Jack, in my name, took Bessy for better or worser, and then he runs down to the pinnace again without being missed, or anybody knowing what he had been arter. Well, yer honour, by and by alongside comes Bessy, and so I goes aft again, and axes the first lieutenant to let me take my wife aboard. 'Your wife!' says he. 'What do you mean?—you have no wife. I suppose you mean your gal,' says he. 'No, I don't, sir,' says I; 'I means my own lawful wedded wife, as I was married to this very morning.' 'Nonsense!' says he, in a bit of a pet. 'Why you haven't never been out of the ship.' 'It's no matter for that, sir,' says I; and then I tells him of the scheme between Jack and me to weather upon him; and he laughed heartily, and declared we were a couple of fools; and he called Bessy and axed her all about it; and then he told the skipper, who took her ashore with him to twistigate the business. And the parson said he had

knotted Bessy and Jack together, and he couldn't cast it off again; it was work for the Dicklysiastical lawyers to ondo, and she must be put in the hands of the bishop of the sea. Well, yer honour, I couldn't get ashore; the ship sailed for foreign. I was out two years, and when I came back, I was cured of my love—the Howdacious came to Portsmouth and I've never been to Plymouth since—so that mayhap Bessy's in the hands of the bishop of the sea to this hour."

At this moment the chaise pulled up, and the Postillions announced that they had reached the place where they were ordered to stop.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

"How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be worked; like those that under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Or such a nature is his politic love."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE deepening shades of twilight were gradually spreading over the great city, and the slow but progressive increase of gloom heightened the nervous irritability of Sir Wentworth Weatherall, who paced his library with impatience, eagerly desirous of communicating with Miss Elwester, yet far from being satisfied with the mode of conveyance, and not altogether unapprehensive of a failure, which he feared would necessarily make matters worse.

It would be a waste of time were I to attempt a statement of the sensations which agitated every part of the baronet's frame. To those who have been and are desperately in love, with the dread of losing the object of their affection constantly before their mind, every symptom is well known; and it would be useless to talk of sickness of heart, that prostrates bodily strength and weakens intellect, to individuals who have never experienced it. It is true, there are many who laugh at and ridicule these things, because they are not personally acquainted with them—their very nature forbids the extravagance of passion—their existence passes on in ease and apathy; they are cold and calculating; and I remember one who rung a shilling on his mother's coffin, to try if the coin was good or not. Such characters are wholly insensible to feelings of men of warmer temperament, and therefore are incapable of forming a judgment where "the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

After all, I am induced to think that it runs in the blood of families—that is, in a great measure, for Miss Elwester was certainly an exception to the rule, though even in this instance, from circumstances that occurred in the early life of her mother, the wicked world had been censorious enough to talk scandal, that raised many doubts amongst the

tabby-cat coteries of the neighbourhood where they then resided, as to the paternity of the daughter; and certain it is, that the features of the child bore a strong resemblance to a dashing young nobleman, who borrowed the usurer's money on post obits, and very frequently condescended to take supper with Mrs. E. It possibly might be from this casual event that the spiteful and malicious neighbours raised the ill-natured rumours that were prevalent; and it is not unlikely that, from the same cause, Mr. Elwester had determined that his daughter should stick to the peerage. But there is really no accounting for such matters.

The old usurer had risen from a very humble station in life. His grandfather kept a sort of marine-store, near the Stowage, at Deptford; which marine-store was the depository of articles purchased for about one-fiftieth part of what they were worth, and no questions asked. Obadiah lost his own parents when a child; and his grandfather finding him a useful and sharp lad, took him from the workhouse to assist him in his business. Oby always heeded the main chance, and in his transactions he took good care never to forget himself; in fact, it was generally "one for granta, and two for me." Niggardly by nature, he hoarded up his gains, which were neither few nor small; and he rightly calculated if he could realize so much money in so short a space of time, his grandfather must have amassed considerable sums, although his mode of living indicated extreme poverty.

Nor was Obadiah mistaken; for at the old man's death he found himself unrestricted master of between two thousand and three thousand pounds in the funds, besides the marine-store, and the stock in trade. He had a sister much older than himself, who had been out at service, but had got married to the boatswain of an East Indiaman of the name of Breezy. The brother and sister seldom saw each other; Obadiah made her a present of a guinea when he succeeded to the fortune bequeathed by the old man, and subsequently, when determined to take a wider stage himself, he placed Breezy in the store at the Stowage, and commenced lending money to seamen upon valuables that they had brought home. Thus many a beautiful India shawl and necklace, with pearls, and other precious things, so coveted by ladies of distinction, came into his possession; and for which he not only obtained a high price amongst the nobility, but also frequently, by long credit, secured their favourable offices. His profits were enormous, and as his mode of living was extremely frugal, he was rapidly accumulating wealth.

He next tried the stocks, and his cool calculating mind soon enabled him to take advantage of every favourable turn. About this time he took to himself a wife; but, true to the ruling passion, he also took especial care that the lady should have a fortune, whatever she might be deficient of besides. Her origin, like his own, was obscure and humble; her parents kept a pawnbroker's shop in Ratchiffe Highway; and she was an only child. When well dressed, she was rather a good-looking woman--of pleasing features and showy exterior; in short, personally attractive, but destitute of mind.

Brother-in-law Breezy was fond of grog, and the truth must be told,

that he was much oftener to be found in the "Fishing Smack" (a public-house so called) at the creek, than in the marine-store; so that at length Obadiah was compelled to wind up the concern, by disposing of it to a desperate set of fellows who infested the waters of that neighbourhood, and well known to Crouch the constable. Breezy was about to take himself off to sea again, but his course of intemperate habits whilst on shore had greatly incapacitated him; and being deprived of his accustomed draughts of nectar, he sank into imbecility both of frame and intellect, and shortly afterwards closed his mortal career. His remains were interred in St. Nicholas's church-yard, amongst the hundreds of naval men who had preceded him, and where the saline richness imparted to the soil, by the amalgamation with salt-water mortality, was evidenced by the luxuriant and rank grass which every where abounded amongst the tombstones. .

Breezy left several children, and the eldest, a fine boy, was a bit of a favourite with his uncle Obadiah, so that he was often at the house of the latter, and though five or six years older than Amelia, was never more happy than when he could make her his little playmate, and do any thing to please her. As he advanced in age, however, his uncle looked more coldly on him; and when Mr. Elwester (who had obtained some good customers amongst the aristocracy, through the medium of their wives) removed to the metropolis, and commenced money-lending on good security, the youth became aware that his visits were not agreeable to his uncle; and consequently, taking leave of his dear little cousin—and they were almost broken-hearted at parting, he went to the rendezvous upon Tower Hill, and entered for a man-of-war. Since that time they had seldom seen each other; and though Mr. Elwester could easily have got him promoted to the quarter-deck as midshipman, yet this could not be done without an outfit as an officer, and sufficient to maintain the young man as a gentleman. Poor Mr. Elwester would not endure the thoughts of such expense, and therefore William Breezy continued a foremast man.

But to return to Sir Wentworth Weatherall.

Not less than fifty times had the baronet peeped out at the library window which looked upon the square, or opened the library door to listen for the approach of the messenger he was about to engage on the forlorn hope; the gloom was diffusing itself through the room, and the furniture and draperies, and massive folios, assumed frowning shapes of adverse spirits, that very soon thronged the young man's fevered brain. Dr. Johnson's ponderous tomes stood prominent in gigantic proportions, and armed with heavy clubs that threatened to split the head. Learned authors, with enormous beards, seemed ready to step from their shelves, and commence an attack upon each other—in short, fearful visions of "goblin grim" and grinning skeletons were presented to the distorted imagination.

"Ha! this is horrible," exclaimed Sir Wentworth, as he pressed his hands over his heated brows, so as to obscure his sight; "horrible indeed! Oh, Amelia, Amelia! could you but know the agony which this suspense creates; my heart is throbbing with wild tumultuous



emotion, and is fainting beneath the oppressive weight of my calamity! —Amelia—my own Amelia!" uttered he, with plaintive tenderness; "do you still think of me—do you still adhere to your vows of eternal fidelity?" He uncovered his eyes, and looked glaringly around. "Ah, what strange forms and shapes are these that haunt my very soul—there, there it is, right palpable before me—the arch enemy himself, crouching like the tiger in his lair—demon, I defy you!—what can you want with me?"

"Vy, lord love yer honour," answered Jem, who had crept noiselessly into the room, and had caused the baronet's exclamation; "vy, doesn't you remember vot I vants? its jist good time to do the trick, for its best to have a bit o' darky for sich a job as this. I shall crawl over the roof on my hands and knees; so if any body goes for to see me, they'll think as its some big black tom-cat a going a courting."

The lad's address recalled the baronet to a certain consciousness of the business in which he was about to engage, and he inquired, "Are you ready, my boy?"

"In course, yer honour," returned the sweep; "who ever knowed Jem to vant pluck in helping a donkey out of a ditch, ven he was sure of being paid for it; and now that yer honour is going to gie me bread for life—ar'n't I all ready, then? Vere's the letter?"

Some further conversation passed between them, in which Jem displayed great natural sagacity and prudence; and the letter, carefully enfolded in stout paper, so as to resist the approach of soot, was confided to the boy, who tucked it into his cap, and after having been shown the lady's window, was conducted by the baronet to an attic, the door of which he locked, and the sweep, after shaking his flipper, and bidding his honour "taa—taa," boldly crawled out of the window, and was soon upon the roof of the next house, where he disappeared, leaving the baronet gazing after him with the most intense and eager interest.

I have already mentioned that the duke of Q——had that afternoon paid a visit to Mr. Elwester. His grace was most graciously received by the grovelling old usurer, who, like Sir Giles Overreach, longed to have a "right honourable daughter." The lady would have excused herself from attending, on the score of indisposition, but her father commanded her presence, and she well knew that disobedience would only draw down upon her greater restrictions and severity. Besides, she cherished the hope that, by seeming to yield to the wishes of her parent, she might be released from restraint, gain time, and be enabled to communicate with the baronet, whom she loved with a fervency equal to his own.

The interview with the duke had inspired Mr. Elwester with renewed hopes that his daughter's resolution was giving way, and he should enjoy the exquisite felicity of seeing her a duchess. Her behaviour to his grace had hitherto been characterised by distant reserve, but on this afternoon she had relaxed from her usual course, and had received the peer with more cheerfulness of manner. Gratified beyond measure, Mr. Elwester pleaded an engagement of importance and withdrew, leaving the couple together; but at the same time, not without a wit-



ness to all that passed, for one of the old man's agents was so placed as not only to hear, but also, if necessary, to see, without the parties being sensible that they were watched.

The duke of Q—— had no real affection for the lady; his attachment was to her father's great wealth; though it is true he could not be altogether insensible to her beauty and merits. He had been accustomed to associate with men, and even women, whose mode of life had rendered them callous to those delightful emotions which emanate from virtue and innocence; he looked upon the world as a theatre for enjoyment, and upon his fellow-creatures as mere actors in a drama, that was calculated to administer to his gratification. Money was all he wanted to insure a skilful management, and to luxuriate in splendour and lasciviousness. The old usurer had amassed more than half a million of money, besides several handsome estates that had fallen to him through unredeemed mortgages; and his vast property was hourly accumulating. Habituated to the magnificence of a palace, and the courtly and lavish manners of its inmates and visitors, his grace could not but despise the sordid and avaricious man, by whose riches he hoped to purchase gratifications that could not be obtained without. Elwester was not blind to this; the miserly and ambitious creature had studied the secret springs that actuate human nature, and he knew well on which to press, so as to produce motives and actions in accordance with the wishes of his own heart. He had determined that his child should never marry beneath the rank of countess; he had made his financial arrangements for such an event, nor would his death have released her from the stipulation, as the conditions were rendered so binding in his will, that no lawyer, however acute, could possibly overturn them. On the other hand, in the event of disobedience, his immense wealth was destined to pass to a male relative, provided he could obtain the coveted distinction of a peer of the realm, and his daughter was assigned a bare pittance to keep her from the extremity of want.

Such was the project of Mr. Elwester, and ardent had been his watchings to secure its fulfilment; he had many nobles amongst his debtors, who he vainly hoped would be induced, by the pressure of necessity, to propose for his child—for he made no secret of his intentions; but they had hitherto shrunk from alliance with a man, who could basely sell the gentle being he was bound by every law, both human and divine, to cherish and protect. As I have already said, he placed the pinnacle of his ambition on the coronet of an earl; how much, then, was his mind elated, when a duke became the lady's suitor.

And yet it was curious to observe the very cautious and respectful line of conduct which his grace preserved towards Mr. Elwester, and Mr. Elwester towards his grace; though there was more of cringing obsequiousness in the manner of the old usurer towards the nobleman. A stranger merely acquainted with the proposed match, might have supposed that the duke's addresses were prompted by sincere devotion to the lady, and Mr. Elwester was actuated solely by parental solicitude for the happiness of his child. But the duke could not deceive

Mr. Elwester, nor Mr. Elwester deceive the duke; they were each well awake to the principle that prompted the other; and though the bargain had not been actually agreed upon in words or bonds, yet it was as much a business transaction as the thousands that take place in the commercial world every day.

"Your father, my dear lady, is a kind and considerate man," said the duke, deferentially, as he approached nearer to Amelia, as soon as Mr. Elwester had quitted the room; "to be near you at any time is happiness, but how greatly is that happiness enhanced when I am enabled to enjoy your society alone, and to offer you the warm tribute of my affection, without the restraint imposed by the presence of a third party."

This was uttered in a polite, off-hand sort of way; and though there certainly was no want of respect in the outward manner of his grace, yet it was different—oh! how different, to the earnest and persuasive warmth of the handsome baronet; and it so happened that while the duke was making even this short speech, the mind of Amelia was drawing comparisons between the old *roué* and the young impassioned lover, by no means favourable to the former.

"Your grace honours me by your preference," returned the lady, somewhat stiffly, though still with courteousness; "but, my lord, it is a duty I owe to you as well as myself, not to give encouragement to your seeming expectations."

"This is but a repetition of past assurances, my dear lady," remonstrated the nobleman, softening his voice to plaintiveness, and adjusting his figure, which was certainly unexceptionable, to a proper attitude, so as to display his fine proportions to the best advantage. "Will neither the devotion of a heart that fondly loves you, nor the prospect of becoming the brightest ornament of a brilliant court, weigh as nothing in your estimation?"

"The devotion of a heart that truly loved me, my lord, would—aye, must claim my sincere gratitude," responded Amelia with firmness; "but your grace well knows that either you are deluding yourself, or endeavouring to deceive me, when you talk of entertaining such sentiments for one whose rank in life is so inferior to your own, and whose education must be widely different to that of the ladies who frequent a court."

"Nay, dearest Amelia! why persist in this perverseness," uttered the duke, in a forcible and impressive manner; and to the lady it appeared that he was either assuming, or actually experiencing powerful emotions, for he raised his capacious cambric handkerchief to his face, and the muscles of his countenance were considerably agitated. For the moment the young lady felt alarm, but had she known the real cause of distress, her fears would have at once changed into mirth; for the fact was, the duke in his energy had loosened several of his upper patent false teeth, and fearing they would fall out, had put on the semblance of emotion, and raised his cambric to his mouth, in order to arrest the deserters, and to hide his embarrassment. As soon, however, as he ascertained that his beautifully enamelled grinders—they had been

extracted from the dead body of a young female—were safe, and there was no longer occasion for him to hold his jaw, he withdrew his muffler, and returned to the attack. “Why, my dear lady, should you doubt the sincerity of my avowals. Believe me, you do injustice to your own beauty and accomplishments, when you place titles and courtly manners in the balance against them, and expect the latter to preponderate. My proudest wish will be to share my rank with one so every way worthy to adorn it.”

“If I could indeed believe you sincere, my lord,” responded Amelia, her voice somewhat tremulous, from having witnessed what she conceived to be evidences of strong feeling in the duke; “if I could indeed credit your assertions, I should suffer regret, my lord, that my rejection of your alliance should cause you pain or uneasiness. But I must deal honestly with your grace, and plainly tell you, that I cannot bring myself to place reliance on your declarations.”

“In what way—or how, my dear Miss Elwester—” and an ill repressed smile curled the noble’s lip—“I mean, my dear Amelia, can I remove your doubts and scruples? Let me assure you, that when once united and launched upon the gay world, in all the splendour and magnificence which shall mark your *entré*, you will then be convinced that you wrong me by your suspicions.”

“The period to which you have alluded can never arrive, my lord,” returned the lady, who had noticed the smile of the duke at the mention of her name; “rest assured it can never come. Although my lord, I have seen and known but little of the busy world, or that fashionable sphere in which doubtless your grace has long moved as a leading star; yet my ideas and views of connubial happiness have been framed upon a basis unconnected with grandeur and display, which would only mar my enjoyments instead of increasing them.”

“My dearest Amelia,” responded his grace, “to you these things are as yet untried, but when once honoured by the gift of your dear hand—”

“Again, my lord, I must repeat that I can never accept your proposals,” exclaimed Amelia, with fervour, and rising from her seat; “no power on this earth shall compel me to give my hand where I cannot bestow my heart.”

“I am aware, lady,” said the duke, proudly, and drawing himself up to his full stature; “I am aware that I have a rival in your esteem, of whose qualities or qualifications I shall say nothing. But I did hope that my unbounded attachment—my exalted rank—the brilliant prospects which such an alliance affords—I did hope that you might be induced to grant me the preference; and especially when my respectful offers have the sanction of your father.”

“My lord, it is no part of a daughter’s duty to comment on the line of conduct which a parent may see fit to pursue,” returned Amelia, greatly agitated, and again seating herself. “But your grace can claim no such privilege from my hands. If you were aware that my affections were pre-engaged, is it consistent with that nobleness of soul which should characterise the exalted rank you have adverted to—is it, I ask,

consistent with generosity, even with common humanity, to persecute a female, because she cannot consent to unite her destiny with yours? Question your own heart, my lord. What is the real motive that urges you to persevere? You cannot be—you are not ignorant that the poor ambition of my father is to be attained by the sacrifice of his child; his wealth and his daughter's happiness are to be bartered for coronets and courts. You know all this, my lord, and still continue to urge your suit."

"Aye, lady," exclaimed the nobleman, with vehemence, "and never will relinquish it, whilst existence endures; every thing but your own obstinacy favours my wishes; no rival shall ever triumph over the duke of Q——; it would irretrievably sink him in the estimation of the court circle, whilst conquest would elevate his name. Your father—"

"Name him not again, my lord, lest you drive me to extremity, and cause me to forget what is due to the sacred character," responded Amelia, as she rose tremblingly from her seat; "I will retire—we fully understand each other"—she tottered towards the door—"and sooner would I yield to the cold embrace of death, than drag on a weary wretched life in misery, though gilded with the utmost splendour."

For an instant the pride of rank struggled against grasping avarice in the breast of the duke of Q——; the lady had reached the door—the moment was full of importance; avarice gained the ascendancy, and the haughty peer knelt at the feet of the old usurer's daughter. "Forgive me, forgive me, Amelia," entreated he, with passionate earnestness, as he took her hand and pressed it forcibly to his lips; "I have offended, and the punishment of your anger weighs me down to the very ground. Your very nobleness inspires me with a more ardent love; I must persevere, and you yourself, beautiful and estimable as you are, must form my best apology."

"If you choose to detain me here, my lord, against my inclination, I have no power to resist," uttered Amelia, calmly; "you have my pardon, but you also have my defiance."

"Is it so, proud woman?" exclaimed the duke, trying to rise, but without avail, for passion had assumed the mastery; "know then—" What more he would have said, whether of threatening or contempt, must remain unknown; for just at this moment the door of the drawing-room was thrown violently open, so as to prostrate the noble duke upon the floor, and in bounced a fine-looking young seaman in the dress of a foremast man, and throwing his arms round the lady's neck, he kissed her with fervour.

"Ha! cousin Mely!" vociferated the tar, "what cheer, my pretty one, what cheer?—ax yer pardon, ould genelman—didn't think any body was at prayers t'other side—capsized in a moment; but never mind, my boy, you ar'n't foundered outright, so here goes to get you under way again;" and by dint of sheer muscular strength he replaced the duke on his feet,

In the midst of her distress Amelia could not refrain from internally enjoying the scene; but fearful that her sailor-cousin might forget pro-





Vacc.





priety, she turned gracefully to the duke, and waving her hand, said, "William, this is his grace the duke of Q——; my lord, my cousin, a humble seaman in his Majesty's navy."

"God bless his graceship!" exclaimed the seaman, hitching up his trowsers, and extending his hard horny hand to the noble; "tip us your flipper, ould boy—it's honest skin, that is, though mayhap it's got sommut coarse with handling the ropes and bowsing at the gun-tackle falls." The duke bowed as he retreated backward, but declined the honour of a heartier shake than he had already experienced in his fall. "Oh, its jist as you like, ould genelman—I mean, your dukeship's grace; but cousin Mely a'n't quite so squeamish; we were playmates when children, and I ounly wish we could be shipmates through the rest of our lives."

"I am sorry that your grace has suffered inconvenience," said Amelia, addressing the discomfitted nobleman; "but I trust you have not sustained any injury. Shall I ring for assistance?"

"It is wholly unnecessary," haughtily returned the duke; and then glancing contemptuously at the tar, he added, "my future cousin there has been educated in a rough school."

"You may say that, my dukeship," responded the seaman, as he turned his quid in his cheek; "monkey's allowance at first, more kicks than ha'pence, with a double sarving out of tarred gingerbread. But what of that 'ere? I am now the captain of a frigate's fore-top, and lots of prize-money." He looked lovingly at the lady. "My eyes, Mely, what a beauty you have grown; and there's all the prize-money for you, unless the ould gentleman there, his grace's honour's dukeship would like a little;" and the tar rattled the gold in his jacket pockets, as he cut the step of a hornpipe on the soft carpet.

"Such a relative would not suit your grace's stately mansion," said Amelia, somewhat archly; "and yet we have many of them, whom I love and could not forsake."

The duke looked silly, and the tar stepping up to him, opened an enormous box, which he presented. "If so be as your lordship's grace don't want any shiners, mayhap you'd like a bite of pigtail." The noble turned away in disgust. "Oh! jist as you please, and I hopes no offence. But I say, Mely, you darling little rogue, what a fine fit out you've got here,"—he gazed round the drawing-room,—“why, you're all as fine as a fiddle. And how's uncle Grampus, as I used to call him?"

"Your uncle is here to answer for himself, you irreverent boy," exclaimed Mr. Elwester, entering at the door, his wrinkled features puckered up with rage that he could ill control, and his small twinkling eyes red with ire. "How, sir! have you dared to intrude uninvited to my house?—My lord duke," and the old man obsequiously bowed, "I trust you have sustained no injury by your fall—that is, I mean, from his impertinence? Begone, sir," turning to the seaman, "and never presume to enter my doors again!"

"Come, come, that's all gammon, uncle Grampus," remonstrated the seaman, as he extended his hand to Mr. Elwester; "ar'n't I your own

sister's son, and, for the matter o' that, as tight a lad as ever clapped on to a burton-fall, or spliced a bower cable." The usurer turned away. "Oh, very well, I see which way the land lies; so bye bye, and shake your daddlé nunky." He clapped his hat upon his head, and slapped it down with his hand. "The next time as you wants to see Bill, you'll have to send for him that's all; God bless you, cousin Mely; one last kiss, pretty one." He took it. "I sees as you're among sharks as thick as they swim in Port Royal; but cheer up, lovey, I've lots of prize-money, and when you wants a friend, jist you give a hail for Bill Breezy, of his Majesty's ship the Smack-an'-smooth, and if I don't answer it, there's no devils in London. Taa—taa, your grace's dukeship—he wants to grapple with you like a pirate, Mely, but make him shove his boat off; or, for the matter o' that, what hinders now that you put yourself under my convoy, and I tow you into another port?"

"No, no, William," returned Amelia, as the tears started into her eyes; "I must not, and will not quit my father's roof, unless stern necessity compels me. Go, William; go and do your duty to your king and country; your name will be more honoured as a brave defender of your native land and monarch, than the possessor of titles—" She was overpowered, and wept bitterly.

"Quit the house instantly you rascal!" vociferated Elwester advancing towards his nephew; "be off, I say and do not compel me to use force."

"Lord love your silly head," returned the seaman, between a laugh and a cry; "as if I cared a single—for all the force as you could muster. But mind me, ould Grampus, I shall clap you alongside some of these here days, and I'm bless'd if I don't pay you off like a dootiful nevey. Good bye, Mely, keep your weather eye up, and a good look out to wind'ard; I've haard a little about your consarns, but trust to Bill Breezy, and he'll never forsake you—good bye;" and the seaman, giving a grim look at the duke and the usurer, departed, slamming the door after him to give vent to his indignation.

For a minute or two neither of the remaining trio spoke. The duke was by no means flattered at the prospect of relationship with Bill Breezy; and the lady had told him there were many more similarly situated. He had almost determined to relinquish his suit, but he was deeply involved in debt, and though exempted from arrest, yet he well knew that credit was failing him, and to retrench would at once remove him from old haunts and old associates. Mr. Elwester looked deeply humbled at what had occurred, but in reality he felt pleased, for he was perfectly aware that the barb of avarice had inextricably buried itself in the noble's heart, and the pre-knowledge of humble relationship would vainly endeavour to extricate it. The man of money experienced an inward delight at the idea of levelling the man of titles to his own views. As for Amelia, she remained near the door, grieved at the abrupt dismissal of her cousin William, yet scarcely able to refrain from indulging a smile at the embarrassment of her companions.

"I am truly sorry, my lord duke," at length spoke Mr. Elwester, bowing low, "at this rencontre; but your grace is already aware that

I commenced life with small beginnings," (he might have said odds and ends); "and this wild nephew of mine—however, enough of this; I am happy to say that the loan your grace required"—he turned to his daughter, as suddenly called to the recollection of her presence, and said, "Amelia, you may retire, his grace and I have business."

The lady curtsied as she was about to withdraw, but the duke gallantly stepped up to her, and taking one of her hands in his, whilst with his other hand he opened the door, earnestly requested that she would not cherish unpleasant feelings toward him for what had taken place.

"Animosity never remains long a guest with me, my lord," answered she, and with another curtsy quitted the room. Waiting for her in the passage, as a sort of body guard to conduct her to her apartment, stood an aged male servant, who rejoiced in the appropriate appellation of Pantile Lankrib, and acted as confidential agent, clerk, spy, and man of all work to the usurer. Whoever has seen Meadows in the character of the Starved Apothecary, (*vide* Romeo and Juliet) and the Anatomie Vivant, have only to strike an average between the two, and they will immediately behold Pantile Lankrib present to their imagination. He was a sort of daddy-long-legs spider-looking man, with an eye like a tarantula.

"I am commanded by my worthy master to see you safe into your room, Miss Amelia;" said this moving skeleton. But the lady made him no answer, she proceeded to her apartment; which having entered, the door was closed, and Lankrib winking his eye to himself, turned the key on the outside of the lock and put it into his pocket.

What passed between the usurer and the nobleman the chronicles do not tell, but his grace took his departure rather out of humour; and Mr. Elwester went out, to meet by appointment the scion of an ancient tree in heraldry, whom he hoped to strip of many of his leaves.

It was dark when Mr. Elwester returned home, peevish and fretful; for he had not succeeded so well as his expectations induced him to believe, he should, and he had again fallen in with Bill Breezy, half groggy, who had, according to the seaman's own words, "poured broadsides into him enough to sink any nat'ral born craft; but ould Grampus was like a witch in a sieve, and would keep afloat till the devil hauled him into a dry dock, and paid his seams with hot pitch."

From his earliest years Mr. Elwester had been addicted to superstition, and the declaration of his nephew had made an unpleasant impression on his mind. He felt that he had grossly neglected the young man, and conscience also told him that his conduct towards his daughter was unwarrantable and cruel. Irritated and vexed he took his lamp and hurried to his "sanctuary"—a strong apartment in which he kept his bonds, mortgages, deeds, and accounts, as well as his plate and loose cash. On entering the door he raised his lamp, and threw a cautious glance all round; but nothing met his sight but strong boxes, iron safes, and large books. Still the place seemed more gloomy than ever he had known it before; and closing and locking the door, he threw himself



into a leather-covered chair of antique workmanship, and covering his face with his hands, he groaned heavily. Busy retrospection haunted him; he could not recal to memory one generous or good action of his life; a sort of dreaming half waking slumber came over him; visions, exciting distress and terror, rose up before his eyes; he remembered the last expression of his nephew—fiends were flitting round him—his brain became distempered—he sprang up and glared wildly through the gloom—when, revealed before his sight, squatting astride on a chest of



plate, was the grim enemy himself, with his pitchfork in his hand, in all his hideous blackness. The old man gazed for a moment—his senses reeled—and with a heavy groan he fell back inanimate in his chair.

"Vell, I'm jiggered if I ar'n't done the trick now, and no mistake," whispered the supposed demon, who was no other than our hero, Jem Bunt; he had, in fact, got into the wrong chimney, and descended to the usurer's sanctuary. He found, however, that just above the fireplace there were stout iron bars going across; but as all was silent he contrived to loosen and remove one of them, with which he got down on to the floor, just previous to the old man's entrance. Escape without being at once detected, was impossible; so Jem laid himself down behind the iron safes for concealment, where he remained till Mr. Elwester appeared to be asleep, when, rising up to steal quietly away, he was in the act of straddling over the plate chest, as the



usurer started to his feet, and the event occurred which has already been described.

"This here's a pretty go, any how—this is," muttered Jem, as he moved from his position; "votever shall I do if he should go for to kick the bucket? I ar'n't never got any time to stop though, and so I'll onlock the door, and bolt up the chimbley. I'll ring the bell too, for I hates inhumanity."

In a very short space of time Jem had completed his arrangements, and taking the bell-pull up as far as he could, he replaced the iron bar, rang a loud peal, and then skimmed aloft right merrily, without being discovered. Better informed as to the locality, he descended another flue that was unprotected by bars—and this time he was right.

Amelia sat alone in her apartment, sighing and crying with vexation and disappointment. She had received no communication whatever from the baronet for some time; and she thought if he really loved her with the strength and fervency he had professed to do, his ingenuity might have devised some scheme to relieve her from the anxiety and embarrassment under which she was so grievously labouring. The servant had brought her a light and a tray of refreshments, but the latter remained untouched by her side. Suddenly she started—there was a noise in the room, as if something had fallen on the floor; raising the light, she beheld a letter, and the quick perception of woman instantly told her that it must have come from some friendly hand. Hope whispered the name of Sir Wentworth; without a moment's hesitation she took it up—the handwriting was his—a thrill of joyous delight passed through her frame—she sat down, pressed the letter to her bosom, and burst into tears.

As soon as the first agitation had subsided, Amelia ran over the contents of the letter with eagerness, and became informed of the mode by which it was conveyed to her. Hurrying to the fire-place, and trembling under the exciting novelty, she enquired, in an undertone, "Is any body there?"

"Not nevver a soul only me," answered Jem, who had cleverly thrown the epistle into the room without showing himself; "I ar'n't much fit for the company of ladies; and so you'll excuse my staying where I is jist now. But lord love you, miss, if you have any anser or messuage or tenement to send to Sir Ventvorth, look smart about it, as he's mighty constropolous to hear how you am, and vot you're arter."

"Oh, tell him, my friend, and a thousand thanks to you for your visit—tell him—but stop a minute, I must not forget your generous assistance;" she ran to her drawers, took out her purse, and hastened back to the hearth; "words are but poor recompense—here, take this." Jem thrust down his hand, the purse was put into it, and he chuckled as he heard the metal ring.

"I vill—I vill—God bless you, miss." Jem chinked the gold. "I hopes they're all good 'uns—yes, I vill, I'll tell Sir Ventvorth vot you says, and all about it." Again he shook the purse. "Be 'em all guineas?"

"But I have told you nothing yet, nor can I now express my

thoughts," eagerly responded the agitated girl; "hush! be still, there are footsteps approaching! Away, away—come to-morrow night at this time." The key turned in the lock, and Pantile Lankrib, accompanied by a female servant, summoned the young lady to visit her father, who had been seized with a fit, whilst Jem again ascended the chimney to join his employer.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

"Then like two mighty kings which, dwelling far  
Asunder, meet against a third to war,  
The south and west winds joined; and as they blew,  
Waves, like a rolling trench before them threw."

DONNE.

ABOUT twelve miles from Gosport, stands what was then a pretty little village, and being remote from the high-road, it was untainted by that sort of fashionable society which courts publicity and notoriety: in fact, it was but little more than a cluster of rustic cottages, a parsonage and an ancient church, whose Saxon-arched portal indicated the date of its erection. It was within a stone's throw of this spot, that the carriage containing Captain Weatherall and his coxswain stopped, and the officer and seaman having alighted, the former gave orders to the postillions to await their return, and with his humble companion crossed a stile, on the other side of which was a pathway over the fields.

The night was delightfully fine—the ruddy glow of the setting sun still hung in the north-west, and diffused a clear crystalline light from its waning brightness. Jem Hardover followed his commander, who seemed perfectly well acquainted with the way, till they had traversed about a mile in distance, and then came in sight of a dwelling combining modern neatness and taste with the heavy architecture of the reign of Elizabeth. It had formerly been an extensive mansion, but a considerable portion of it lay in ruins, and it was only one small part of a wing that had formed the library, conservatory, and a few apartments, that had been kept in tenatable repair. The clustering rose and clematis contended with the ivy for possession of the wall; an enclosed plot of ground displayed a smooth-cut lawn bordered by flower-beds, from which the night dew was distilling fragrance; these were belted by a shrubbery, and the whole encompassed by a hedge of yew, fantastically cut to represent pyramids, and various other devices.

This dwelling they passed, though captain Weatherall stood for several minutes earnestly gazing at the building; and then with a heavy sigh, almost a groan, he moved rapidly onwards into a lane be-

tween high embankments, where the lofty foliage, embracing overhead, shut out every particle of light. Jem found some difficulty in groping his way, but the captain seemed perfectly familiar with every step, and would soon have outstripped the worthy coxswain, but that, having reached his point of destination, he stopped. The arching trees here opened to the heavens, and by the way-side, within a fenced garden, stood a solitary cottage.

"Bear a hand my man," said the captain, impatiently, as Jem joined him; "hail the inmates of yon dwelling, and ask if Molly Boyd be still alive."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the coxswain, and then promptly obeyed the order by knocking at the door, and roaring out, "House, ahoy!"

Jem's hail would have roused anything alive, and it was instantly responded to by a voice inside. "Hillio, there! what do you want? we've nothing worth stealing here."

"You unmannered son of a Turk!" exclaimed Jem, jealous for the honour and character of his commander. "Is that the way you answers a captain in his Majesty's navy? and be blow'd to you!"

"Avast, Jem, avast!" uttered the captain in an under tone; "not a word about officers here—remember your instructions; ask for Molly Boyd."

"A pretty captain in his Majesty's navy," returned the voice from withinside the casement, "to be rampadgering about here at this time o' night, when all honest folks are a-bed! Be off with you, or I'll show you the muzzle of a blunderbuss."

"Blow me if I'd start tack or sheet, if you were to run out a twenty-four pounder, much more a pop-gun!" vociferated Jem in a tone of defiance, and neglecting, in his anger at the threat which had been vented, the commands of his superior.

"Ask for Molly Boyd, I tell you," repeated the captain, hastily.

"What, you wont move, wont you?" continued the inmate of the cottage, opening the casement a few inches, and protruding his blunderbuss. "You'd better start, or Molly shall whisper a few words in your ears."

"Why, that's jist what I wants," answered Jem, eagerly; and then turning to his commander, "she's here, yer honour; it's all right. Where is Molly, you lubber? I've got summut to overhaul with her."

"Have you?" exclaimed the voice; "then here she is, ready to talk to you, and spice her conversation with peppercorns;" and Jem heard the cocking of a gun-lock.

"Ask him for Molly Boyd," reiterated the captain, somewhat exasperated at Jem's delay, and half tempted to inquire himself.

"Is it Molly Boyd as you means?" asked Jem, looking up earnestly at the window.

"Molly Boyd!" repeated the voice; "no, no, it's no Molly Boyd, but Molly Sweetlips as I'm speaking of, and a pretty piece she is too;" and he rattled the blunderbuss.

"Is Molly Boyd alive?" asked Jem, doing that which he ought to have done at first; "come, bear a hand, and tell us."

"Molly Boyd," said the person inside; "I know of no Molly Boyd, or any one of that name hereabouts."

"She lived here about eight or nine years since," said the captain, advancing; "a kind, motherly sort of a woman."

"Perhaps so," returned the man within, and looking behind him, asked in a very loud tone, "I say, Bet, did you know any Molly Boyd about here?"

"Why don't you shoot 'em, then?" replied a female in shrill discord; "fire at 'em Jack, we shall indeed be murdered in our beds."

"She's as deaf as a post," said the man, "and if anything frightens her, she's a thousand times worse;" he roared out, "its Molly Boyd I'm axing about."

"Oh lord ha' mercy upon us! what shall we do?" uttered the female, still mistaking the question; "we're nought but poor folk, and have nothing worth their stealing."

"How long have you resided here?" asked the captain, "that perhaps may guide us."

"About nine months," replied the man; "Bet and I comed from Southampton here, and now I think on it, I've heard as an old woman did live in this cottage—aye, and died in it too," (the captain groaned,) "but I never axed her name."

"And who is the tenant at the Grange now?" inquired the officer, whilst a sickness of heart diffused itself over his whole frame.

"At the Grange?" repeated the man. "He's a sort of half-pay major o' marines, with a dash of the sailor about him. His name is Bruisewater—major Bruisewater."

"It used to be a ladies' boarding-school," said the captain; "how long has it ceased to be one?"

"Carn't tell you," replied the man; "but there's all boarding there now, for even the servants boards themselves. Now have you done with your questions? for Bet's grunting and squeaking in bed there, like a sow in the straw."

"I would recompense you for your information, my friend," said the captain; "here is a guinea for the trouble I have caused. Make what inquiry you can, and I will come or send again in a day or two."

"Thanky for your guinea," responded the man, ironically; "lay it down on the door-sill, nobody will meddle with what you leave till the morning, and I shall be astir pretty early; and as for inquiring, I'll ax the parson to put it in the catechiz next Sunday. I'm coming, Bet—good night." The blunderbuss was withdrawn, and the casement closed.

"He ar'n't have been over civil, yer honour," said Jem, as he saw his commander place the golden coin on the spot he was desired to do; but Captain Weatherall made no reply—his heart was too full to speak, and without stopping another minute, he retraced his steps. On repassing the Grange, he again came to a stand-still, and would have entered the grounds, but the dogs made so much noise, and seemed so determined to prevent intrusion, that he gave up his design, and with his faithful coxswain hurried to the vehicle. "To Gosport," was the



order, as the postillion closed the chaise door; not a word was afterwards uttered, and though the shaking of the carriage was very different to the delightful and easy motion of the frigate, as she rolled over the undulating surface of the ocean, yet Jem made himself, as he afterwards declared when describing the trip, "pretty comfortable, coiled snugly away in the cabin of the land-craft, like a cockroach in a midshipman's blanket." Soon after daylight the following morning, Captain Weatherall and the coxswain were on board the frigate.

Portsmouth dockyard was at that time crowded with shipping; all the stocks were engaged with the noble craft that were in progress of building, and the dock filled with vessels under repair. Frigates were in much request, and consequently a survey was held that forenoon on the old *Neverfinch*; her frailties and defects were pointed out and examined; a telegraphic communication was made to the admiralty; an answer was promptly returned, and three hours afterwards the *Neverfinch* was again under canvass, running out for great St. Helens. David Moses—the Jew prize agents—the bum-boat people—in short, the whole shoal of sharks who hoped to profit by the stay of the frigate at Portsmouth, were aghast at this very unexpected event. Captain Weatherall was rather mortified, for he was desirous of prosecuting his inquiries in the neighbourhood of the Grange; nor were the officers altogether pleased, for most of them had connexions in or near Portsmouth; and as before observed, a great number of the seamen belonged to that vicinity. However, there was no such thing as resisting orders, and the old bark, as leaky as a sieve, and almost ready to tumble to pieces, was once more destined to try her heels. As for Mrs. Marshall, her habits of industry struggled against the inclination she felt to remain with her husband; she was afraid she should lose her customers, though she had left a person in charge of her business and mangle, but she was still more terrified by the thoughts of her liege lord being left to himself, and "hauling his wind" amongst the lasses; so she remained on board.

Night, and a perfect calm, compelled the frigate to bring up, lest she should drift upon the Owers sand, to which they had approached rather nigher than was prudent, under a hope that a breeze would spring up to carry them out clear. The sun had gone down in an angry glare of flushing clouds that crimsoned all the western horizon; and there was a misty reddish haze gathering in the atmosphere, that betokened a degree of wildness in the signs of the weather; and whether it was caused by the intense heat, as a prelude to a long succession of calms, or prognosticated one of those violent and sudden tempests which sometimes visit the British Channel during the summer months, became a matter of scientific dispute amongst the seamen,—and even the oldest officers differed in opinion.

The watch was called; the men on deck grouped themselves together as friendship or station induced them; whilst those whose turn it was to go below went to their hammocks. Captain Weatherall sat alone in his cabin, with his writing-desk before him, from which he had taken a packet of letters, and was attentively perusing them, whilst his flushed



checks, and the out-bursting of many a heavy sigh, proclaimed that his heart and mind were ill at ease. His unremitting duties at sea had allowed of but little intercourse with his brother,—and the pride of his spirit would at times revolt, when the thoughts of what his illegitimacy had deprived him of crossed his mind. He knew that his brother was not to blame, but still he could not entirely divest himself of feelings that were adverse to fraternal regard. The frigate was now bound up the river Thames for Deptford, and in the course of a few days he would have to meet Sir Wentworth, for the first time since his accession to the baronetage.

There were also other matters preying upon the captain's mind. Previous to his leaving England, and before he obtained his commission, he had become attached to a young lady, who at that time boarded at the Grange; and though at first it had no deeper root than admiration for a very pretty girl, yet further acquaintance, accompanied by circumstances of a peculiar nature, had ripened admiration into strong affection; but, as I have already related, he had been separated from her at a time when she most required his kind and attentive care. Some of the letters before him were in her hand-writing, and as he looked them over, busy memory revived recollections connected with each, till the overflowing of tenderness, at the remembrance of fond endearments, brought the tears into his eyes.

The gun-room mess, comprising the lieutenants, the master, purser, surgeon and marine officers, were taking their wine or grog, and talking of future expectations and desires; nor was the health of Captain Seymour forgotten, with earnest best wishes for further promotion. The first lieutenant—which is not generally the case with that class—was highly esteemed, both by his superior and his juniors; for he had the happy talent to command obedience, without assuming haughtiness of manner, or departing from the strict line of gentlemanly propriety.

The midshipman's berth was all alive, for they had received an excellent supply of comestibles from the shore, and were making up for short allowance during the passage home. To be sure—their set-out of glass and crockery was neither fashionable nor extravagant, for scarcely any two articles matched together. There were tin cups of "questionable shape"—basons with rims curiously vandyked—a rummer, the bottom part of which was broken away, and the plinth stuck into a wooden bung for a stand—a case bottle of rum—a teakettle filled with swipes—soft tommy—a huge pewter dish of potatoes—another of the remains of a large piece of fresh beef—Chili vinegar—cheese, and a number of *eleeteras*, covered the table, which the youngsters, taking a bite of ginger-bread between whiles, were using their best exertions to annihilate, and ever and anon, in defiance of the caterer, snatching sweet morsels from each other. Their mirth was uproarious, for they were once more in England.

Gradually silence crept over all as the parties retired to rest; the watch was relieved at midnight; the sky was dark and lowering, but not a breath of wind; the lieutenant, wrapped in his great coat, dozed

over the breech of a quarter-deck gun; the midshipmen ensconced themselves under the half-deck, and the men huddled together beneath the forecabin; none were looking out except the marines on sentry, and an old quarter-master. Suddenly the dense gloom over-head burst asunder with a deafening crash, and sheets of vivid fire lighted up the surrounding ocean, whilst a rushing wind swept impetuously over the surface of the waters, lifting the spray, and dashing it with violence towards the sky.

In an instant all were alert in the frigate: the heavy squall from the south-west caught her, and pressing upon her spars and cordage with irresistible fury, the cable parted at the hawse-hole,—the ship's bows paid off to port, before the raging storm—the *Owers* was under her lee—no light to be seen,—and the gallant old *Neverflinch*, that had so often braved the battle and the breeze, was rapidly hastening on to destruction. When the squall first struck the frigate, all was confusion and embarrassment. The lieutenant of the watch had been caught napping, and, starting up at the reverberation of the thunder, alarm deprived him of that mental coolness and decision which is so highly necessary in a naval officer when difficulty or peril arises; the men having no one to order them, ran fore and aft, obstructing each other, and hallooing without restraint.

"The cable's parted!" shouted the old quarter-master from the fore-cabin, making himself heard amid the roar of the elements, to apprise the officer of the mishap; but there came no response, nor was any order issued to avert the evil, whilst the ship was careering to the dangerous shoal, and the confusion greatly increased.

At this moment, a loud, clear, and sonorous voice rose above the howling of the gale, and commanded "Silence!" As if the mighty hand of an enchanter had struck them dumb, from that instant not a tongue, and scarcely a limb of the seamen moved, but in obedience to duty. "Hand in the chains," was the next order, and instantly obeyed; for a leadsman promptly took his station in the main channels, and in less than a minute his song was heard, "By the—er de—eep nine."

"Hard a port the helm!" exclaimed the captain, through his speaking trumpet: "Foksel there—stand by the best bower."

"All ready forud, sir!" responded Joe Blatherwick, who had hastened upon deck, and with the natural instinct of a thorough seaman, had immediately placed hands by the anchor. Stationing himself at the stopper, "Stand clear of the range upon the main-deck!" he shouted; "away down, there, tierers, away down!"

Quickly answering to her helm, the frigate came up to meet the wind till she had deadened her way, when the voice of the captain again rose, strong and clear, "Let go the anchor!" whilst at the same moment, the leadsman intimated their nearer approach to the shoal by singing out "By the—er maa—ark sev—en!"

The anchor was let go, but its splash was not heard; the cable smoked out at the hawse-hole, and set at defiance all efforts to check it—the stoppers were torn away—the ring-bolts started—it ran out to

the clinch, and then brought up with a surge that threatened to tear the very mast out.

By this time every soul fore and aft, both officers and men, were at their allotted stations upon deck, but no human voice except that of Captain Weatherall's was heard. "Does the anchor hold?" demanded he of the man in the chains.

The leadsman dropped his lead, which ran to the bottom, and though the current bore forcibly against the line, yet the lead lay perfectly quiescent on the ground, and he loudly replied, "Yes, sir—it holds;" he then vociferated with all the power of his lungs, "Und—er a half sev—en."

The captain, the first lieutenant, and the master, consulted together for several minutes, and then orders were issued for the topmen to go aloft, and double-reef the topsails. With cheerful alacrity the command was obeyed; the gallant tars swarmed in the rigging, and ran up the rattlins with eager haste; soon they were laid out upon the yards, and though their persons could not be distinguished, except when the red lightning spread its broad glare over every object, yet their voices in haling out the ear-rings, were heard uniting with the howling of the tempest.

The ship was enveloped in the very thickness of darkness, that was rendered more dense by the flashes of the streaming lightning that blinded the sight; the usually brilliant lamps in the vessel moored near the shoal, were no longer discernible; and though some asserted that they could hear the report of guns to leeward, yet it was impossible to ascertain with accuracy in what particular direction.

The gale blew, varying between west and south-west, and the hope of the master was, that it would, from its very violence, soon wear itself out, or yield before the glory of the rising sun. That they were in considerable peril, he well knew, and every sea that broke over the bows when the frigate plunged forward, like a wild animal impatient of restraint, went to his very heart. As for the other officers and seamen, they were all fully engaged—the topmen aloft in striking the top-gallant masts—the people below in making every thing snug and secure. A range of the sheet cable was hauled up, and hands were stationed by the sheet anchor.

The darkness was intense, and it was only during the vivid blaze that occasionally burst from the blackened sky, that the seamen could see each other; yet they worked with ready cheerfulness, and every necessary precaution was in progress, when, by the wild glare of the lightning, a gigantic vessel appeared right ahead, emerging from the misty gloom, and coming down directly upon them. It was seen but for a moment, and a simultaneous shout from upwards of a hundred voices, both alow and aloft, gave notice that the alarming spectacle had been witnessed by nearly all hands. I have called it a shout, but it resembled more a yell of anguish—the unrestrained cry of terror and distress.

Confusion once more prevailed, but again the command "Silence!" from the captain, triumphed over individual dread or mental suffering,

and the order was instantly followed by another, "Cut, cut." Joe Blatherwick had seen the stranger careering down before the gale, and grasping a heavy axe, with his hands upraised above his head, he poised the instrument, awaiting for the word, and well acquainted with what must follow. At the first word "cut," with the speed of thought, the weighty weapon descended on the overstrained cable; the keen edge cut deep into the strands, inflicting a mortal wound, the remaining yarns could not sustain the pressure upon them they snap asunder, and the ship was free.

But, alas! the gallant old frigate was not destined to escape; for hardly had her head rounded off, before the stranger came ploughing up the foam before her—lights were displayed—the speaking trumpets bellowed forth the hailing of the captain and officers; but whether they saw the one, or heard the other, must be for ever unknown. The craft appeared ungovernable, as she struck the frigate on the bow, with a shock so violent, that she careened over, and none, except those who had secured a hold-fast, were able to retain their footing on the deck. The crash was tremendous, and the stranger's foremast, with its heavy weight of top hamper, was carried over the side; the wind in the after-sails, swung her round athwart the frigate's hawse, snapping the bowsprit of the latter just without the gammoning, and bringing down with the wreck, the fore-topmast with all its gear, and precipitating most of the poor fellows who were aloft, into an ocean grave. Some of them were good swimmers, and, no doubt, buffeted the waves as they struggled to retain existence, although they must have known there was no hope for them.

Oh, it must be a fearful thing, in the full exercise of energy and strength, thus to die—a combat for life with the certainty of death—the mental faculties vigorous and active, even when corporeal weakness is creeping over the frame. Amongst them was a remarkably fine, athletic young man, who had been accustomed to the sea almost from infancy, and with fearlessness he rose buoyant on the surface of the water; a lad of some fourteen years of age, had risen by his side; but, not being able to swim, he caught hold of, and clung to his companion in distress, so as to endanger the safety of both. The generous seaman would not wholly shake him off, he was aware there must be some of the wreck floating near them, and he hoped to be able to find sufficient, by which to form something of a raft. But the lad encumbered him; "Tom," said he, "place your hands upon my shoulders, but do not press too heavy, and I will float you as long as I can." The boy complied, and a blaze of lightning showing the frigate at no great distance, he boldly struck out for her, bearing his burthen lightly. But the breeze was carrying the ships away faster than he calculated, and after a fruitless struggle, he felt his powers decay. Still he threw out his sinewy arms, and plied his laborious task, till exhausted nature told him, that one, if not both, must sink. The generous fellow would not, however, shake off the youth, but persevered in the mortal strife. At last, finding that he could no longer raise himself above the waves, on account of the superincumbent weight, "Tom," said he, "it is of no



use ; I cannot keep afloat much longer with you on my back, and yet—" he stopped, and again rallied to the renewal of his toil ; it was in vain ; a dizziness was creeping over him, he could scarcely lift his chin above the water ; "Tom," said he to the lad, "we must go ; I am unable to bear you any longer—indeed Tom, I have tried my best ; but we shall both be lost unless—" the seaman could not conclude, but the boy did for him. "I know it, Ben," responded he, "you have done all you could, and yet, it is hard to slip away from life when just at home—my poor mother, Ben—if you're saved—will you—will you tell her that I spoke her name the last ?"

"I will, Tom—indeed I will ; God have mercy on you, Tom, and I hope we'll meet in heaven," feebly uttered the seaman ; "it is but little chance I have, for I'm getting very weak."

"Good bye, Ben," said the lad, as he slid from the topman's shoulders ; the latter heard one cry, and only one—it was, "Mother—mother," and he was on the wild waters alone. Consciousness had nearly forsaken him, when his arm grasped a piece of spar, that afforded him rest ; he clung to it with desperate energy, was washed over a deep part of the reef, and the next morning was picked up by a pilot cutter, and saved. But to return to the frigate.

The vessels laid grinding together, crashing and tearing every thing away—the undaunted seamen, headed by their daring captain, threw themselves into the midst of danger, and with axes, knives, and tomahawks, were engaged in cutting the ships clear. At length the pressure on the stranger's sails, caused both of them to bear up, and when the wind came quartering, they separated, but not before they were so close to the shoal, that escape from destruction seemed impossible. When the red flame issued from the heavens, they could see the breakers to leeward, throwing up the white foam in raging fury, though at what part of the shoal no one could accurately tell, and even old Coilaway, the master, was puzzled.

The double-reefed main-topsail was set, and the frigate being brought to the wind, so as to keep a little way on her, laid up to windward of the breakers, but as the tide was setting dead towards the danger, it was evident that something more must be done, to keep her from going on the banks. The men gazed with sickly horror at the threatening rack, which was prepared to tear themselves and their noble ship to pieces ; some uttered fervent prayers to heaven for rescue or for mercy, whilst others, in reckless hardihood, blasphemed their Maker's name, as if determined to consign both soul and body to perdition ; many grasped loose spars, under the faint expectation that when the ship struck, they should be able to keep themselves afloat, and there were not a few who, yielding to despair, already felt their brains reeling under the influences of insanity, and were ready to commit any act of extravagance that desperation prompted. The best seamen were most under self-command, and they stood firmly awaiting what appeared to be their inevitable doom.

"We're going dead to loo'ard, sir," said the master to the captain, as they stood together, looking over the lee gangway at the white foam of

the breakers, and the leadsmen had just proclaimed, "By the—er de—cep six."

"I perceive it," returned the captain, calmly; "we have no room to anchor here; could we but see the light vessel, we should be able to ascertain wherabouts we are—the tide cannot be running very strong—we must get more sail upon her—it is a last resource, and must be tried;" he raised his speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and vociferated loudly, "Set the courses!" he turned again to the master—"Now stand, good foremast, it is our only chance."

The forestay with its heart had been passed under the stump of the bowsprit, and hove as taut as, under all circumstances, it was possible to get it. The fore and main-tacks were manned, and at the given word, were brought down to their proper places; the sheets were trimmed aft, and the frigate sprang to the breeze, whilst whole seas dashed foaming over her, and the masts quivered and bent like willow wands—in fact, the lee gangway was frequently buried under water, and the hazardous attempt for safety seemed almost as desperate as the threatened danger from the shoal.

Captain Weatherall and the master had shifted their position, and were now holding on by the weather mizzen-rigging, when a partial clear to the eastward, showed them the Owers light nearly astern, and at the same time the master ascertained that they were close to the Swashway, between Westborough-Head and the Middle Bank; the frigate was plunging and straining as the waves broke over her right fore-and-aft; the foremast was in no condition to be trusted to, and, therefore the master proposed at once to bear up, and take the chance through the narrow channel. The captain was well acquainted with the old man's skill and judgment—there was scarcely a moment for deliberation; but that decided him to accede to Mr. Coilaway's proposition—the next instant compelled him to do so, for the main-tack parted above the chess-tree, and the main-sail, which was old, blew away in ribbands, with a tremendous roar.

"Hard a weather the helm!" shouted the captain, through his trumpet, to the man at the weather-wheel, and then turning it forward, exclaimed, "square away the after-yards."

Both orders were readily obeyed—the ship losing the weatherly pressure of the main-sail, promptly answered the movement of the rudder, and like a frightened steed, that starts away from the causes of alarm, she flew from the wind with impetuous haste; the head yards were also laid square—the frigate ceased to plunge—the howling of the gale was but partially heard, as the vessel brought the breeze nearly dead aft, and rushed towards the hideous breakers that dashed on either bow.

And perhaps there is no period in which the broken and foaming billows present a more awfully sublime spectacle than when, dashing their heads towards the heavens, they are lighted up by the fiery glare of the red lightning, tinging the whole with the colour of blood. Unlike the long rolling wave that curls its crest and topples over from its own impetus and weight, the swell meets with obstruction from the

rocks, and with giant fury throws itself, with all its ponderous pressure of waters, on to the craggy barrier that divides it hither and thither, and scatters it in broad sheets to the furious winds. Nothing is more appalling to the eye of a seaman than breakers under his lee.

The master, trumpet in hand, took his station on the shattered heel of the bowsprit, and directed the helmsman how to steer; the captain stood by the wheel to second the master's orders, and the officers and seamen gazed with bewildered astonishment, as they beheld the frigate dash into the foaming surge, that raged against the sides, and toppled over the gang-ways; whilst in some parts, at no great distance, it rose above the lower mast-heads. A shock, but not a very heavy one, told them the ship had struck, and consternation, for a moment, prevailed. But the frigate kept on her way, she struck no more, and in a few minutes had passed through the Swashway, and was in comparatively smooth water, running for the Looe stream. The well was sounded, there was between four and five feet water in the hold, but the pumps were cheerfully manned, and brought to work, for it was hoped the greatest danger had been passed.

Daylight broke upon them as they passed the Barrow, and beheld a large ship upon the sands, the wild waves beating over her. That this was the vessel that had run aboard of them, no one entertained a doubt; and by the aid of the glasses they could distinguish the poor creatures who yet survived, clinging to the rigging with desperate grapple. Captain Weatherall would have rounded-to, and tried to save them, but his own foremast was tottering, although the runners and tackles had been promptly got forward to secure it; and it was found that, notwithstanding the brisk labour at the pumps, the water in the hold had rather gained upon them than diminished. Still he could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor fellows to perish, and would have risked his boats, but that he saw a pilot cutter standing out from the Park towards the wreck; and therefore he pursued his way. Alas! had his humane intentions been carried into effect, not one in that doomed craft could have been saved, for she beat heavily on her bed of death as the white seas flew over her; the remaining masts went over the side, and every soul was launched into eternity.

Onward went the frigate, nearly before the gale, which rather grew more furious than lessened in its strength. A treble-reefed main-top-sail and a reefed fore-sail, was all the sail she carried; and with this she strained and laboured till her opening seams made fearful threatening that she would go down with all on board; and Captain Weatherall, more than once or twice, had directed his glass towards the coast, with a growing inclination to run her on the shore; but the violence of the breakers, as they dashed upon the rocky barriers, or surged upon the beach, deterred him from so desperate a course; for shattered as the frigate was, the shock might rend her to pieces, and hurl his gallant fellows to destruction.

The leak still gained upon them, though not very rapidly, or to any great extent; and both the master and the captain began to cherish hopes that they should reach the Downs. About noon the wind lulled

a little, and this inspired them with fresh vigour; but at four o'clock, the gale, as if having gathered renewed strength from its temporary rest, burst out again more fierce than ever. But now they were off the famed cliff which Shakespeare has immortalized, with the signal for a pilot at the fore-mast-head and the ensign union downwards in the mizen-rigging. Gangs were moving fore-and-aft to launch the guns overboard, and which had the effect of taking off considerable strain; others were employed in backing the sheet-anchor with the stream, and a stout hawser, to which also were attached two long twelve-pounders. Preparations were made for striking the lower yards and top-masts, and every thing which good seamanship, and human ingenuity could devise, was done to relieve the frigate.

Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, the bold hovellers of Dover were not to be restrained from rendering aid where it was required. It is true, a royal craft did not promise them much recompense for the hazard which they ran; but then they knew the signal of distress would not be flying on board a frigate unless there was great emergency to ship and crew; and there was amongst them young and daring men, who aspired to join the "Fellowship" by procuring a branch as pilot; and they trusted that their exertions to save a man-of-war would operate powerfully in their favour.

The tide was nearly at its height as the great boat came dancing out between the pier-heads to meet the angry element that rolled in to oppose her passage; she had good way on her, but on opening out to the sea, the heavy waves buried her bows under, and threw whole sheets of spray as high as her mast heads, right fore-and-aft; but the smart vessel again rose buoyant on the billows, throwing her stem proudly in the air, as if to shake herself free from all encumbrances, and prepare for the next attack. The gale with its mighty breath swelled the reefed sails almost to bursting, and again she launched ahead, whilst her crew crouched snugly down, with halliards and sheets all clear.

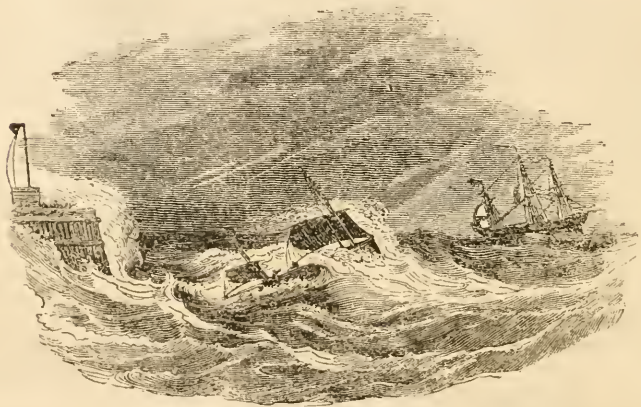
Once more rolled in the broken wave, curling its monstrous head, and roaring loudly as it advanced; the boat again met it, and dashed through the wall of water, but was half swamped before it had passed astern; the helm was checked to starboard, the sheets were eased off, and away she flew, like an angel of mercy, to succour the distressed. Hundreds were on the piers to witness this exploit; they had watched with almost breathless silence whilst the frightful danger was impending; many a long and hissing aspiration of terror was drawn as the noble craft was immersed in the foam of the dark waters, but not a word was spoken till she had surmounted and cleared the whole, and then the loud and continued shout of congratulation and admiration burst forth, and mingled with the shrill piping of the gale.

The officers, and many on board the frigate, had also fixed their eager attention on the manœuvres of the hovellers; they could distinctly see the crowds upon the piers, and as the lugger opened out from the harbour, they became aware that at least the signal for a pilot would be answered. Captain Weatherall gazed through his glass with



the most intense anxiety; he beheld the gallant bravery of the daring hovellers—he saw the waving of hats and handkerchiefs on the piers as they bore up to edge off to him; and seized with the enthusiasm of the moment, he also whirled his hat above his head, exclaiming, “Nobly done, by Heaven,—hurrah!” The officers and seamen caught the action and the sound, and one loud and hearty cheer rang along the deck, and was echoed from the wall of canvass that depended from the fore-yard—it was the brave answering the brave.

The sea, compressed in the narrow straits that divide Dover from Calais, was running very high, and the groaning frigate laboured hard as she laved her broadsides in the hollow trough between each wave, and climbed over the mountain of waters that rose beneath her fore-foot. The great boat steered out towards the ship, and then stood for



a broad offing to run into the Downs, the steersman waving his hat for the frigate to follow. When abreast the South Foreland, they closed nearer together, and it was evidently the intention of the hovellers to run along-side. A hawser was got ready from the cat-head, and a seaman was stationed at the main-yard-arm, with the bight in his hand, and the end hanging down to the surface of the water.

Onward came the lugger, every man of her crew at his respective duty, and his eyes steadily fixed upon the sails, without heeding the frigate—onward she came, ploughing up the hissing and bubbling water, and dashing it from her bows, as if in sportive play with the element she braved. Eager was the look of the steersman as he placed his boat parallel with the frigate's course, and watching the roll, gave a slight inclination to the tiller, which enabled the men in the bows to seize the end of the hawser, and it was instantly hauled aboard, and passed around a thwart, while the helmsman again sheered off, so that the yard-arm might not touch his masts. The end of a rope

from the gangway was then passed in a similar manner to the hovellers, and a running bow-line (a noose) being secured round the body and under the arms of a sturdy-looking man, who threw off his rough jacket on the occasion, the roll was again watched for—the boat sheered in—the rope was hauled taut, and the man, springing from the gunwale, jumped into the intervening space: for an instant he disappeared, but was immediately raised to the surface close alongside, where hands were in readiness to receive him;—he ascended the steps, crossed the gangway, and the pilot was on board.

---

## CHAPTER X.

“All beneath us one dark water,  
All above us one black sky,  
Different deaths at once surround us:—  
Hark! what means that dismal cry?”  
DIBDIN.

TERMS of commendation of the skill and intrepidity of the Dover and Deal boatmen would be quite superfluous: they are, in fact, a race of amphibious individuals, peculiarly distinct from the rest of their fellow-creatures. Born within the sound of the hoarse roar of the ocean, and accustomed to play upon the beach from their very earliest years, they grow familiarized with the margin of the sea in all its various moods—whether it gently flowed and receded with its own pleasing music, caused by a slight commotion of the pebbles, or, rushing madly in two fathom high above the level, it dashed its ponderous weight with hideous roar upon the groaning shingle. The sea is to them a playmate—a companion; and to their fathers the source from whence they derive subsistence for their families. To those who were careful it yielded of its abundance, and they were well provided for; danger and wreck were never scarce upon the coast; they made their own bargain with ships in distress, and what will not a man give in exchange for his life.

It is true that strange stories have gone abroad of conspiracies to run vessels on the Goodwin Sands, which, being deserted by their crews, they were soon discovered by the boats of the accomplices, and the work of plunder and demolition went furiously on. Hints, too,—dark mysterious hints have been given of deeds of blood and murder in cases where resistance had been shown; and there have been death-bed scenes on the still and tranquil shore where the departing spirit has yelled with agony at the fearful retrospection. But these events occurred in days long since, when ignorance prevailed, and custom

had given a species of lawless right to the bold hoveller, who considered the ocean as his estate and a wreck his *landed* property.

If, however, lives were in some desperate instances sacrificed by wretches whose sanguinary propensities induced them to slay and spoil,—thousands of seamen were indebted for existence to, and millions in valuable cargoes were saved by, the hardy hoveller, who was ever ready, whether by night or day, to dare the tempest, urged by the hopes of gain mingled with generous humanity; and there are records of their achievements which excite both wonder and admiration.

As to smuggling I shall say but little about it; there was no such thing as smuggling known until prohibitory laws created it; and the hovellers being a community amongst themselves, and having had no hand in making the laws, they did not consider themselves bound to pay a strict obedience, except when the strong arm compelled submission, and the conquered yielded to the conquerors. After all, there is something uncommonly exciting in smuggling, independent of the prospect of large returns for the outlay. There is taking in a cargo—creeping along shore—a watchful look-out whilst crossing the water—the running of the goods upon their own beach: it is a perfect game of chance, where property, liberty, perhaps life, are the stakes to be played for.

Perhaps some of my readers may think that I have been at the contraband myself. I shall make no confessions, although I am pretty well acquainted with the French coast from the Cordovan light, at the entrance of the Garonne, to Calais pier, and along the Flemish and Dutch shores, from Calais pier to the Hook of Holland; nor am I wholly ignorant of the pretty doings in war-time, when Heligoland was made a free port; well, I do love a bit of smuggling, and that's the fact.

I remember, many years ago, I was midshipman of an Indiaman, and the ship's caulker was one of your knowing cockney kiddies—a man of most obtuse intellect, when it suited his convenience to indulge in stupidity, but sharp and quick enough when his own interest required it. He had been shipped from one of the dock-yards, and was certainly a clever workman. Conjecture was busy as to the causes which could induce a man like him, who was considered well to do in the world, and had never made a voyage, to tempt the hazards of the deep. Whilst we lay at Diamond harbour, he obtained leave to go up to Calcutta for a few days, and on his return he was busily engaged in caulking the decks. To effect this operation more at his ease, he obtained a mis-shapen, uncouth-looking, wooden block to sit upon, and after his task was completed, this block was at all times to be found either in the manger or kicking about the decks in every body's way, till it gained the name of the caulker's devil; and superstition mantled it with strange qualities, that very few could be found hardy enough to meddle with it, and none to do it injury. Frequently the mates or the boatswain threatened to fling it overboard, but the caulker generally contrived to make his appearance in time to rescue it from so perilous a destination.

At last we arrived in the river—there were no East or West India docks then—and laid abreast of Barnard's yard, at Deptford; there was a rigid search for concealed articles, and the officers of customs made two or three valuable seizures. As for the caulker, he had nothing but his clothes and a few loose cheroots, which he sent ashore after close inspection, and then prepared to go himself.

"Caulker, here's your devil;" exclaimed an old boatswain's mate, launching the mis-shapen log along the deck. "He shan't stop on board any longer; so you'd best take him with you—he's brought us many a heavy squall which we shouldn't have had but for his ugly physog."

"No, no;" answered the caulker, sliding it back again; "let it remain till next voy'ge. I shall vant it again ven ve gets out."

"I tell you, he shan't stop here," said the boatswain's mate determinedly. We none on us didn't like to go for to manhandle him when we was in blue water, but now I'm blow'd if I don't launch him overboard arter you as you goes ashore—devil or no devil."

"Do, if you dare!" returned the caulker, in a tone of defiance, as he descended the side into the wherry: "do if you dare!"

"I do dare, then;" vociferated the boatswain's mate in a passion; and, as the wherry shoved off, he shouted, "Here goes! Stand from under:"—there was a splash in the water; the caulker's devil covered with pitch, floated on the stream; whilst officers of the revenue, ship's officers, and seamen, roared with laughter at the fun. The caulker suffered the block to float through the next tier; and then, when out of sight of his own craft, he picked it up and conveyed it home; where, on breaking it open, out came pearls, cornelians, and precious stones, that realised the sum of three thousand pounds. The caulker had risked all he was worth in life for a venture, he had succeeded most triumphantly, purchased a public-house near the water-gates with part of the proceeds, and hung up the very identical block as his sign.

But to return to my text.

There was another set of men, both at Dover and Deal, whose exertions were also greatly instrumental in saving lives and property. These were of superior grade to the hovellers, were fairly educated, and could read even writing if it was very plain; in fact some few of them were men of science and skill. They had an examination to undergo in the presence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, before they were considered eligible to take charge of a ship; but in most instances parliamentary influence prevailed, and it sometimes happened that bakers, carpenters, printers, and other tradesmen, were transformed into branch pilots, of which there were fifty at Dover, fifty at Deal, twelve at Ramsgate, and, I believe, the same number at Margate, each taking his regular turn on duty, and the whole enjoying the exclusive privilege of piloting all ships and vessels, whether royal or commercial up the river Thames and Medway.

Generally speaking, they were worthy enterprising fellows, and in later years, when their numbers were increased, assumed much of



gentility in their manners. They were by professional avocation in constant communication with all parts of the world, and might have gleaned most valuable and interesting information; but, like compositors at manuscript, they did their work mechanically, and let others enjoy that which was labour to them. Still I have known men of enterprize, and genius, and talent amongst them; possessing gentlemanly manners, and particularly cleanly in person, with whom it was a pleasure to converse. To be sure there were many rough blades, whose only enjoyment when off duty was to lounge about the cross-wall during the day, and pass their evenings at Mrs. Barrows's, who kept the prince of Wales, in ——— street.

At the peace in 1814, several of these pilots became captains of by-boats; that is, passage vessels between Dover and Calais, thereby neglecting their own duty and preventing young men from obtaining employ. Amongst the rest was an upper-book man named Richard ———, who commanded a by-boat something the worse for wear and tear; but paint and gilt hide a number of imperfections. And now for an anecdote.

It was shortly after the peace I had a little packet-boat between Dover and Calais; and standing by the side of my vessel one afternoon—it was verging upon evening—at the latter place, two gentlemen approached. One was a young man, with nothing very remarkable either in dress or countenance; but the other, once seen, was not very easily to be forgotten,—and many have found it so to their cost. He was stout, full-faced, fresh-coloured, with expressive features; he wore a blue coat, with G. P. R. (George Prince Regent) conspicuously flourished on treble gilt buttons.

“Pray young man,” said he, with a strong but pleasant voice, and assuming a pompous manner, “pray young man, are you the captain of this packet?”

“I am, sir,” responded I, with an inclination of the head, for I hoped to get a freight; “and a very pretty vessel she is too.”

“Haugh, aye,” muttered he, as he strutted about and looked over the quay, as if to test my assertion by ocular inspection; “and—haugh—how many tons is she?”

“Somewhere under sixty, sir,” answered I, deferentially; though she was but thirty-nine.

“Oh!—aye, sixty, eh?” observed he, somewhat warily; “and pray what shall I give you to take me, my family, my carriages, my suite, *et cetera* to Dover?”

“Twenty guineas, sir,” replied I in a tone of firmness, as if determined not to be beat down.

“Twenty guineas!” repeated he, affecting astonishment: “ha, you Dover men are doing it nicely, very nicely indeed:—why, young man, it is a dead robbery. Twenty guineas!—this requires alteration; and I mean to bring into parliament a bill restricting the number of passengers, so that only two passengers shall be allowed for one ton burthen.”

“If you could always secure us that number, sir, we should be very



1844



happy to take them," responded I; "but when peace was made, the legislature forgot the heavy harbour-dues on this side of the water, and now members of Parliament, amongst the rest, are obliged to pay them.

"Well, well, we shall see," returned he, "we shall see; but, perhaps, you don't know who I am? I'm Mr. Sergeant B——."

I did know him, though; but, as a matter of course, I unshipped my truck to so exalted a character, (who, by-the-by, has been the means of exalting a great many individuals since,) and after some further conversation, in which I adhered to my demand, he walked away with his companion, and engaged a larger vessel for fifteen guineas, the captain promising to quit the harbour the following day at one o'clock.

This I knew to be impracticable, as the "Union" (the name of the packet he had hired) would not be afloat at that time, whilst my little craft, being of light draught, could easily get out at that hour, especially as the wind was fair. Dick ——, who I have already mentioned, was captain of the Union, and being well aware that fifteen guineas would not pay his expenses, he, notwithstanding the engagement he was under to the Sergeant, had collected a number of half-guinea passengers, who thronged his decks at the appointed time; but it was not till after two o'clock that information was conveyed to the learned gentleman that "all was ready."

Anticipating some excellent sport, a party of us went down the pier to watch the explosion; and a pretty explosion sure enough there was. The Sergeant, when he saw the vessel (which for the time being he certainly had a right to consider exclusively his own) crowded with passengers, paused for some moments, as the calm usually precedes the whirlwind. I have seen the devil spread his cloth over the Table Land at the Cape of Good Hope; I have seen the dark tornado rising in a tranquil sky; but it was nothing to the withering look which "my learned friend" cast upon Dick ——.

"Who—who—what are these?" demanded the Sergeant, his wrath ready to burst forth.

"These?" answered the half-frightened captain, waving his hand towards the vessel; "oh, these are only a few passengers to make up freight."

"What—eh? make up freight?" blustered the Sergeant. "Oh, you scoundrel! and this is the way you treat me! Didn't I hire your vessel, sir?—for fifteen guineas, sir?—speak sir—did not I hire your vessel for myself, sir?—and you have filled her, sir—with passengers, sir—speak, sir. But no, no, don't answer me; not a half-penny of the passage-money shall you have, sir. I hired your vessel—she is mine—and every farthing of the passengers' money shall go into my own pocket, sir. There, sir, your very looks betray guilty knowledge; but I'll bring my bill into Parliament, and then see what you'll do—yes, my bill must come in. You rascal! and thus people are cheated! Come along up, sir—come along up;" and away he turned again towards the town.

Sailors somehow or other have a natural antipathy to lawyers, and



they have never loved a member of Parliament since the days of Billy Pitt and the mutiny at Spithead. But now to have an M.P. and an eminent lawyer combined in one and the same person, it was fearful odds; and no one could be found hardy enough to accompany poor —— as he tracked the Sergeant's steps.

"It's all over with you, Dick," said I, as he came up to the place where I was standing; "you've got jammed between the *lex talionis* and, by the lord Harry, you are but as a dead man."

"You don't say so," responded he, as he wiped the perspiration from his face; "what! done for?—turned up?—the devil I shall, eh?—but, there's a good fellow, do go with me;" and he grasped my arm as if it had been fixed in a smith's vice, and dragged me along, although I assured him we should not come off even second best.

When we reached the great room at Quilliacq's Hotel, the learned Sergeant sat himself down by the side of a large dining-table, crossed his right leg over his left knee, and thrust his left hand into the open part of his waistcoat; at the same time directing his companion (whom I afterwards ascertained to be Lord ——) to take a sheet of paper and write down what passed. Near the door stood poor ——, his eye—he had a beautiful specimen of what is called the "cock-eye"—in a fine phrenzy rolling, and the perspiration pouring down his face, when he suddenly ejaculated "—— my eyes!"

The Sergeant gave him an eagle-like glance, and then turning to his companion said, "Set that down!"

"Hush, Dick," whispered I, as I stood by his side, "remember you're in France, where they can cut off your head if you show any contempt to the court."

"—— the court," continued Dick, scarcely knowing what he said; "I ar'n't going to be badgered and bamboozled about in this here fashion."

"Set that down!" said the Sergeant, coolly; till at last they went hard at it. Dick opening his batteries, and occasionally throwing a shot—the Sergeant swearing with all the vehemence he could muster, till Dick roared out—

"I'll stand it no longer. You and the Parliament house may go to blazes together, and you may set that down, too, if you like."

"Now, sir," exclaimed the Sergeant, somewhat softened by Dick's last pious denunciation, "now, sir, are you not a pretty fellow? (Dick never looked more ugly)—I say, are you not a pretty fellow? I hire your packet for myself, and you fill her with passengers; first you tell me you can sail at one o'clock, and it is near three before your vessel is afloat. Now, sir, your mate told me a very different story; he seems to be a decent youth; but as for you, sir,"—and he gave him a look of withering indignation—"yes, your mate said you could not sail before three."

"My mate!" rejoined Dick, bringing his swivel eye to bear point blank at the Sergeant, "why, I've got no mate." And this was the fact, for he had remained behind that trip through illness.

"No mate!" sharply retorted the Sergeant, as if he had caught

Dick tripping; "no mate! who was that respectable young man, with light hair, that I saw standing on your decks?"

"That sir!" responded Dick, with a grin that gave a horrible expression of contempt and ferocity to his features, "why that, sir, was a tailor." (A fact.)

Up sprang the Sergeant, almost choking with rage—he stamped his foot with vehemence, and shook his fist with the most violent gestures. "A what, sir?—a what?—a tailor?—set that down; and so, sir; you rascal, sir; you were going to place my life and my property in the hands of a tailor, were you? Here's a precious scoundrel! and I dare say, sir, if the truth could be known, all your crew are from the shopboard—tailors—tailors all—this is malice *prepense*. What a mercy it is I did not embark."

But Dick was now wrought up to an irresistible pitch of passion, that almost deprived him of reason—he cursed and raved—the Sergeant did the same, and I ran out of the room, ready to crack my sides with laughter. My sails were tossed up,—I got all Dick's passengers, who would not wait for him,—and away we came for merry England.

Next day I was on the quay when the Union arrived, and to my surprise and satisfaction saw the learned Sergeant and Dick coming up most lovingly arm in arm to the Ship inn. Dick winked his ogle as he passed me, as much as to say, "All's right;" and he subsequently told me that soon after I had quitted them the storm spent its fury, and they became perfectly calm and good friends over an excellent bottle of wine, and this event, I believe, ultimately gave rise to the "Passengers' Regulation Bill."

But, avast; here I am spinning extra yarns, and forgetting the poor old Neverflinch as, groaning under the symptoms of dissolution, she nevertheless struggled hard for further respite. They were rounding the South Foreland, with a heavy gale from the southward—evening was closing in, and the prospect of another dark, dreary, and tempestuous night before them—the anchorage in the Downs was full of shipping—men-of-war, transports, Indiamen, and merchant ships—there seemed to be scarcely room to move; and the frigate, having but one anchor, and that backed, required a longer range of cable to ride by. The water was gaining upon them in the hold—the ship strained terribly, and the pilot determined, whilst there was yet a remnant of daylight, to round the North Foreland, and endeavour to fetch Margate Roads. His orders were punctually obeyed—with her signals of distress flying, and firing guns to enforce it, they ran through the Gull Stream, and brought up in about nine fathoms water to leeward of the Long Nose, with the Foreland light beaming down upon them through the haze, bearing about south-south-east.

The ship rode heavily, the short sea making clear breaches over her bows, and ranging fore-and-aft her decks: the hatches were battened down—the seamen laboured at the pumps, but still, though the water did not increase, there was no indication of its diminishing; and notwithstanding the long scope of cable there was out, she drove occasionally, the anchor having no firm hold of the ground. Every means

was resorted to in order to lighten her—the two remaining topmasts were struck—all top-hamper was got down—but still she continued to drive at intervals, and the sands were under her lee.

"Was there any flaw in the sheet-anchor?" demanded the pilot of the master, as they stood upon the forecandle together.

"Not that I am aware of," responded Mr. Coilaway, drenched to the skin by the sea beating over him. "Boatswain's mate—Blatherwick," he shouted as loud as he could, so as to make himself heard above the roaring of the wind and waters.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Joe, as he ascended the ladder from the main deck to the forecandle, and then hurried, as well as the slippery state of the planks would allow to the master's front.

"Was there anything the matter with the sheet-anchor—did it fall clear?" inquired Mr. Coilaway.

"It was impossible to see, sir," responded the boatswain's mate "It, was too dark—I let go the stopper myself, so that I know that was all clear—but there must be som'ut the matter or else the craft 'ud hould on. Mayhap the stream cable has got round the stock of the sheet anchor and brings it home; or what, to my thinking, is more likely, one of the flues (flukes) is carried away."

"Something must be done," said the pilot earnestly, "we have but little distance to drive; for if we escape the east end of Margate sands there's the Tongue; so that if she keeps at this fun we must either cut and stand out to get good drift in the North Sea, or we must cut away the masts and see if she'll hold then."

"Let us go to the skipper," said the master, as the people came clustering about them, in expectation of catching the opinions of these two experienced men, "he must be consulted in all that is to be done."

They passed along the gangway—sometimes almost thrown off their feet—to the quarter deck. Captain Weatherall was himself in the main chains, trying the frigate's drift by the agency of the hand-lead and line. That the frigate did drive was proved beyond a doubt; but, it was evident by the little stern-way that was made, that the cable had not parted—but still the drift was quite sufficient to cause great alarm with such terrific sands under their lee.

The captain joined the pilot and master, and the three descended to the cabin, where the charts were quickly spread, and the pilot clearly pointed out their position and the dangers which threatened them. He then proposed the alternative of cutting away the masts or trying for the North Sea.

"We are completely in the bight of a hobble," said the captain calmly, "with a leaky ship sucking in the water at almost every seam; to try the North Sea would be little short of making the poor old craft a coffin for all hands—to cut away the masts, and then the anchor not hold, would be like parting with our legs when we most require the use of them."

"And to drive on to the sands," remarked Mr. Coilaway, abruptly taking up the captain's thread, "would soon traumogrify the poor old creatur into a bathing machine that none on us would like."

"What do you say, pilot?" asked the captain with great seriousness. "I admit our situation is very critical—what would you recommend to be done?"

"I would prefer hearing the master's opinion first, sir," answered the pilot deferentially: "he is an older seaman, and, if I mistake not, is as well acquainted with this navigation as I am."

The master felt honoured by this token of respect—he smiled, but he did not speak, as his commander had not put the question to him.

"I addressed you first, pilot," said Captain Weatherall, "as having charge of the ship, and not with any design to undervalue the master's judgment and ability; but as you wish to have the advantage of his knowledge, I will request him to afford it you. What, then, would you recommend, Mr. Coilaway?"

The master looked at the chart, as he held on by the table, then cast his eyes to the deck above, and then at the chart again. He hemmed twice, turned his quid in his cheek, and then with an attempt at a heavy sigh, he uttered, "Will Captain Weatherall be pleased to favour me with a glass of grog? for I have always found in occasions like this here it serves to quicken the intellect as well as to nourish the heart."

"Help yourself, help yourself, Mr. Coilaway," said the captain, directing the old man's attention to a well replenished swinging tray; "and perhaps, pilot, you would have no objection to do the same. Only, as every moment is precious, pray bear a hand about it."

Thus invited, both master and pilot filled themselves a stiff glass of grog each—with the former it was but a gulp or two, and the mixture disappeared, followed by a loud smack of the lips and a forcible emission of the breath. "Haugh!—never take two bites at a cherry." The pilot was moderate—he took a little at intervals, and sucked it down quietly."

Mr. Coilaway having replaced his glass, again came to the table, where he steadied himself with one hand whilst he spread his other over the chart. "Captain Weatherall," said he, bowing his head, "I've been upon the ocean man, and boy,—now going on for some five-and-forty years, and during that there time, I need not tell you, I've seen a thing or two in seamanship. I was once caught in a gale of wind and a thick fog in the mouth of the Saint Lawrence—no place for a man to trifle with—"

"May I request you, master, to come to our present difficulty without further delay?" urged Captain Weatherall, who was well acquainted with the old man's propensity to yarn spinning; "moments are very precious with us."

"Well, Captain Weatherall, you've a right to command," responded the master, "and it's my bounden duty, by the warrant which I hold, to obey; though that matter of the Saint Lawrence—" the captain waved his hand, and the veteran taking the hint changed the subject to the more immediate cause of their consultation. "Well, sir, the case just stands as this here, and I'll come to it without any further backing and filling. As for the matter of the frigate—poor thing—



her bones 'ull hardly hold together, and every rib is ready to start away, if she ar'n't already broken-backed—and it makes one's heart ache to hear her groan. Yet she has borne us, Captain Weatherall, over the wide ocean from Maderas Roads to the North Foreland, and if so be as she meant to go to pieces, why there's been opportunity enough during the passage; and I earn't bring my mind to credit the thing as she would wish to lay her frame any where but in dock now as she's got home:"—the captain grew impatient—"well, sir, if we keeps on driving nothing can save us from going on shore at last; and here I'm thinking that it would be just as well to enquire whether she holds fast now?" The pilot left the cabin to ascertain the fact, and immediately returned with the report that "she was walking off with the anchor faster than ever." The old master shook his head: "then, Captain Weatherall," said he, "I would advise to ship the capstan bars and heave in the cable directly, so that we may try her at the drift. Purchase the anchor we must, for it is the only one we have; and if we cannot keep off shore, we shall have nothing to bring up with—a close-reefed maintopseel, and the reefed foresel, will carry us out clear; and then we can lay her to, and keep the pumps a going."

The master was silent; the captain looked at the pilot, who understanding his manner, said, "The gale, for a summer gale, has been unusually long, and it must blow its strength out before many hours. It is now near midnight, and the flood is beginning to make strong up for the flats; and, as the anchor does not hold, we shall be driving towards the sands. In little more than three hours from this time we shall have daybreak, and then we can see what we are about—so that I should say, cut and reach out clear of the shoals, and then lie her to."

"It shall be done," said the captain quickly, "for the anchor, that will not hold here, it is very likely may be damaged so as not to hold any where else;"—he looked at the pilot—"you know all the banks I suppose?"

"Perfectly well, sir, after a forty years' experience," responded the pilot, "and now the sooner we have sail on her and cut the better."

The master would have urged the saving of the anchor and cable, but the captain set the example of returning to the deck, and was instantly followed by the others.

Whilst the consultation was holding in the cabin the carpenter plumbed the well, and ascertained there was within an inch of six feet water in the hold. The pumps were clanging as the seamen steadily plied them, and to raise their spirits they were informed that they were fast freeing her, and many a cheer of self-encouragement resounded. The officers did all they could to invigorate the men—even Mr. Duustanville assisted his marines in their manual labour, and laughed, or affected to laugh, when every now and then a sturdy voice sung out "Hurrah for Betty Clogiron!"

As for poor Mrs. Marshall, she was sea-sick and despairing; and all that her husband could do to try and appease her, was utterly useless. She declared it was a judgment upon him for "hauling his wind" amongst the lasses, and punishment upon her for leaving her snug little

home and her mangle; and she vowed if it would please Heaven to spare her this time, she would never set foot upon floating timber again as long as she lived.

"Ounly to go for to think o' this here!" said Jem Hardover to his messmate Joe Blatherwick, as they met on the main deck under the forecastle; "what a shindy them there Jew rascals have been kicking up acause we were ordered round to the river away from Portsmouth—jist as if we had any thing to do with the consarn. But I say Joe, arn't it a grievous thing to hear the poor craft moan as if she was in dying convulsions?"

"Ah! messmate, it does make one moloncholy," returned the boatswain's mate, whose mind was alternately engaged upon his wife and upon the frigate; occasionally and not unfrequently mixing them up in his sympathies together. "We didn't go for to calkelate upon this, Joe, when with the sun over head and a sweet breeze in the canvass we rattled along through the Needles. But life, messmate, is somut akin with the weather—you never know aforehand whether it will be fair or foul—just clap your flipper on to this here cable," (the coxswain did so,) "and now tell me what you thinks."

"Why, by its springing in that ere fashion," returned Hardover, "I should say that the anchor's foul, and takes a jump now and then to free itself. At all events its dragging over the ground, and here we goes happy-go-lucky."

"Well, Jem, and whoever would have supposed that my Poll would have druv as she has done?" said the boatswain's mate mournfully; "I wonder if the buoy watches," meaning the buoy attached to the sheet anchor; "and that reminds me," continued he, "of that ere babby as you say she took along with her. I did hope to have got it all out of ould Jenny—but its of no use now, and mayhap it'll be all as one a few hours hence—though I should have liked to have seen the babby first—I always did love babbies, Jem.—But how Poll—"

"Avast, messmate, avast!" exclaimed the coxswain, interrupting him, "you takes the matter of Poll too much to heart; and as for the ship, I'm blessed if I dont think the ould creatur will stick together as long as there's a sound chip left. But what are you arter down forud here, Joe?—the skipper, and ould Blowhard, and the pilot, are gone down into the cabin to hold a council of war what's to be done."

"Have they?" said Joe hurriedly, and at once recalled to an intuitive sense of his duty, "then I knows what I've got to do. A sharp knife and a clear conscience as the saying is,—it 'ull be cut before long, and" grasping the instrument, "good axe, make your mark—we shall have no babby's play afore we've done. Oh, Poll!—but these are hard lines anyhow; and the poor ould Neverflinch in her mortal struggle. Mind, Jem, it 'ull be cut—what the blazes made Poll cut and run, I can't for the life of me think—but, I say, messmate, we shall have cutting work presently—whether masts or cable—so you jist see to the axes upon the quarter-deck, and then there'll be no bother."

To this Joe unhesitatingly assented, and on arriving at the place appointed, he found the captain and his subordinates had just ascended

the companion ladder. But the scene had materially changed during even the short time that they had been absent—the water around the ship was greatly agitated, broken and wild, and the hissing foam sparkled as if with myriads of gems, whilst the loud roaring of the sea proclaimed that they must be near the sands.

"What water have you got," demanded the pilot the moment he reached the deck, of the man in the chains, and springing himself on to the hammock nettings he awaited the answer.

The leadsman dropped the lead to the bottom, and answered, "Five fathoms, sir;" and then sung out, "By the-er mar-ark five;" adding as soon as he had finished, "she is going astern fast, sir."

"Captain Weatherall, we have no time to lose," said the pilot, as he held down his head close to the captain's ear, for the noise of the storm and the raging of the breakers almost deafened them; "we must now be near the east buoy of Margate sands—the ship will not ride, and therefore please to order hands aloft to loose the main-topsel and foresel, which with the main and misen staysels must be set as quick as possible to drag us out of this. As soon as the main-topsel is set we must cut."

"I think you will have time to get the anchor," bellowed the master, "the lads will run it up in no time, and it will be as well to have an holdfast of some kind."

The pilot descended, and ran to the binnacle over which he laid the edge of his hand, the tips of his fingers pointing in the direction of the North Foreland light. He looked at the compass—"South a little easterly," said he; "By Jove, we're to the eastward of the buoy—heave lad—quick!"

The leadsman instantly responded, "By the-er deep four;" intimating that there was only twenty-four feet of water in depth from the surface to the bottom: the next moment the frigate struck abast, but the shock was not very heavy; and as she pitched forward, a tremendous sea broke over her bows. A second time she struck; but getting into deeper water she again floated free. The shocks, though but slight, created the utmost confusion for several minutes; but the stern command of the captain reduced every one to order—the sails were loosed, the maintopmast, though struck, being well secured to carry the close-reefed topsail, and promptly at the given order, Joe Blatherwick raised his axe—the next instant the separated cable smoked out of the hawse-hole and disappeared—the canvas was set upon the frigate, and edging off on the starboard tack, she made headway to the eastward.

But scarcely had half an hour elapsed when fresh disasters seemed to hasten on the catastrophe that every one dreaded, though no one dared to utter his fears—the chain pumps had been kept going for several hours, and they had discharged an immense quantity of water; but now the carpenter reported them as little better than useless, through the working of the frigate's frame—the leak was gaining upon them fast—and the ship was straining and labouring as if with agony, as the sea washed over her.

These things could not be concealed from the people, many of whom were yielding to despair, and some of the most determined resolved to break open the spirit-room, and stupefy themselves with liquor. But Captain Weatherall had anticipated something of this nature, and he had, therefore, used the precaution of placing two marine sentinels on duty to protect it from attack; so that, when the men descended below, with crow-bars and hand-spikes, and in the darkness that prevailed, were about to commence the work of demolition, a sudden light was thrown upon them from the hitherto concealed lanterns of the marines, who commanded them to desist and go away.

At first the men, confused and abashed at being detected, prepared to obey, for they were fully sensible of the crime they were about to perpetrate, though they had not sufficient resolution to forbear. But this feeling quickly wore off as they lingered—the water was already washing the casks adrift—they gave up all hopes of being saved, and used persuasion, entreaties, threats, and, at last, grown thoroughly desperate, they prepared to assault the sentinels, as they declared “it would be all as one an hour hence.” But the marines faithfully (as they always have done) performed their duty—they remonstrated, and pointed out the difference between dying like a brute and quitting the world like a christian—they assured the seamen they were resolved to keep their posts if they perished there, and defend the position they were appointed to guard, even in the last extremity.

At this moment the sergeant of marines, with a reinforcement, made his appearance, and the men departed without accomplishing their object;—a sudden shock was given to the trembling frigate, whilst a loud and stunning report was heard forwards; the foresail was rent out of the bolt-ropes, and like a white cloud, was borne to leeward on the wings of the wind till it was lost in the darkness.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

“See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now gentleman born. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.”  
SHAKESPEARE.

SIR Wentworth Weatherall continued locked up in the attic during the absence of his messenger, his mind racked and his frame agitated by nervous excitement. Every minute appeared an hour; his heart beat with unnatural vigour, and sickened at its own overstrained exertions; his limbs trembled, and at times would scarcely support him; sometimes he breathed a prayer for success, and then cursed the lad for his



long delay. Impatience and expectation were almost overpowering his faculties; he scarcely left the window from the time of the lad's disappearance, and he eagerly strained his sight towards the spot, to catch the first glimpse of his return. Sometimes in the mistiness of the night, for it was stormy and tempestuous, he fancied he could distinguish Jem ascending from the pot, but he soon perceived, by the supposed object being whirled away by the breeze, that it was nothing but smoke. The wind howled fearfully, and then he thought he could hear the cries of the boy, as if in the clutches of some one who was administering chastisement.

Thus did he torment himself, and, if the truth must be told, Jem was rather longer than there was any real necessity for, as, faithful to his old trick, he stuck fast about half way up the chimney, to indulge in meditation, and count the money in the purse; there was paper in one end and cash in the other, so that it was not possible to judge of the true amount; but Jem knew there was enough to buy his own weight "in pork sossenges," of which he was particularly fond, and sufficient to spare for a few pots of heavy wet, to wash the savoury morsels down, as well as a dessert of barley-sugar, lollypop, and oranges, with bread and treacle as a winder-up. "Vont I have a jolly tuck out?" he uttered to himself, as the vision of delicacies floated before his imagination; "vont I? that's all!"—and securing his fortune, he ascended to the summit.

"Here I is again, yer honour," exclaimed the young sweep, as he presented himself on the roof before the baronet.

"Have you succeeded?" eagerly demanded Sir Wentworth, trembling from head to foot; "tell me, have you delivered the letter?"

"Vell, that ere's a good un anyhow," responded the lad with a merry chuckle of delight; "Vy ven did you know Jem beat in anything as he undertook?"

This was a question that the baronet, from his short acquaintance with the inquirer, was not exactly prepared to answer; but desirous of knowing more especially of his ability in the present instance, he demanded, "Where have you been detained so long, and what have you been doing?"

"Vy, yer honor," said Jem, "I've been playing the devilry, and so, if ye'll let me in, you shall hear it all strait forud, vithout any elbows or tvisting."

Sir Wentworth knew, from past experience, that to gather the particulars he must give the lad his own way; and therefore, without further questioning, he withdrew from the aperture, and Jem, entering it, jumped on to the floor, where he danced about for a minute or two, to divest himself of soot, the fine particles of which spread through the attic, to the great annoyance of the baronet's olfactory nerves. "And now," said the latter, occasionally sneezing, "my good lad, I conclude from your manner that you have been successful; so pray tell me all about it."

"Vot, here? yer honor; in th's here cold place, ven there's that 'ere nice varm library, with the soft carpet on it, down stairs?" remonstrated Jem; "vell, you has rum notions o' things, anyhow. I ounly vish I vos master here for a little vile, that's all!"

"Well, well, we will go to the library," said the anxious baronet, opening the door; "shake yourself well, my boy, before you go down."

"Vy, there vornt much sut in nighther chimbley," returned the sweep; "I think as they doesn't never have fires in that ere house."

"At all events, there is no fear of your being brought to the bar for housebreaking," said the baronet, forcing a smile.

"But I vos brought to the bar, though," replied Jem, as he shook himself; "but I tried my manival strength, and vorked it out o' the mortar."

They descended the stairs into the library, and Sir Wentworth having poured out a good bumper of sherry for himself and another for the lad, he motioned for the latter to take it, who immediately obeyed, by first swallowing his own and then the baronet's, after which he smacked his lips, and uttered, "Haugh! that's better nor a punch of the head;" he then proceeded to narrate his adventures in his own peculiar style, to the great mirth of the easily excited Sir Wentworth, who could scarce refrain from hugging the urchin in his arms.

The whole affair had been kept a secret from every member of the household, except one old and tried servant, who had been a corporal in the late Sir Edward's regiment. He provided Jem with a substantial supper; and the lad having consented to place himself entirely under the protection and patronage of the baronet, a warm bed of rugs and blankets was prepared for his reception, and he slept soundly, without any fear of being called up at daybreak, to wander through the streets, crying "Se-veep—se-veep!" It was yet early, however, when the corporal entered his room, and in a voice of command directed him to arise.

"Not yet, old covey," said Jem, rubbing his eyes, as he looked at his disturber; "I arn't never got no chimbleys to sveep this morning, and so, please the pigs, I'll just have another dollup o' sleep."

"Don't be quite so free, young heel-ball," uttered the offended corporal; "there must be something like subordination in the garrison,—that is, I mean the house, or distinction will be blown to the devil."

"Vell, vot do I care old Pomatum and Vindsor soap?" returned Jem, in a tone of defiance, as he snuggled himself under the blankets; "I means to lie in state till I'm vouted, and that vont be till night. But I say, my rum un, you'll bring us up some grub."

"I tell you, you must rouse out!" exclaimed the corporal, seizing hold of the ends of the blankets to drag them away.

"Vot for?" demanded the boy, clinging tightly to his covering; "come I say, ould lamp-post," (the corporal was stiff, thin, and tall,) "you jist make yourself scarce, vill you, or I'm blowed if I don't toddle off, and leave you to it."

The corporal cared nothing for the threat: he looked upon the lad as a poor unfortunate sweep, without calculating upon the services he had rendered, or was expected to render, and was proceeding to use force, when Jem whipped off his cap, and flung it with much violence in the old man's face, and the purse being amongst the folds, gave it additional

weight. The corporal, nearly blinded with the fine particles of soot that covered his eyes, dropped the blankets; and Jem, recollecting his concealed wealth, regained his cap, and once more rolled himself up snug and warm.

"You mutinous young scoundrel!" indignantly sputtered the corporal, as he wiped his cheeks and cleared his sight; "you ought to be brought to the tail of a gun for this; and I shall report it to his honour, that you would not get up to be washed, and measured for new clothes."

"Vont I though?" said Jem, eagerly quitting his place of rest, and springing into the middle of the floor; "jist you only try me, that's all! And vot sort of togs are they to be? Am I to have vot I likes? Then it vill be top-boots, corduroy tights, buff vescu, and plum-color coatee—that's the dasher!"

The corporal, finding the lad willing to obey, merely grumbled to himself, and without more delay they descended to the bath, were, by dint of warm water, soap, coarse towels, and soft brushes, they contrived to cleanse Jem from much of his impurity; it was, however, a task of no ordinary labour, for in several places the soot had become so perfectly embedded in the skin, that it was with great difficulty removed. At last, however, he was made tolerably decent, and an old suit belonging to a stable-lad was lent him to put on; but the young sweep did not seem very highly to relish the ablution he had undergone; he complained of being cold, and his frequent shivering betrayed the fact: his dingy coat of soot had kept him warm, but when it was removed, and the surface of his skin exposed to the air, he experienced a chilliness he had not felt before.

A plentiful supply of provisions (and Jem was no bad trencherman) once more warmed him. The tailor came to take his measure; and as the lad was entirely left to his own choice, he gave his orders exactly as he said he would, and the whole was promised to be completed by the following morning, when, boots, hat, shirt, cravat, and all other necessities were also to be in perfect readiness.

The baronet had enjoyed a good night's rest, and, after breakfast, Jem was ushered into the library by Corporal Senhouse; and as the face of the lad was now pretty clean, and his hair combed out in short curls, Sir Wentworth was much struck by beholding an extremely ingenious and interesting countenance; and being now more accustomed to his manner, he was equally surprised at his natural shrewdness and quickness of perception. Jem remained in the library throughout the day, amusing himself with books and pictures, and, the weather being very tempestuous, Sir Wentworth did not stir out of doors, but employed himself in writing to Amelia, who on her part was very busily engaged.

It will be remembered, that when Jem threw the letter into the apartment of Miss Elwester, that lady had been summoned to attend upon her father, who had been discovered lying on the floor in all the contortions and struggles of a fit. Forgetting his harsh and unkind conduct, and thinking of him only in the relative character of parent,

she immediately hastened to the spot, and despatched a servant for the nearest physician, as Mr. Elwester, from his penurious habits, had no regular medical adviser. The paroxysms were extremely violent; but proper means having been resorted to on the arrival of the doctor, he became more composed, though his confused mutterings induced a belief that his brain was affected.

Amelia saw her father conveyed to his bed-room, which communicated with his "office," and then retired, leaving him to the care of the physician. She entered her own apartment, shut to the door, (which old Lankrib, who had followed her, locked on the outside,) and sat down to re-peruse Sir Wentworth's letter. Great was her delight at his reiterated assurances of affection; and though she had neither pen, nor ink, nor paper suitable for letter-writing, she contrived with a pencil, and the leaves torn from her pocket-book, to reply to his communication, which having accomplished she retired to rest.

The following morning the old usurer, though much shaken, was greatly recovered, and he endeavoured to persuade himself that the whole was a mere phantasy of the brain, caused by over anxiety, still, however, he could not entirely divest himself of dread, lest it should have indeed been real, but the composing draughts of the doctor soothed him, and he sent for his daughter.

"Amelia," said he, mournfully, "the disappointments you have caused me will be my death. You know, child, that it is for your sake that I wish to see you exalted to the rank of duchess—" and the ideas of grandeur made the old man pause.

"I would willingly believe, my dear father, that you have my aggrandizement in view, and think it would most likely promote my welfare, but indeed, indeed, my dear father, a union with the duke of Q— would be destructive to my happiness. I know, I feel it would."

"Folly, romantic folly!" peevishly uttered the usurer, as he knitted his brows. "For what purpose, do you think, have I amassed a fortune?—oh! I have toiled early and late—have steeled my heart to the soft yearnings of humanity, and seized the minutest portion of my bonds and debts, though ruin came upon the debtor; yet what was that to me? they had the uses of my money, and I did but claim my own!—I have had ladies, aye, and proud dames to, come kneeling at my feet, imploring my forbearance. What then? Had I hesitated to grasp my due, others would have carried off the spoil; and it would have been foolish weakness to have squandered thousands on a woman's tears. What though distress and destitution followed hard upon extravagance, was I to blame? They may curse me; yes, they may vent their imprecations on my head; I say I did but gather back my own—" Here he paused, for it was evident his mind was wandering.

"My dear father," said Amelia, in a soft persuasive tone, "I was in hopes that, when you sent for me, it was that I might administer to your wants. I will do all that you command—"

"Ha! a—a!" ejaculated the old man, with a wild spasmodic laugh, and eagerly attaching a different meaning to his daughter's expression



than what she intended it should have; "you will then comply; you will gratify your father's heart; and I—yes," and he chuckled with childish glee, "I shall yet live to see my child a duchess."

Amelia remained silent: she saw how powerfully the ruling passion engrossed the faculties of her parent, and absorbed all other feelings; she was aware how useless it was to attempt to change the deep-seated principles of his mind; and yet, with an ardent love of truth, she shuddered at the thoughts of practising deception. "Compose yourself, my dear father," said she persuasively; "you are not well."

"But you will be a duchess!" uttered the usurer, eagerly interrupting her, as his small eyes glistened with delight. "Oh, that will consummate every wish of my heart! My grandsons will be amongst the nobles of the land, and I, who once inhabited a workhouse, shall have a duke, aye, a duke, for my son-in-law! will it not be so, Amelia,—will it not be so? Oh, say the word again!—but do not deceive me; do not practise on my weakness!—Lankrib, your arm;" and the old man rose and confronted his daughter.

Amelia was almost overwhelmed with embarrassment, and she was half tempted to perpetrate dissimulation, so that she might not exasperate her father; but the love of veracity predominated, and she firmly answered, "I would, my father, that this subject had not been entered upon just now; but, appealed to so solemnly as I have been, I must not—I dare not shrink from a candid avowal. The duke can never be my husband!—"

"What is that?—eh?—what?—yet do not speak again, lest this parched tongue should curse you,—aye, should curse my child!" said the usurer between his closed gums, with a hissing utterance of voice, as he drew back;—"yet no, no, no, you cannot mean what you say! you will not break your father's heart! To attain this long desired object, I have—" a host of vivid recollections rushed upon his mind, and he shook as if with ague at the retrospect. "But no matter," added he; "you must, you shall have your brow encircled with a coronet, aye, even in spite of your own folly. Mark me, child!" and his passion sank into dogged determination; "you may make your choice—a coronet or beggary." Amelia would have spoken. "Nay, nay, let me have no reply—my purpose is immutable; every sixpence of my wealth shall go to support a peerage. To your room, to your room!" He waved his withered hand, and, as his daughter withdrew, he quickly re-seated himself, and motioned to Lankrib to follow her and lock the door.

Evening drew on: the winds were fiercely howling, and Amelia sat in her apartment sorely agitated and depressed. The alternative which her father had offered appeared terrible to her view. She loved the baronet most tenderly, most passionately; but the idea of being penniless conjured up a multitude of doubts and fears. She believed Sir Wentworth was strongly attached to her, but would he take her to his arms "a beggar?" or could she stoop so low as to become the wife of one who would probably hereafter reproach her for her poverty? It is true, she was ready to sacrifice all for him; but, under present circum-

stances, would he receive her? and, if he would, ought she, in a manner to throw herself upon his charity, and accept his hand?

"Oh, that I could solve these torturing doubts!" said she, as she paced to and fro in her room. "What is there that honour and honesty might demand, that I would not yield to Wentworth? It is my love for him that prompts me to reject titles and splendour; and yet, even thus rejecting, the chasm between us seems to open wider. Oh, I am ready—"

"That's all right," said Jem, out of the chimney, who had just caught the last words; "if you're ready, jist hand it up the chimbley, and here's another pistol for yourself, though vy they calls a bit of paper a pistol puzzles my jeometry."

Amelia started at first on hearing the voice, but recollecting that it must be her messenger, she advanced to the fire-place, and Jem extending his arm, gave her the baronet's letter, with which she hastened to her light, and sat down to read. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks, as she perused the unfeigned and honourable declarations of her lover, couched in the language of respect and tenderness. Without reserve he told her of his circumstances, that, except a small patrimonial estate, he was entirely dependent on his uncle, whose consent to their union he did not despair of obtaining; but even should he refuse, he implored Amelia to render him happy in his country home. He touched lightly on the splendour and attractions of high life, but trusted that a faithful honest heart within the breast, was superior to all the stars and decorations that glittered above it.

"Generous Wentworth!" said Amelia warmly, as she withdrew her own small packet from her bosom, and walked toward the fireplace, preparatory to placing it in the hands of the happy lad, (who, in accordance with old habits, had quietly composed himself to sleep). "Where are you, my young friend?" uttered she; but the summons had to be repeated before Jem was aroused.

"Well, I'm a-coming," muttered Jem, awaking from his slumber, and fancying that his old master was calling to him; "I'm blest if you aint alays a-grumbling!" and down came his leg,—the other followed, and before he had well recovered consciousness, he was squatting on the hob, scratching his head, and fully revealed to the lady's view. Now it so happened that there was but little soot in the chimney, and as he had been furnished with a new cap, his head and face were pretty clean, so that his pleasing features were clearly distinguishable. "Vot a mistake!" uttered the lad; "my eye I thought it vos master, and here its nuffin o' the sort. Vell, I mustn't stop," continued he; "though, you looks so bootiful and good natur'd, I could stay for ever. But there's Sir Ventworth vaiting on me; so, if you please, Miss, to give me the scrawl, vy, I'll spout it up again, and thank ye for vot you guv me last night. Vont I cut a svell?" and he knowingly shook his head.

"My good lad, I am greatly indebted to you," said the lady, gratefully; "and rest assured I will not forget your conduct in this affair. And I am certain Sir Wentworth will reward you, as you richly de-

serve; but do not remain any longer now. Hasten and give him this packet, and—”

“Maybe I shall have to come down again,” observed Jem, interrupting her; “I don’t mind it a haporth, for I’d serve such a bootiful lady as you for nuffin. Only, if I do wisit you once more to-night,



don't you go for to be frightened ven I vissel in the chimbley like a dickey-bird; and if there's not never nobody here, you jist clap your hands. Farevell, Miss.” He pulled the cap over his head and face, and re-ascended the chimney.

Jem was correct in his expectations—he had to go down again with writing materials, for the baronet had rightly conjectured that Amelia was destitute of those articles, and a few lines conveyed a reiteration of Sir Wentworth’s unbounded regard.

The young sweep was up early the next morning, and impatiently

awaited the arrival of the tailor with his new clothes. His hat and boots had already been provided; and with these portions of his apparel put on, Jem strutted about the room with no other garment but his shirt; he then washed himself, and shortly afterwards his suit came home, and Jem quickly dressed, looking a natty dapper little fellow. The baronet laughed heartily at his taste in garments, and presented him with a silver watch and gold chain and seals, which Jem conspicuously displayed, and then expressed his intention of going out to visit his friends.

The baronet looked doubtfully at the lad, as if he feared that he intended to leave him. As quick as thought Jem guessed what was passing in his mind, and said, "I aint sich a flat, as not newver to know ven my bread's vell buttered; and so yer honor needn't go to be afeard o' me bolting; but I hates confinement except in a chimbley, and so I must jist take a vark. I'll be sure and be back by grub time."

"You shall do as you please," remarked the baronet: "I will neither doubt your word nor your honesty of purpose. But you have served me well, and I must not have you leave me."

"I'm going to take a sight of an old crony," returned the lad; "run as has been my friend from the moment as Peter Macaw hooked me out of Nobody's Hole." The baronet stared, for he was ignorant of Jem's history. "And so, if yer honor has ever a guinea to spare for Pat Dunnywon, vy he shall do himself the pleasure of coming to see yer honor, and thank you for yer generosity. Pat's an Hirish genelman of my acquaintance;" and Jem cut a flourish with his stick.

The baronet gave the required sum, and away started the metamorphosed sweep, full of self-confidence and fancied importance. In his way he overtook one of his fellow apprentices, bending beneath the weight of a bag of soot, and, at the risk of being discovered, he gave the urchin a rap behind with his switch, exclaiming, "stand out of a genelman's vay, and be — to you, vill you? But there, you're not nuffin but a poor se-veep,—there's a bob for you; and take care you young waga-bone, how you gets in the vay again;" and he dropped a shilling on the pavement.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of little Sooty, who instantly recognised the voice and manner, but was sorely puzzled by the appearance.

"My crikey, Jem!" exclaimed he; but, fearful of losing the money, he stooped to pick it up, and Jem went swaggering along without deigning to turn his head.

Pat Donovan tenanted an apartment in St. Giles's, as near to heaven as the roof would allow him to mount: it was, however, clean and tidy considering his profession as a bricklayer's labourer. In one corner was a nearly new hod reversed, and a small board for fine mortar with a trowel. Before the grate that served for a fire-place was a pile of new bricks for a seat; an old oak table with two broken legs, and a run-up pier of bricks for a third, was in the middle of the floor; and in a recess stood a stump-bedstead without a bed, but having on the sacking



two or three warm blankets, and a rug spread over a bundle of clean straw. Pat's sunday suit was hung up on pegs, but each article carefully covered over with pieces of old sheeting, and his hat was tied up in a cotton handkerchief. A small looking-glass in red frame was suspended from a nail near the window, and a potatoe-tub appeared behind the door. There was a cupboard in the room, but it was closed up; and a gimlet bored into the jamb to keep the shutter to. The roof of the room was shelving, and it was only when near the middle that a person could stand upright.

Jem having hurried up the rickety stairs, threw open the door with an air of consequence, that was however utterly lost, for his friend was not there. Vexed and disappointed, the lad was about to depart again, when a well-known voice upon the parapet outside the window struck upon his ears, as he gaily sung with strong Irish accent:—

"Oh! Judy, me darlin! me joy and me love!  
Like a well-biled peraty, or down on the dove,  
Och! yer heart was as soft,—an yer eye was so blue,  
Ye made all the spalpeens sing out 'Wirrastrhue.'  
Oh! Judy, ma vourneen—once pride of my heart!  
'Twas yerself that inflicted a terrible smart,  
Which could only be healed by the balm of yer kiss:—  
Arrah! Judy, me darlin! 'twas honey and bliss!"

"Och! bless the craturs! it's meself as loves 'em all a little—the darliuns! an the wind blowing mighty obstropelous this same morning—deed, an it's the widdy Docherty that warems my heart, so it is; and may be some o' these odd days it's Misthress Donovan she'll be, and no widdy at all." Pat contiued:—

"I cried, 'joy to the hour' when first our eyes met;  
It warem'd me like ouisky—I'll niver forget!  
'Arrah! darlin!' ses I, 'I'm best lad in the fair'—  
'If you are,' then ses she, 'oh! the divel may care.'  
'Och! Judy,' ses I, 'it's yerself that's in jest.'  
Round her arems went my neck—"

'Arrah! no! that's not it—but the wind's so mighty ondelicate that it put's me out—and them tiles all loose—and the widdy opposite looking at my fine proportions out of her windy. Oh, now I have it!" and he went on with his song:—

"Round her neck went my arems, and her soft lips I press'd;  
But she up with her fist, and a mighty polthogue  
I got on my crown, as she called me 'a rogue!"

"'Oh! Judy,' ses I, 'that there blow's done the job,  
For you've plunther'd my heart, whilst you splinther'd my nob!  
So both heart and hand are entirely yer own;  
Let me spake to the praste, and the stocking be throw'n,  
So Judy consented, and off then I ran:  
Ever since I have been a misfortunate man!  
The praste tied us fast; and me Judy, so meek,  
Oh! she jist broke my head about twice in the week."

"Faith, and that's no joke anyhow; for it makes a man's head like a rope-ground—spinning and reeling. Is it the widdy that 'ud be after sarving me in that way, like Phelim Macconnor's woman laruping him with the blow-bellows or the taty-kettle?" He raised his voice as he looked over at an attic on the opposite side of the way. "Its good morning to yez, I'm wishing, Misthress Docherty; the glorious shine o' the day, and the plenty, and the pace, be wid yez, Mrs Docherty;" but the lady either would not or did not, hear him, and once more he tuned his ditty.—

"Here's long life to Ireland!--bad luck to her foes!  
And whilst round her shores all the blue wather flows,  
Oh! Paddy can never an Englishman be,  
Unless he swims over the dissolute sea;  
So Judy and I, we detarmined to part,  
For my head was all crack'd—although sound is my heart,  
And here, then, I am, out on top of the tiles,  
A singing 'good luck' to ould father Saint Giles."

"Arrah! that's not bad any how; and me pratees all growing," added he, "and the widdy Docherty—"

"Haugh—haugh—hem," went Jem inside, strutting about, and rattling his stick to attract attention;—"baugh-waugh."

"Ods botherkins, and who's there?" demanded Pat; "arrah, be aisy, and don't be disthurbing an Irish landowner in his garden. Who the divel are you?"—he peeped in at the window—"Och! blur-and-ouns! but its a mannikin come to tell me where there's a pot of gould;" this was said in a whisper, "Oh! long life to you, then, me lord—its yerself that's the pride of the worlde—arrah! jist dthraw the pratee tub across the floor and take a chair, till I come in at the door through the windey."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" roared Jem, in ecstasy, as he strutted to the window, "vell I, never did! vot, don't you know me? That's a good 'un, too!"

Pat stared; the voice was Jem's, but the dress was beyond his comprehension. "Och; then, it's bothered meself is entirely; and bad manners to you, Jem, if you are Jem, for not being a leprachaun wid a pot of gould. But is it yourself, or are you changed to somebody else?"

"Oh! vy its meself," returned the lad, with a conceited air of importance; "but I'm a genelman now with a large fortin. Vot are you doing on out there?"

"What am I doing, yer axing?" responded Donovan; "oh! then, it's gardening I am, and the pratees all a growing, me darlin!"

Jem looked out, and beheld between the parapet and the sloping roof, leaving a space beneath for the water to run off, a snug enclosure, made with large slates, which was filled with earth; and sure enough the green potatoe-tops were growing luxuriantly. This Pat called his garden, and cultivated it with great care. "But Jem, yer sowl, what the devil's all this?"

"Oh! come in, Muster Dunnywon," answered the lad, affecting a mysterious air; "come in, and I'll tell you all about it—that's as far as I can."

Pat entered the room, and gazed earnestly at his *protégé*, as if not altogether convinced of his identity. Well, Jem," at length said he, "its mighty jonteel and dacent you look,—and meself out of work, and not a thirteen in the wide world."

"Oh! never mind that," responded the lad, drawing out the purse which had been given to him by Miss Elwester; "here's 'vot 'ull keep the bellows blowing; you helped Jem ven he hadn't never nobody 'votsonever to stand up for him, and he ain't the boy to go for to forget old friends. No, no, Muster Dunnywon,"—he offered him the purse, which the other took—"it's all yer own; I can get plenty more ven that's gone."

"And how much 'ull there be in it, Jem?" inquired Pat, handling the purse with great curiosity, and eyeing it with suspicion.

"Vell, then, I can't disactly say how much," answered the boy, disconcerted at Pat's manner, and without judging the cause; "there's a great deal, but I never got so far in my cyphering as addition of money."

"An it's yerself, Jem, as brings me a purse widout knowing what's in it?" demanded the Irishman; "tell me," and he assumed a stern seriousness, "Where did you get it?"

"Vere did I get it?—vy I got it in a chimbley, if you must know;" returned the youngster, unable to account for his friend's behaviour.

"An who has a better right to know, Jem, than him who has been father and mother to you?" uttered Pat with solemnity, as he shook his head; "if you found it in a chimney, its not honestly yours."

"But I didn't find it:" exclaimed the lad, who now began to see the drift of Pat's meaning; "it was guv to me, and now it's all yourn."

"What, given to you in a chimney, Jem!" said Donovan, casting a searching look at the boy's countenance; "faith, then, you'll be afther telling me who gave it you."

"No!" returned the youth quite firmly, as his spirit rose against the unjust suspicion of his friend: "no, that I can't do, its a secret; and I'm blister'd if I snitches upon any body! all as I've got to say is, there it is, and its yourn if you likes to have it."

"Hear to me, Jem," vociferated the Irishman, as grief and anger struggled in his breast; "Pat Donovan is poor—Saint Pathrick help me—but he never did a dirty action in his life. Tell me how you came by this money."

"Vell, I have told you," returned Jem, somewhat sullenly; "and 'ty's the matter as you don't take my vord for it?"

"'Cause, for the first time in my life, its meself as misdoubts you, Jem," answered Donovan with warmth: "do you mane to look upon me as a friend or not?—have I ever desaved or deserted you?"

"Why, no," uttered Jem, affected by his old patron's manner? "but 'vot's up, as makes you go to take on in this here manner?"

"Will you, or won't you be afther telling me where you got this purse and your new dthress from?" demanded Pat with energy; "arrahl Jem, it's sore and sorry is my heart at this time."

"The boy looked earnestly at him—the truth flashed upon his mind that his honesty was suspected—a flush glowed upon his cheeks as he exclaimed, "Vot, do you think I thuv 'em then?"

"By the soul o' me, and its jist that ting, Jem," uttered Pat; "and sooner than touch a copper that was stole, I'd go barefoot wid starvation—so I would."

Jem experienced, at this moment, what many thousands have done before him, and will do to the end of time. He had prided himself upon performing a grateful and generous action; his heart had swelled with delight at the prospect of bettering the condition of his Irish friend; he had never once contemplated anything like failure and disappointment; and now to be met with contumely and reproach, his honesty suspected, and his kindness rejected, it overwhelmed him, and he burst into tears.

"It's thrue, then?" exclaimed Pat; "an it's yerself that's guilty? Och! hone, och! hone—but it 'ull never prosper, Jem;"—he flung the purse with vehemence upon the floor;—"devil a hapenny will I touch of it—and that's meself."

Jem picked up the purse, and, almost broken-hearted, was walking towards the door: "I never thuv so much as a pin in my life, barring a little fruit out of a garden," said he; "there's not never a sixpence but vot's honestly yaarned and come by, and so you'd say if you know'd all—I arn't never going back among them ere chunnies again—I'm a barrownight's boy now, and he's made a genelman of me—so, if you vont have it, I can't help it—good-bye;" and he sobbed as he proceeded to the top of the stairs.

"Stop! Jem—arra! stop!" vociferated Pat, as he ran and caught the boy's arm and brought him back again into the room. "By the holy Saint Pathriek, that darleen of a saint, but I have it now! it's yerself and them as owns you have found one another out—your father, Jem?—your mother, Jem?—oh! by the powers! but it's meself has the talent for making diskiveries! Arrah! where are they, Jem?"

"Vere's who?" said the boy, equally as much surprised at the Irishman's joy as he was with his anger; "I arn't never got no father nor mother,—nor nobody but you and Sir Ventworth, and the lady. It's a love affair, Muster Dunnywon, and I done a job for 'em; only it's all a secret, and the barrownight has taken me into his sarvice; and the lady guv me the purse, and there's gold and bank notes in it, and I thought they would do you good, and so I brought them; but if so be as you vont have 'em, vy I'll give 'em back again—for I shan't never vant nuffin now."

"Oh-h-h," drawled out Pat, raising himself to his full stature, and closing one eye, as he knowingly applied his finger to the side of his nose; "a love affair is it? then it's meself as smells a rat—an how was it, Jem?"

The lad, thus pressed, revealed the whole affair to his friend, on whose discretion he hoped he might rely; and, the painful weight of suspicion being removed from Pat's mind, he at once accepted the bounty of his *protégé*, and rejoiced over his good fortune.



They parted mutually gratified; Jem promised to visit his friend at every opportunity, and took his departure, swaggering along towards — Square, stopping occasionally to look at the shop windows, and giving a trifle of money to every poor creature who appeared to be in distress.



At length he reached the square, and was ascending the steps of the house, as a capacious but handsome travelling carriage with four reeking steeds drove up to the front and stopped. There were two mounted out-riders, one of whom instantly sprang off his horse, and made such an attack upon the knocker and the bell, that the whole square echoed again.

"Clear the gangway, and let down the side ladder," uttered a hoarse gruff voice from withinside of the vehicle; and Jem, casting his eyes in that direction, beheld a grim visage, with an enormous carbuncled nose protruded out of the window. "My crikey, said he, "vot a rum looking ould codger it is!"

The servant obeyed, and forth from the carriage came Sir Mulberry

Boreas. If Jem had been amused by the queer countenance of the veteran, it was now changed into admiration, when he beheld the large shining buttons, the broad gold lace, the bullion epaulettes, the heavy hanger, and the huge cocked hat, of the gallant knight as he entered the dwelling.

"Vell, I never did!" said Jem to himself, as soon as he lost sight of this nautical phenomenon; "I vonder vether that covey's the king!—I vish Muster Dunnuywon was here to tutorate me." The servant ascended the steps;—"I say," continued the lad, addressing him, "is that ere genelman the king?"

"No, my boy," returned the man, with a good-humoured laugh, "that's not the king he's the Prince of Whales."

"Prince of Vales, eh?" rejoined Jem; "vell he's a rum un to look at—he is. Is all the Prince of Valeses like him?"

The baronet, though somewhat embarrassed by the sudden and unexpected arrival of his uncle, immediately waited upon him; and after the usual congratulations and compliments, the admiral inquired, "Have you received any despatch, or heard any news of the captain?"

"None, whatever, sir," replied Sir Wentworth; for the captain had not written to him, preferring that the first overtures should come from his younger brother.

"You know that the frigate has arrived in England, I suppose," said the admiral;—"the papers would tell you that."

"My health has been so much out of order lately, that I seldom see the papers," returned Sir Wentworth. "Do you frequently peruse them?"

"For the shipping news and gazette letters," answered the admiral hastily; "it's only them things that makes them worth looking at. But the captain arrived at Spithead two or three days ago, and was ordered round to the river to be paid off, I suppose. We have had some rough weather in the channel, and the frigate's bones must be shaky:—not that I have any fear of Ned, for I taught him seamanship myself—but there's no fighting again a heavy gale in a craft with as much leakage as a fisherman's well. So, nevey, jump aboard with me, and we'll make sail for the Admiralty; if he's there, you must give him the meeting and a hearty salute. Poor fellow! he feels it, no doubt; but he's too honest-hearted to blame them as can't help it; so clap your truck over your mast-head, and bear a hand about it, or we shall get no news."

Thus urged, Sir Wentworth joined his uncle in the carriage, and away they drove to the Admiralty.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Still the leak is gaining on us,  
Both chain-pumps are choked below;  
Heaven have mercy here upon us,  
Only that can save us now."

DIEDIN.

THERE is not a navigable river in the world that bears more traffic on its bosom than the river Thames; and yet there are but few, if any, whose entrance is so narrowed and obstructed by dangerous shoals; in fact, the whole estuary from the North Foreland to Orfordness, and right up to the Nore, is nearly blocked up by sands running in parallel succession to each other, and in several parts jutting into, or crossing the channel, which still remains between them, and through which it would be utterly impossible for a stranger to conduct his ship without imminent hazard, or positive certainty of losing her even in fine weather. And yet the experienced pilot is so familiar with every part, that frequently in the darkest nights he will feel his way through the intricate passages with a confidence in his own knowledge that generally insures safety. Still it is at most times a difficult task; but it becomes especially fearful in the long and cheerless nights of winter, when the gale of wind is blowing from the southward, and the short and broken seas come rushing in with almost irresistible violence; and the rain, or snow, or sleet,—sometimes all three combined,—blow fiercely in the face with cutting sharpness, so as to blind the sight and scarify the skin.

In the open ocean there is but little danger to be apprehended, except from the war of elements; and these the well-practised seaman is so much accustomed to, that, exercising his skill and judgment with becoming hardihood, he meets the emergency with promptitude, and averts the threatened evils of the terrible conflict. He calculates with nice precision the balance of sail which his vessel requires to keep her steady, and preserve her from being overstrained; and this once arranged, he tends her with an earnest solicitude and care, that evidences an ardent desire to prevent his gallant bark from sustaining injury; the wakeful helmsman watches her coming up and falling off, and eases her to the rolling seas, whilst his heart responds with sadness to every groan of the labouring craft. Near the land, however, other enemies appear: the rock—the shoal—nay, even the friendly port may cause destruction if approached at an unseasonable hour.

The poor old Neverflinch had crossed the wide ocean in safety; but now when near her place of rest she was convulsed by storms that







seemed determined to annihilate her. Like a battered and worn-out pugilist, who had fearlessly fought his many battles, and whose once stout frame had become subdued by hard knocks and heavy throws upon the ropes, did the shattered frigate stagger beneath the pressure of repeated blows; but with the same indomitable spirit as the boxer, she still strove to stand up against the raging seas that pitched into her right fore-and-aft; whilst many a facer and cross-buttock shook every timber in her hull, and made her masts quiver and bend like willow rods. But her strength was rapidly decreasing; her joints were loosened and enfeebled; the foresail was gone; and with only a maintopsail and a mainstaysail, she dragged slowly and wearily along through the element which she had but shortly before proudly spurned beneath her fore-foot.

Below, the leak was gaining fast and could not be resisted, so that the destruction of the frigate seemed inevitable; whilst above, upon her decks, were three hundred men, whose fate depended upon that of the severing planks which bore them. When the foresail was rent away, a wild cry arose; but Captain Weatherall was not the man to yield beneath the influences of fear. It is true there was enough to dismay and appal even a stout heart;—for who can witness the near approach of a dreadful death without shuddering at the prospect? but it was not consideration for his own personal safety that occupied the thoughts of the gallant chief;—he looked upon the brave fellows whose existences he valued as so many sacred deposits entrusted to his keeping; and an oppressive feeling of melancholy came crushing down upon his spirit as he mournfully contemplated their probable, nay, almost certain doom. Still he knew that to prevent the horrible dread which would otherwise steal over them, it was necessary to keep them actively engaged on some work or other; whilst, in the midst of his anxious and onerous duties, he breathed the secret and mental prayer to Heaven, imploring the God of mercy to still the raging of the tempest.

“We must have more forud sail upon her, sir,” said the pilot to the captain, as they stooped their heads under the lee of the weather-bulwark of the quarter-deck. “She is bagging down bodily to loard under this canvass; and we shall drift down upon the Kentish Knock, supposing we escape the Long-sand head. We must drag her out somehow or other.”

“The best foresel has been blown away,” responded the captain, in the same loud tone in which he had been addressed; “and there is no other on board that will bear such a breeze as this; so that it will be wholly a waste of time to bend it to the yard.”

“Have you a spare topsel, sir, that you can trust to?” demanded the pilot, whose mind was dwelling upon the sands under their lee, and towards which they were fast drifting. But before any answer could be given, a noise, like the bursting of a heavy piece of ordnance, was heard aloft;—the foot-rope of the maintopsail had parted, and the canvass was blowing in ribands from the topsail-yard.

This fresh calamity almost overpowered the wearied faculties of both

officers and men; for the superstition which is inseparable from the character of a seaman, induced a belief that the hand of Heaven, as well as its mighty breath, was against them unto death, and therefore further resistance would be unavailing. But this feeling was not of long duration; the never-dying principle of hope once more aroused the energies which had for a brief space yielded submissively to terror; and again the voice of Captain Weatherall was heard above the bellowing of the gale, commanding the topmen aloft to cut the remnants of the tattered sail away. The well-known accents of their commander gave encouragement and renewed confidence to the men whose dependent natures ever require something to which they can cling. In a moment all was active obedience; and, in the execution of some occupation, the mind was relieved from thinking on the dreaded future, which else might vanquish courage. The sail-makers were busily engaged in getting out the spare topsails although it was next to impossibility to render them serviceable; the carpenters were endeavouring to clear and repair the chain-pumps that had become damaged and choked; and, by the captain's orders, there was scarcely an individual for whom some duty was not found to detach his attention from their perilous situation.

The frigate laboured heavily, wallowing in the waters, and drinking in the briny fluid at her opening seams; whilst, gradually sinking,—as she most certainly was,—the short and broken seas dashed furiously over her, throwing high the spray, like breakers upon a half-tide rock. She no longer rose buoyant upon the waves like the fin-back in his sport; but moodily and sternly received the buffetings of the foe that was consigning her to the bottom.

Suddenly a dense blackness appeared to windward, sweeping over the surface of the deep towards them. It was crested with pale grey misty vapours of varying shape, that might well have been deemed the spirits of the powers of darkness urging their headlong career on the winged coursers of the tempest, to spread forth devastation, desolation, and death. Streaks of forked lightning, like fiery arrows, darted hither and thither; and there was a strange rumbling of thunder, mingled with a noise of shrieks and tumult in the air, that produced on every mind a mysterious dread. All beheld it with almost breathless anxiety; even Captain Weatherall and the old master gazed for the moment in silent awe; and the gale, which but a few minutes before roared in all its fury, became comparatively still in the presence of this dreaded visitor, so that the mainstaysail flapped heavily to windward in the weather roll.

“Hard up—hard a-weather the helm,” shouted the pilot through his speaking trumpet. “Starboard hard;” and his voice came with startling effect to every soul fore-and-aft, from the stillness that prevailed in the sudden subsiding of the storm.

The man at the helm promptly obeyed the command; round went the wheel, but whilst it was yet revolving, a tall dark figure was seen moving quickly along the quarter-deck with a bright axe over his shoulder, on which the lightning glistened with a reddening hue.







"Hard up it is, sir," exclaimed the steersman, as he planted his feet with greater firmness on the deck, and with nerves of iron held the struggling wheel in its straining position.

The man with the axe took his station to windward of the mizen-mast, as a second seaman was seen entering the weather mizen channels: a wave of the hand gave token of recognition and communication between the two.

"Does she answer her helm?" demanded the pilot with quickness, "is her head paying off?"

"No, sir," replied the man at the weather wheel; and then added in a lower tone, "she hugs the wind as a witch hugs the devil,—that devil that ull stifle her."

"Hold on every soul, fore-and-aft," exclaimed the captain, turning round from contemplating the approaching hurricane; and he was instantly obeyed, as with breathless agitation the seamen beheld it nearing them.

"Does she fall off?" again demanded the pilot, in a tone of alarm that at once communicated its influences to the people.

"No, sir," responded the man at the wheel; and then looking at his assistant to leeward, added, half jocosely, half terrified, "We're a doomed craft, ould Flipper; I ounly wish my trick was out, I'd find somut to cherish the cockles of my heart, so as to slip out o' this here world without my knowing on it."

The pilot watched the frigate's head with the utmost eagerness; but except the motion when tossed into the air or plunged beneath the wave, it did not vary so as to indicate that it was yielding to the pressure of the rudder. The dense darkness was nearing them fast; it looked like a lofty cliff of jet, at whose base the hoary foam was dashing in vengeful rage; and the closer it approached, the sounds of a rushing noise were more distinctly heard, for the winds had died away almost to calm. The pilot looked abaft and beheld the tall figure with his gleaming axe as he stood by the mizen-mast; he then gave one rapid glance forward and ascertained that the ship's head had not receded. Turning round he gazed to windward at the hurricane, and his shout rose high and loud, "Cut—cut away my man—for your life. Stand clear there of the falling mast."

Joe Blatherwick (for it was he, who, with intuitive reason, had so judiciously taken his station) raised his ponderous axe, and, waving it round his head, sent its keen edge deep into the mast, so that it was not till the frigate lurched to leeward that he could regain it. "Cut away the laniards there smartly, Jem," shouted he to Hardover in the channels. "Cut—cut away, my boy;" and once more the axe was buried in the gaping wound. The laniards were severed; the shrouds with their dead-eyes flew in-board; and, as the frigate rolled over to port, down crashing came the mast with its top-hamper over the lee-quarter, crushing the bulwark into splinters, and levelling it with the deck. Knives and tomahawks were busily at work clearing away the wreck.

The hurricane was now close to them; but the only wind they had,

came fitfully in fierce gushes, and then died away in moans. The frigate's head still refused to obey the impulse of the rudder; and Joe Blatherwick instinctively took his station to windward of the main-mast, whilst the coxswain got out into the main channels, now accompanied by three or four others.

"Hold on there, my men," roared the captain, as the hurricane caught the frigate and nearly threw her on her broadside; whilst whole sheets of water poured down like cataracts upon the doomed vessel:—dark figures were seen for a moment struggling in the white foam to leeward; they had been washed overboard, and soon disappeared in the grave which was yawning to receive them. No human voice could then be heard for the mighty thunder that broke and rattled over their heads; but in the streaming lightning Hardover beheld his gallant shipmate cutting at the main-mast, and instantly sharp knives were severing the laniards, so that in little more than a minute down came the heavy spar; but its fall was scarcely heard amidst the din of elementary strife and the shrieks of drowning wretches who had foolishly remain aloft in the main-top without suspecting their imminent danger.

Oh, it was a fearful spectacle! and horribly did it torture those who saw their shipmates hurried into eternity, and every instant expected to follow them. Who the individuals were, could not be ascertained; their forms were only seen for a brief interval tossing in the hoary foam; nor was an ejaculation of enquiry uttered where all looked for a similar fate. With the fall of the main-mast, the frigate righted a little; though the waves beat wildly upon her as she lay like a dead log exposed to their utmost fury, and settling deeper in her ocean grave.

Thus the hurricane swept over them in its devastating wrath; its duration altogether was not more than twenty minutes; and when it passed away to leeward, the heavens to windward assumed a cheerful brightness,—the gale was at an end,—day was bursting open the portals of light in the east,—a crystalline tint of crimson glowed upon the horizon,—and men beheld it like the countenance of a deity assuring them of succour and of safety. The waters were still convulsed and agitated; and the poor shattered and deepening wreck laid groaning amidst their turmoil.

Men now began to look around them and inquire who was gone. The captain was the first consideration, as his commanding voice had not been heard; but he was nowhere to be found; nor could any one give the slightest account of him. He had been last seen standing near Joe Blatherwick when the main-mast was cut away; but Joe was also missing, and it was immediately conjectured that both had been carried overboard with the wreck of the fallen mast, which laid alongside, secured by the lee-rigging. It was yet too dark to distinguish objects clearly; and there was no means of procuring lights,—as even the binnacle-lamp had been extinguished,—except by flashing powder from the pan of a pistol on to a gunner's match—could one be found dry enough to ignite. But this, after some search, could not be accom-

plished; and whilst other methods were trying, several of the best seamen descended on to the spar, and in despite of the water washing over them, inspected every part; the shrouds and rigging were hauled up and examined, and the body of an officer was seen emerging from the sea: it was entangled in the running gear, and a low murmur passed amongst the seamen that it was the corpse of their late gallant captain, but, on hoisting it over the side, it was discovered to be all that remained of the good old master—a lifeless shell.

No traces of the captain could be ascertained; and other duties calling upon the men, the first lieutenant issued his orders for re-manning the pumps, getting a sail bent to the fore-yard, and preparing jury-masts. The pilot took the bearings of the Foreland; the frigate had a good clear to leeward for drift, provided she could be kept afloat; but this latter was extremely doubtful.

The sun arose in all the brightness of his summer splendour; and activity again prevailed amongst the remnant of that gallant crew, who however, deeply lamented the loss of their much-loved chief, and messmates, now no more. A cask of spirits was broached, and a gill of rum served to each, which, with a biscuit, was the only refreshment they had taken for many hours: it revived their energies, and every one went to work with good will. But the water still kept gaining on the pumps in defiance of all their efforts to check it; and it became evident that unless the leaks could be stopped, there would be no possibility of saving the ship. Sails were hauled under the bottom, but it was unavailing; the stern-post had given way, and the water rushed in more impetuously than ever.

Finding all their exertions to keep the frigate buoyant utterly useless, command was given to lower and launch the boats, and prepare rafts; and for this latter purpose the fore-mast was also cut away, and laid parallel to the main-mast, (the mizen-mast had drifted clear and was some distance astern;) all the spare spars that had not been washed away were lashed upon the masts; handspikes, capstan bars, and hatch gratings were seized upon the top, and extended over all. Not a man flinched from duty, or preferred himself to a shipmate;—they worked together willingly and cheerfully; and though Mrs. Marshall still declared that the whole was a judgment upon her husband for “hauling his wind” among the lasses, yet the love of life prevailed so strongly in her bosom, that she readily proffered her assistance, and was among the first who was placed in a boat.

The poor frigate lay groaning in her death-throes, but the commotion in the water was rapidly going down; and though the sea occasionally broke over the raft, yet it floated perfectly safe. Boats too were seen coming out from Margate; and the pilot discovered, by the aid of the glass, that the great boat which had brought him out to the frigate was amongst the number, whilst a ship and brig were rounding the Foreland, and steering directly for them. Here, then, was the promise of rescue from death; and though their joy was damped by the loss of their chief, yet life was doubly precious when so hastily and recently snatched from the very jaws of destruction.



The first lieutenant stood on the quarter-deck, and the carpenter came to him by order. "Well, Mr. Augurbore," said the former, "will the men have time to save anything."

"Nothing but their lives, sir," responded the carpenter; "their mess-berths are already under water, and—"

"Enough—enough, Mr. Augurbore," answered the lieutenant, "we'll not say another word about it." He turned away. "Young gentlemen and quarter-masters, request all the officers to favour me with their attendance aft here, and bear a hand about it."

In a few minutes. minutes of the utmost importance, the whole were assembled. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are about to bid farewell to an old friend;" his voice quivered with emotion, as he added "one is already gone. Gentlemen, the officers must be the last to quit the ship, unless ordered to do otherwise. Mr. Screamer (the boatswain), pipe the hands up—boatswain's mates, divide your watches—Mr. Handsail, muster the starboard watch—Mr. Allen, muster the larboard one—master-at-arms, ship's corporals, and sergeants of marines, go with Mr. Purvis and search the decks, to see that none are left below—captain's steward, take the coxswain with you, and bring up the captain's writing-desk and all the papers you can find in the cabin; do not throw away an instant of time—signal men, hoist the ensign on the spar abaft and the pennant on the studdensel boom in a-midships (two jurmasts for boat's sails). Look smart, all of you, and behave like men."

The orders thus given were immediately obeyed; the hands were piped up, and assembled on the quarter-deck, except the gangs that still worked the pumps; and the persons who had been directed searched every place below to see that none were left behind. The midshipmen mustered the watches, and the men passed into the boats or on to the raft, as ordered by the officers, with the utmost regularity, and a melancholy silence prevailed, broken only when the memory of a messmate or a shipmate, who was not there to answer his name, was mournfully apostrophised by the survivors, or a farewell was addressed to the gallant old bark that had so nobly stood under them both in battle and in storm, but would never again breast the foaming billow, or echo to the roar of broadsides.

The raft was crowded, and the boats well filled—the captain's papers were secured—and all was declared to be ready; the carpenter urging upon the first lieutenant the instant abandonment of the ship—the gangs were called from the pumps, and embarked in a boat reserved for them—and the first lieutenant stood alone and for the last time upon that quarter-deck which had for several years been his throne and his dominion. A deep feeling of mingled solemnity and sorrow came over him: the frigate was an old friend whom he loved, and though parting at any time would have been painful, yet in the present case the fountains of his heart's depths were broken up, and tears gushed from the eyes of the man who had stood undaunted in the heat of bloody conflict and fearlessly braved the storm. There was no one there to witness his emotion as he looked along the decks which had so lately been crowded, but were now lone and deserted. He thought of the loss of his excel-



*View of the ship of the line*



lent captain, and breathing a fervent thanksgiving to heaven for a life preserved, he descended the gangway; and the boats taking the raft in tow, shoved off to attain a proper distance from the sinking ship, so that they might not be involved in the vortex as she went down.

The vessels—a sloop of war and a gun-brig—together with the boats were nearing them fast; but the leading boat was observed to lower her sail and hang on for a minute or two by the wreck of the mizen-mast, when she again hoisted her lugs, and proceeded on her course towards them. The boats with the raft laid floating on the tide, awaiting the last struggle of the old Neverflinch, who, though a mere hulk, and with the lower sills of her ports nearly even with the water, still carried her ensign and pennant proudly aloft, as if disdaining to surrender, though utterly conquered in the strife that had almost torn her into pieces.

The leading boat was that in which the pilot had come off, and she steered directly for the frigate, lowering her sails and running alongside. The first lieutenant hailed them from the raft to keep off, and apprized them of their danger; but his tongue was silenced when he beheld his old commander, Captain Weatherall himself, ascend the side, and pass over the gangway, followed by the veteran Joe Blatherwick. All saw them, and momentary superstition enforced silence, as they were dimly seen through the spaces in the shattered and crushed bulwarks passing round the decks. But when they again returned to the gangway, and the captain, removing his hat, stood bare headed as he waved an adieu to his gallant vessel, all doubts were at an end, and loud cheers responded to the action, which were returned by honest Joe. They then descended to the boat again, and joined the people on the raft.

Warm and sincere were the congratulations of his officers and men for his once more being restored to them; but this gradually subsided into deep silence, and every head was uncovered, every man stood erect, as a loud report from the frigate indicated that her decks had blown up. In a minute or two the water rushed into her ports—her bows sank slowly down—her stern rose up—and forging hastily a-head, she rushed to the bottom carrying with her the corpse of the old master, who thus found a coffin and a grave.

The sloop and the gun-brig very soon arrived, and the men on the raft, as well as those in the boats, were speedily transferred to them, and every means resorted to for securing the pieces of wreck; which having accomplished, and a revenue cruiser directed to remain near the spot, they made sail to work into the Queen's Channel, and proceed to Sheerness.

"Well, I'm blessed, Joe," said the coxswain to his messmate Blatherwick, as they stood upon the sloop's forecastle, "but I thought it was all over with you, and Davy had grappled hould on you at last."

"Davy! not he, the beggar," returned the boatswain's mate, as he took an ample pull at a piece of negro-head which the other offered for his acceptance; "though I must own as he did clap me alongside more than once, but with the assistance of some angel or other—mayhap it was my Poll as crossed my daylight—I made the lubber sheer off."



"And how did you manage to get overboard, Joe?" inquired the coxswain, "and where did you take the skipper in tow? God bless his honour! I felt like another man when I coteht sight on him again; for d'ye see, messmate, he's somehow got coiled away round a fellow's heart, that it's impossible to capsize the bights; and when it was diskivered as he was lost, it was like tearing the very life out o' me. But tell us all about it, Joe."

"Why the long and the short of it is just this here," returned the boatswain's mate. "You know, Jem, when you got into the main-channels to clear away the weather laniards, I manhandles my axe to make my mark upon the mast; because, d'ye mind, I was dubersome if it was not soon over the lee gangway all hands 'ud be adrift, and the craft somewhere away where she is now. But it was sharp work, messmate, to give strength to the blow and the frigate playing at ducks and drakes in the water, besides being nearly on her beam-ends. Now, Jem, I had no orders to eut, and though seeing as Poll's foundered, I did not care much about the matter of foundering myself; yet as there was ould messmates and shipmates just come home, and a fair sprinkling of youngsters, who had rather have a glass of grog than a full belly of salt water, why I cut away at the mast as the fox bit off his tail when he got it hard and fast in a trap. But just as I gave the last stroke, I slipped, and should have gone to looard, but that somebody coteht hold of my arm till I righted again, when looking as well as the darkness would allow, I seed it was the skipper. 'God bless your honour,' says I, 'for that ere puekalowing me. Let me have another slap at the stick, and it will come down this time.' Well, I raises the axe, and eut; and the shrouds and dead-eyes came flying in-board, and one on 'cm gives the skipper a clout o' the head, just as the sea made a breach over us. Away he flew over the lee gangway, like a dipsy lead, and down came the mast thundering arter him. Now, you know, messmate, I'd been reared in a collier, where the apprentices take to the water as nat'rally as a Newfoundland dog, seeing as they sarve their time to it in all weathers; so when I seed the skipper coming that sort of traverse, why I 'stinectively jumps over upon the wreck to try and pick him up. But there was such a hissing noise in the back water, and the ship looked so much like a black coffin hanging above me, that my head got bothered, and I almost forgot what I was arter. Howsomever I happened to catch sight of summut dark amongst the white eddies; and with a spring like a billy-goat I bounded at it making sure it was the skipper; but it was only his hat, which I knowed by the dogvane on its quarter. 'Still,' says I to myself, in all due course of mattymatical reason, 'if the truck's so close aboard o' me, the mast-head as owns it can't be very far off; and so I watches like a gull catching sprats, and presently I seed a hand with a uniform cuff vising up about a couple of fathoms away on my beam, and taking a dive, I went down under the body, and forced it up to the surface; for, d'ye mind, messmate, there's no good in letting a drowning man elap his grappling-irons on to you, and so both go down together; and I larned that from a wooden-legged leftenant as commanded a cutter. I belonged to a seventy-four as was fitting out in Portsmouth harbour,

and the cutter was lying alongside waiting a tide. We were rigging the main-yard, as it lay athwart the gunnel, and I went out on the starboard side—that's where the cutter was lying, messmate—to clap on the brace-block and the lift, when, somehow—we'd been paid prize-money, Jem, and there was suction enough aboard for a South-Sea ocean of whales, so I'll tell you no lie about it,—I'd been bowsing my jib up, and got a taut leech to my nose, when I makes a slip-bend of it, and knocks a hole in the water, and the block comes arter me right down on top of my head, so as to stupify me. At first nobody seed me but the wooden-legged leftenant of the cutter, and he threw me the eend of a rope, but it fell short, and I was so grummetified with the rap on the sconce, that, blow me, if I didn't take it as easy as a marine officer, and down I went among the fishes, as I drifted astern without once striking out. I was dead stuperflabbergasted, messmate, and my head was just like a methody chapel when all hands are singing psalms, or a church-steeple with a peel o' bells a ringing, or a Philadelphy lawyer when he's larning proclymations; in short, Jem, the handle of my brains went hard up and hard down, like a sloop's tiller in a stark calm. Presently I feels a tremendous poke in my ribs, that drives me to the top of the water, for I was sinking, messmate; and somebody shouts in my ear, 'Out oars, and give way, my man,' and so I tries to swim, but it wouldn't do, messmate, and I was dropping under, like a stone, when poke comes somut again right under me, that shook me out of my sleep, and up I rises once more, and shakes the spray from my bows. By this time I'd got a little gumption into me, and 'Leave off your poking,' says I, 'for a poke's no joke, any how,' and then I seed the leftenant of the cutter swimming alongside of me. 'Rouse, rouse, my man,' says he, 'strike out, and save yourself.' 'Aye, aye, yer honour,' says I, 'but no more poking,' says I; but Jem, I couldn't bring the thing to its proper bearings, and I felt non-plushed and sinking again, when I'm blessed if the leftenant didn't dive, and poke he come it again; and so he kept me afloat till one of the boats picked me up. And how do you think he did it, Jem? Well, then, I'm blow'd if it warn't with his wooden leg. He wouldn't let me clap him aboard, or even touch him; but when I was going down, he dives, and whips his ammyntion leg under me, and pokes me up again; and so, Jem, d'ye mind, I larned a lesson I havn't never forgot."

"But what about the captain, Joe," inquired the coxswain eagerly; for though he was mightily tickled with the veteran's yarn, yet he was extremely anxious to learn in what way his esteemed commander's life had been preserved.

"Why, as tō the matter of that, Jem," returned the boatswain's mate, hitching up his trousers, and assuming a look of self-satisfied importance, "I saved him."

"And proud you ought to be of it, messmate," uttered Hardover with fervour: "I'd give my year's pay if I could say as much."

"I *am* proud of it, Jem, as far as doing my duty goes: and I values it more than all the prize-money as comes to my whack," rejoined the boatswain's mate; "but who is there now to share my pride or my

prize-money? Oh! Poll, Poll, you'll carry away the swiftness of my heart!" He pumped up a heavy sigh—"God protect her! I wonder where the devil she can have got to."

"Never fear, Joe, but you'll get within hail of her some o' these here days," said the coxswain feelingly; "but tell us how you saved the skipper."

"And the babby, too," continued the veteran, whose thoughts were dwelling on the woman, who, in spite of all her failings, he most ardently loved. "But I tell you what it is, messmate; that 'ere consarn o' the young un is a mixtery to me. I saved the skipper, but I can't save them." And rough as he was, he dashed a messenger of sensibility from his furrowed cheek.

"Come, Joe, avast heaving on that top-rope," exclaimed the coxswain persuasively, and now more desirous of hearing the boatswain's mate's narrative, as he hoped it would detach his thoughts from painful subjects; "I tell you, you takes it too much to heart."

Blatherwick gave him a look in which reproof and long-trying friendship were blended, and then uttered, "Ah! Jem, you never know'd what it is to be the father of a fine boy."

"Mayhap not, messmate—mayhap not," responded the coxswain, who could not forbear smiling at the conclusions to which the veteran had come, both with respect to his paternity and the sex of the child, as neither had been affirmed, and the whole story rested on the tattle of an old crone. "But I say, Joe," added he, "just belay all that, and tell us about the skipper."

"I wool, Jem—I wool," answered the boatswain's mate, giving himself a forcible shake, as if to throw off distressing recollections; "where was I? Oh, aye, I remembers now; I'd just brought the captain to the surface—for I found it was he by his applets sparkling in the lighting, and when I twigged the swabs I know'd him directly. We were broad away from the wreck, and the tide was carrying us astarn so that I saw it was onpossible to tow him to the main-mast, and in consequence I hailed him to bear up for the mizen-mast, that was thumping under the counter; but, Lord love yer heart, I might as well have hailed Adam's grandpapa, and I began to think he had let go the life-lines, and struck to the enemy. Howsomever, messmate, it stood to reason, if he was only onsenible there was no fear of his clinging to me, and so I catches hould on him, and makes him turn the turtle and float upon his back, and then, giving him headway and striking out myself, I grapples the mizen-mast, and stows him athwart it, hoping that, when the squall had blowed itself out, I should make some on you hear me aboard the frigate, and, rumbustical as she was, poor old creatur! we might get him over the quarter into his cabin, and if any of his seams wanted caulking, or his spars wanted a fish clapped on, the doctor would be all ready with his traps and half-o-dezen fathom of plaster. But it shows, Jem, how a man may calkelate his reckoning, and yet be out in his latitude; for whilst I was lashing the skipper to the spar, I logged all these things down in my mind without looking about me and when I had him safe, messmate, and diskivered that his

heart beat like a watch as big as a parish clock, I looked up, and I'm blessed if we warn't clear of the frigate, and drifting away from the stern like fun."



"To hail the ship in such a case as this would have been all the same as whistling a jig to silence thunder. So thinks I, 'Happy-go-lucky! I must make the best on it.' And so I did, messmate; for I was to looard of the top, that broke the sea off us, and I rubbed the skipper's nose just about the tip of it—it's good practice, Jem, to chafe noses in such cases as them there, for it's a sensible part, and alays obeys orders—and I hailed him in his ears as loud as I could, and I claps his two thumbs in atwixt my jaws, and gives 'em a gentle squeegee with my grinders. Feel here, Jem, at my tooth: mayhap you never know'd I'd a cork tooth.

"All right, Joe," responded the coxswain, who could not refrain from laughing, though deeply interested in the narrative. "I never seed your cork tooth, though I knows you have good teeth for drawing a cork out of a bottle o' rum. But heave a hand, my hearty; it seems you did everything by the rule o' thumb."

"You may say that, my boy," uttered the boatswain's mate with great glee; "oh! messmate, there's nothing like it. Many's the time I've brought Poll out of a fit of hextericks by chawing her thumbs, though she guv me full allowance of fist arterwards. Ah! Poll, I wish I could have a bite now, and the babby too. But, Jem, the long and the short of it is, that arter hoperating upon the skipper with pinching,—for that's another surgical tick-tack—I say, messmate, arter pinching and thumping, and biting, he first of all opens his eyes, and then he



opens his mouth, and 'Where am I?' says he, 'Lord love yer honour,' says I, 'it's overboard ye are,' 'And the ship?' says he, 'We can but just see her, yer honour,' says I; 'there she is, like a black speck, and we're adrift on the tubbylent ocean, like a jolly afloat on a main-hatch grating; but I'm heartily glad yer honour's getting monstropolous again, and I hopes no offence to yer honour's thumbs.' 'I'm sadly bewildered,' says he. 'No wonder, yer honour,' says I, 'for you've been rolling over and over enough to twist any officer's brains into grannies knots. There's not none o' the clargy as could stand it, without mixing Greek, and Hebrew, and gum-Arabic, and Scotch, and Dutch, and all the dead langrises together.' 'Who is it with me?' axes he, quite faintly. 'It's Joe Blatherwick, yer honour,' says I, 'as towed you alongside of the wreck of the mizen-mast, arter them there dead-eyes had knocked you overboard, when we cut away the main-mast.' 'Cut away the main-mast?' says he, all dubersome, 'ah! I remembers something about it, but my head—my head is very confused, and'—he stopped short and moved his hands, and thinks I, 'Mayhap it's in regard o' chawing his thumbs,' but he didn't speak again for several minutes, and then he said, 'Well, my man, I am indebted to you for my life thus far; but tell me in what way we left the frigate.' So I up and tells him all about it, Jem, and I gives him his hat—for I'd clapp'd it upon my own head, messmate—and then we hung on to the mizen-mast, talking quite pleasantly, and overhauling some seeret affairs of our own. But the skipper was much hurt, and one time he got quite onsensible in his discourse; and he pulled a pictur out of his busum, and I'm bless'd if he didn't say things as I shouldn't have liked every body to hear; and he kissed the pictur, and called his own self everything but a genelman. Still, messmate, it's my belief he warn' *non compass*, as the larned calls it; and so I tries to bring him round again, when I'm bless'd if he didn't hail me as Molly Somut or other."

"Molly Boyd, mayhap?" said the coxswain, inquiringly.

"So it was, Jem—it was Molly Boyd. Why, how the deuce comed you to savvy that?" replied the Boatswain's mate, eagerly looking at his companion. "But no matter just now, you must tell me that arterwards. So he calls me Molly Boyd, and swore I'd run away with some young lady, and then he——"

"Is there one of the frigate's men forud here of the name of Bladderwig, or Botherwig, or somut like it?" demanded a quarter-master, as he advauced towards the place where they were standing.

"My name's Joe Blatherwick to my friends, and Botherwig to my enemies," answered the boatswain's mate; "which ull you have, shipmate?"

"I wants neither," returned the quarter-master; "it's yer own captain as has sent for you into the cabin."

"Then I knows which he'd like best, and so here goes," replied Joe; "I'll be alongside of him in the twinkling of a handspik." He turned to the coxswain—"It's all right, Jem; I dares for to say he's going to guv me a bottle o' rum to mix with the salt water I've swallowed; a toothful 'ud do us both good, old boy," and away he walked along the

gangway aft to the main ladder, which he descended, and then under the half-deck to the state apartment. Here he found his commander stretched upon the couch, and suffering severely from the injuries he had sustained.

"Come here, my man," said Captain Weatherall, beckoning to him to advance; and Joe, twisting his tarpaulin hat, and walking upon his toes, approached the resting-place of his chief. "I have sent for you to prove that I am not ungrateful for the gallantry you have manifested in rescuing me from immediate death. Is there any thing you would wish me to do for you?"

"Why, yer honour," returned Joe, fumbling about the rim of his hat, "it's all true enough as I saved yer honour, and would do it again if so be as it was wanted to be done. But the salt water arn't werry healthful to a man's witals, and I shipped a few seas in my bridle-port, when we was hanging on by the eye-lids to that 'ere mizen-mast. So, if yer honour would order me a little—no, not a little, for there's a mess-mate or two in the same prediclement—so, if yer honour 'ud be good enough to order me a bottle o' rum, I don't know any thing else as I wants, seeing I can get a new fit-out of toggery when the prize-money is paid."

"At all events you're not covetous," responded the captain, smiling, though in great pain; for his question had reference to the boatswain's mate's future prospects and welfare in life. "You shall have the bottle of rum, my man—but keep sober, and remember you are in a strange ship, where your captain will be reflected upon if discipline is relaxed. My object in asking whether I could do any thing to serve you went far beyond that; and as life, even at the best, is precarious, take this certificate as evidence of your general good conduct, and more especially for the act by which I have been preserved. Here is also a demand upon my agent for one hundred pounds; and as I understand you are married—"

"Ah, yer honour!" forcibly responded Joe, in the fulness of his heart, "God bless yer honour for your generosity! But where's Poll?—she's cut and run, yer honour; and whether for t'other world, or is still backing and filling in this, why, I knows no more than one of the timber-heads."

"Indeed!" rejoined the captain; "but you have had no time yet to make inquiry. You shall have liberty, and I will render you every assistance."

"There's the babby, too!" exclaimed Joe, almost ready to blubber like a school-boy; "a father will have a father's feelings!—"

"Right, my man—right and proper," uttered Captain Weatherall, as a flush of crimson burst through the brown of his sun-burnt features; "I did not know you were a parent. But take these, and be careful of them; and rely upon it, if my existence is prolonged, I will not forget the service you have rendered me. I will assist you in seeking your wife and child."

"Will ye, yer honour?—Lord love yer heart, will ye?" exclaimed the boatswain's mate, his face lighted up with pleasure, and his eye

gleaming with delight; then I'm blest if I don't lend you a hand to diskiver that there Molly Boyd—"

"Ah!—what!—who?" demanded the captain, rising up with eagerness; "Molly Boyd!—what do you know about Molly Boyd?—speak, my man; tell me—has the coxswain betrayed—"

"What! Jem Hardover, yer honour?" said Joe, somewhat alarmed at his commander's vehemence; "no yer honour; I never heard Jem overhaul a word of the matter—it was yer honour's own self as paid out the slack of all that 'ere, when you was onsensibly spinning a yarn upon the wreck of the mast."

"Indeed! what did I say then?" demanded the now agitated man, his face assuming a very unusual paleness. "But avast, not now—do not tell me now—you shall remain with me at Sheerness, and then I can learn all about it. Go, my man; behave yourself as you have always done—be attentive to your duty. Go; I will not forget you."

Joe moved away a step or two, and then turned round again. "May I speak to the steward, yer honour?"

"Speak to the steward!" hurriedly exclaimed the captain, whose mind was dwelling on associations which the boatswain's mate had conjured up; "what can he know of the matter?—why should you speak to him?"

"In regard of the bottle o' rum, yer honour!" responded Joe, hanging down his head, and looking somewhat confused at his own presumption.

"Oh, aye—yes!" replied Captain Weatherall, who felt relieved by the explanation; "by all means; send him to me—you shall have it, certainly. But again I warn you—keep sober!"

"I wool, yer honour; I wool;" uttered Joe, as he moved towards the cabin door; "no officer or man shall have it to say, 'Black's the white o' my eye.' Good bye, yer honour;" He made a scrape with his foot, and put his right hand to the locks on his forehead. "I hopes we shall have you all a-taunt again before long." And he quitted the presence.

The coveted bottle of liquor was sent to the boatswain's mate, who shared it as a sort of extra indulgence with his messmate Hardover and another or two. But Joe was proffered plenty of grog; for every officer had heard of his devotedness to his commander; and the simple seaman, who believed he had done no more than his duty, found himself looked upon as a noble hero; and fore-and-aft his commendations were repeated. He nevertheless adhered to the promise which he had made to Captain Weatherall, not to get drunk; and when working in for the Little Nore, and he was directed with the coxswain to be ready to accompany his commander, ashore he had avoided his easily besetting sin, and was perfectly sober.

The sloop was shortening sail between the Great and Little Nore previous to anchoring at the latter place, when the quarter-master on the look-out reported to the first lieutenant that the commissioner's barge was pulling out towards them, and he believed there were some officers in her. The first lieutenant directed his glass to the object, and

particularly scanned the persons who occupied the stern sheets. "My glass must be playing me some trick," said he to the surgeon, who stood at his side; "there never can be any human being so hideous in features as the old blade with his gaff-topsel hat in yon boat—he is in uniform too, and I can twig one epaulette at least on the left shoulder;—some veteran master and commander, I suppose."

"Laid up in ordinary for being ugly," returned the surgeon, laughing at his own repartee; "but how has he managed to sport the commissioner's barge?"

"And that puzzles me!" replied the lieutenant. "However, we must have all ready for him. Quarter-master, tell Mr. Whistler, the boatswain, to attend the side. Sidesman, your best ropes; and get a tow-line ready forud for the boat!" He walked aft to his commander, and, touching his hat, reported proceedings. The anchor, however, was let go, and the sloop had swung to the tide before the barge got alongside. The hands were aloft, furling sails; and though the boatswain piped with the utmost shrillness, and the side-boys presented the ropes with their accustomed agility, yet all the officers being engaged in various duties, the visitors did not receive the most prompt attention. The first who ascended the gangway was a veteran of the old school, in an undress uniform and an immense cocked-up hat; he was followed by a gentleman in plain clothes, whose pleasing and handsome countenance formed a striking contrast to that of the old officer, who, on reaching the quarter-deck, removed the immense roof from his head, and courteously saluted the post of honour; for, except a quarter-master and a midshipman no one else was near him.

"The first leftenant will be here, directly," said the midshipman, flippantly, for he could scarcely refrain from laughing at the ludicrous appearance of the old gentleman; "the captain is below, sir; shall I tell him?"

"Harkee, young gentleman," responded the veteran, in a hoarse rough tone, "I tell you what it is—them as plays the monkey, must expect to have monkey's allowance. Go and tell your first lieutenant that I—Vice-Admiral Sir Mulberry Boreas—am on board."

The very title of Vice-Admiral was quite sufficient to terrify the poor little mid, but, when it was coupled with so euphonious a name, he actually trembled; and the first lieutenant making his appearance at that moment, the little fellow slunk below, and no persuasions could induce him to go again upon deck whilst the veteran remained on board.

"I have to apologise for my seeming inattention, Sir," said the lieutenant, raising his hat with all becoming respect when he ascertained by his uniform the exalted rank of the visitor.

"You were attending to your duty, I suppose, sir," remarked the admiral, "and therefore no excuses are necessary. You have come in from the back of Margate Sands, where a frigate has been lost,—and I wish to know—"

"Ax yer honour's pardon, Sir," said Joe Blatherwick, coming up to the veteran, his tarpaulin hat crushed in his left hand, whilst the thumb and finger of his right was fumbling amongst the curly locks that hung



clustering on his forehead; "I hopes no offence, yer honour, but mayhap you mayn't disremember Joe, as was cap'n's coxsun in the Rum-bustical, seventy-four?"

"I recollect you perfectly," assented the admiral, his grim features lighted up by a smile, for he loved to recognise his old shipmates, however humble their station. "But I am engaged just now; wait there, and I'll overhaul a word or two with you presently." He turned to the lieutenant: "And now, sir, if you please, about the frigate?"

"The man you were speaking to, sir, was one of her people—a boatswain's-mate, I believe," responded the lieutenant; "he can afford you every particular; and a brave fellow he is;"—(the admiral beckoned to Joe to return)—"for by all accounts he saved the life of his captain when—"

"What;—what!" exclaimed the admiral, greatly excited—"saved who?—saved the life of Captain Weatherall, did you say?" He extended his hand to the boatswain's-mate, who respectfully took it in his hard horny fist. "Then"—and his voice was tremulous—"I am—I will be his friend for life—Captain Weatherall, you say, was saved?"

"Why, yes, yer honour," uttered Joe, wondering that so much fuss should be made about an act that he merely considered as part of his duty, "I picked him up, and he's down below in the cabin."

During this conversation the colour went and came on the face of the younger man, who appeared considerably agitated; but when he heard that the captain was safe, he fervently ejaculated, "Thank God for that!—I then still have a brother!"

"Shall I still remain on deck, Sir Mulberry?" asked the younger baronet, who, from motives of delicacy, did not like to burst at once upon the captain; "perhaps you had better see him first, and mention that I am here."

"Fudge! fudge, all fudge!" exclaimed the admiral, hurriedly (for his sensibilities were not so acute as his nephew's); "would you lag astern till the signal is made to come within hail? No, no, Ned 'ull be glad to see you—offer him your fist at once—Ned's not the lad to refuse it." And he descended to the cabin, followed by Sir Wentworth.

"What cheer? what cheer, my hearty?" vociferated the admiral, as he entered the door and beheld the captain, who still lay upon the couch; but, instantly struck with his haggard appearance, he lowered his tone: "Hurt, eh?—how's this?—No one ever told me you were hurt!—And here's your brother come to give you a friendly hail."

Sir Wentworth had at first held back lest he should offend the captain by manifesting what might be construed into unfeeling presumption; but when he saw evident symptoms of deep distress and pain, he pushed hastily forward, and grasping the outstretched hand of his elder brother, sat down on the couch by his side, and his nervous system being greatly relaxed, he wept aloud.

For several minutes not a word was uttered. Sir Mulberry blew his nose, and pretended to wipe the perspiration from his face, but in fact it was mere subterfuge to conceal his emotion. At length he

uttered, though his voice was tremulous, "there, there—don't go for to make a fool of yourself, nevvv—blubbering in that fashion like a midshipman's boy at the tail of a gun; Ned's glad to see you; and we'll have him up with us to—— Square; and you shall wait on him; and I'll keep watch and watch with you;—and we'll get him all-a-taunto again. And—" He stopped short, for, weakened by the blow he had received, and his long immersion in the water, the captain, overpowered both in mind and body at this sudden meeting, fell back upon the couch in a state of insensibility.

---

### CHAPTER XIII.

"And in his brain—  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage—he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observations, the which he vents  
In mangled forms."

As YOU LIKE IT.

BUT it is necessary before proceeding further to offer a few words by way of explanation touching the meeting described in my last chapter. It will be recollected that I closed Chapter XI. by stating "Sir Wentworth joined his uncle in the carriage, and away they drove to the Admiralty." At this place Sir Mulberry, whose person was well known, was received with the utmost attention and respect by the under-secretary,—for the man who was honoured with the regard of his sovereign and the esteem of his country was not exactly the character to be despised even at this office. Sir Mulberry inquired whether any information had been received of the position and condition of his majesty's ship *Neverflinch*.

The under-secretary replied that "she had been last seen on the previous night running through the Downs and Gull stream with loss of bowsprit and fore-topmast, firing guns, and showing signals of distress."

"He is a seaman, is Ned," said the admiral, as a glow of pride warmed his heart. "The frigate must be as leaky as a sieve; but if it's any way possible to keep a ship afloat, no one is better able to do it than Captain Weatherall. I thank, you, sir, for your information." And he prepared for departure.

"Do me the favour, admiral, to remain a few minutes," said the under-secretary, a kind-hearted and benevolent man; "I will send to ascertain whether any further intelligence has arrived."

He touched his bell, which was answered without delay by an attendant,—"Jones," directed the secretary—"go and ask Mr. Simpkins if he has heard anything further respecting the *Neverflinch* frigate."

The man bowed, and withdrew. "It has been a tempestuous night, Sir Mulberry; in fact, the gale has been very severe for this season,—don't you think so?"

"Rather of the roughest, Sir," returned the veteran; "but we must expect a squall or two now and then. Why, if it wasn't for a bit of a breeze, we should have all the old women cutting their petticoats short and spinning away aloft for main-top-men."

"A pretty exposure that would be, indeed, admiral," responded the secretary, with a laugh. "But you know many of our seamen, even to this day, wear petticoat trowsers."

"And nothing to beat 'em," asserted Sir Mulberry; "I used to ship 'em in my younger days; and they sarve to keep the wet out and the warmth in."

Some further desultory conversation ensued, till the messenger returned, and reported that, after diligent inquiry, he had been able to learn nothing beyond that with which the admiral was already acquainted. The veteran again thanked the secretary for his attention; and after bidding him "Good day," returned to the carriage; but before he had entered it, and whilst his foot was already on the step, an official came to say that the telegraph was then at work in connexion with that on Shooter's Hill, and the subject of communication—the wreck of the *Neverflinch*.

"Eh?—what?" demanded the admiral, in haste. "Wrecked?—the frigate wrecked, did you say?—But come, nevvv, let's go back to Mr. D—, and wait the issue of the signals. Poor Ned!—the *Neverflinch* wrecked!—but, my life upon it, he behaved like a man."

Without losing a moment, they hastened to the room of the under-secretary, who, though it was contrary to general orders, accompanied them to the roof of the building, where, in the progress of telegraphing, they ascertained that a frigate, supposed to be the *Neverflinch*, had gone down about two miles to the southward of the Kentish Knock, (a sand between two and three leagues from the Foreland,) and that some of the officers and seamen had perished; the rest had been picked up by the *Dandelion* ship sloop, and the *Coldbath* gun-brig, which were then working up the Queen's Channel, conjectured to be bound for Sheerness. The intelligence had been gained from some of the Deal boatmen who had gone out in the morning, and on their return had narrated the particulars at the signal station.

This was quite enough to prompt the admiral to action; for, as it was not known who was lost, and who was saved, his mind became restless, and he determined to start for Sheerness as soon as he had partaken of some refreshment, and fresh horses were put on to the carriage. They returned to — Square, and arrangements were speedily made. "Of course, nevvv, you'll join company," said Sir Mulberry, with something more than mere persuasion in his manner; "so bear a hand, my boy, if so be as you want a change of gear and another suit of sails. Poor Ned!—though, mayhap, he's — Avast, avast! its no use meeting trouble half way; Ned's a seaman, and whatever may have become of himself, I'm sure he did all he could to save his ship;—so look smart

nevy,—the Dandelion, you will have to wait a tide,—and the chances are that we shall get me—it was hard work now.

I need not say that an Sir Wentworth, a very stirring lie, — mind between fraternal regard and the still stronger love for Amelia; still he could not refuse to accompany the admiral, to whom he was so much indebted; and the thoughts of leaving Miss Elwester in her painful and doubtful situation distressed him exceedingly. He entered the library, where he found our hero Jem, luxuriating amongst the books and searching out the pictures. "The very individual I want," said the baronet, who readily perceived that he possessed the means of informing Amelia of every circumstance connected with his unavoidable absence; so hastily sitting down to his desk, he penned an explanatory letter, which, as a matter of course, abounded with endearing epithets of tenderness and fervent affection.

"I am going away, Jem," said the baronet, addressing the boy, "but I trust it will not be for long. To-night—"

"Vere are you going to?" asked Jem, interrupting his patron, and looking rather blank at the announcement.

"I am going to Sheerness," returned the baronet, desirous of fixing the fact upon his mind, "my brother is come home from abroad, and we are to hasten down to fetch him here."

"Ve! vy who does yer honour mean by ve?" demanded Jem, rather gloomily; "you arn't never a-going to take me vith you, are you?"

"No, Jem!—no; I have other occupation for you," replied Sir Wentworth, with energy. "Did you see the strange gentleman who came to-day in his carriage?"

"Vot, the Prince of Vales?" inquired the lad, as he looked earnestly in the baronet's face; "yes, I seed the Prince of Vales, with his big hat, and sword, and gold lace."

"And who told you it was the Prince of Wales?" demanded Sir Wentworth, who suspected some one had been practising upon the boy's credulity.

"Vy, it was von o' the flunkies," replied Jem; sensible that his patron was angry about something, though he could not tell what.

"Oh, it was—was it?" said Sir Wentworth, by no means pleased that such liberties should be taken with his relative. "Can you recollect Jem, which of them it was?"

The lad hesitated; he suspected that all was not right; and he was afraid he should bring the servant into trouble if he identified him—though why, or wherefore, was a mystery, as he firmly believed that he had actually seen the Prince of Wales, and therefore he could not conceive that his informant had erred. Still, hoping to avoid doing any mischief, he answered, "Vy, no, yer honour; I can't say as I should know him again. But vot's up about the Prince of Vales?"

"You have been imposed upon my boy," responded the baronet, hastily, "and I would discharge the fellow who presumed to take such a liberty with his master. The officer you saw is not the Prince of Wales, but Vice Admiral Sir Mulberry Boreas."



"Wice!—vot, yer honour?" asked Jem, placing an estimate upon the man's looks, "severe for his name; well, then he's a Rather of than the Prince of Wales," returned the

"I haven't time to explain these things to you now, Jem," said Sir Wentworth, smiling at the lad's ideas; "but as you will have to try and see the lady to-night, (for you know she expects you,) I want you to understand that my brother, Captain Weatherall, has come from India and I am going down to Sheerness to meet him in company with my uncle."

"Vith who?" inquired the boy, with an arch knowingness in his look. "Vy, vos that ere genelman, as vosn't the Prince of Vales, 'my uncle?' Well, though I've heard 'em talk ever so much about 'my uncle,' I never seed him afore—no vonder he's togg'd off so fine; he must have plenty of dumps to lend so many of 'em as he does, to every-body as *spouts* their traps."

The baronet stared at hearing the lad claim relationship, in the word "my," with the vice-admiral; and still more so at his observation relative to money-lending, for he had no idea that the only "uncle" Jem had ever been acquainted with, even by name, was the wealthy and kind-hearted being, whose sign of the three balls (the Lombard arms), graced every pawnbroker's shop in the metropolis. "What do you mean, my boy?" asked Sir Wentworth; "but we will talk of this at some other opportunity. Now mind what I say—you must contrive to deliver this letter to the lady at the next house, and follow her directions. I shall leave orders with Senhouse to see that you are properly taken care of—"

"Oh, never you go for to mind that ere, Sir Ventworth," said Jem, with an air of confidence; "I arn't been so long in this here vorld but vot I can take care o' myself. Ould Peter Macaw used to say—'Vot 'ull become of you—you young wagabone;' but I'll show Peter Macaw vot I am now. Only you jist give orders to let me have my own vay, yer honour—as much grub as I can eat, and a glass of that ere vine as you guv me yesterday, ven I vant's it—I shall hobble on pretty middling till you comes back—except in regard of a little more money—for I means to go visit my ould master and missus; and I should like to guv the young 'uns a blow out, for ould acquaintance sake."

A servant here entered, and respectfully inquired whether the young baronet was ready for his journey, as the old baronet was waiting. Sir Wentworth told him that he would be with Sir Mulberry in a few minutes; and the servant having retired, corporal Senhouse was summoned, and directed to give Jem every becoming latitude; and to supply his wants in moderation. He then hurried away to his uncle—the carriage was in readiness, and, entering it with the admiral, away they dashed from — Square, and were soon rattling along the road for Chatham.

"And how does the world roll round with you, nevvvy?" inquired the admiral. "What makes you in the sick-list, when you ought to be enjoying yourself, and climbing aloft to pleasure, hand-over-hand?"

When I was your age, young man, thank God, I'd never no time to have anything ail me—it was hard work from morning till night. Mine has been a stirring life, Sir Wentworth, a very stirring life ; and I hope I shall never forget the days when my hands were dipped in the tar-bucket."

"It is a good quality of the mind, Sir," replied the young baronet, "to cherish a feeling of pride at having risen from humble origin."

"Humble, Sir—what do you mean by humble?" retorted the admiral, warmly. "My father was one of the best seamen in his Majesty's navy; and though he never rose higher than boatswain's mate, yet, Sir, he was an honour and credit to the service. Bilberry Boreas, Sir—that's your grandfather, young man, never had a drop of humble blood in his veins."

"I think you have mistaken my meaning, uncle," mildly expostulated Sir Wentworth. "I did not, by the term humble, allude to anything degrading in character; but merely that the station was subordinate."

"And ar'n't we all subordinate?" insisted the veteran, for anxiety had chafed his spirit. "Every man has his especial duty to perform in working ship. The officers would be nothing without the men, nor the men without the officers;—though, I must say, that without officers—aye, and good officers too, the service would go to the devil. I've been brought up in a rough school, nevvvy. I sarved, in my younger days, with some of the best and bravest men in his majesty's navy. I was born under Montague's pennant—mad Montague, as they used to call him. He had the old Bristol; and my very infaney inured me to the music of rattling broadsides—for I was in her when she fought the *Le Invincible*—and I was then only a few weeks old. D— me, sir, I've been brought up from the height of a wad amongst the 'fire-eaters,' as they used to call 'em; and I'll tell you, that when I was only a few weeks old, I was stowed away in a flour-cask, as the ship went into action with Jonquire's squadron. And I've heard my father tell the story often, that whilst the Bristol was engaging the *Le Invincible*, Cap'n Fincher, in the *Pembroke*, tried to run in betwixt us; and because we'd got close alongside, Cap'n Fincher hailed us 'to put our helm a-star-board, or he should fall aboard of us.' And what do you think Montague answered?" The admiral paused.

"I really cannot say, Sir Mulberry," answered the young baronet, whose thoughts were more engaged upon the lady of his affections, than on the yarn his old uncle was spinning; nor did he know what was meant by one ship falling aboard of another. "I really cannot say."

"No—no, how should you?" assented the veteran, with a shake of the head. "You as never saw a shot fired in anger since you was born, it isn't in natur to expect you should know."

Sir Wentworth was somewhat nettled at the supposition of his ignorance in nautical matters. He therefore interrupted his uncle with—"Perhaps, Captain Montague told him not to fall aboard of him for fear he should break his limbs."

Sir Mulberry had been leaning back against the soft cushions of the carriage whilst conversing, but on hearing this, he inclined his body

forward, and looked his nephew earnestly in the face. At first he suspected that a quiz was intended—a joke that he abominated—but seeing Sir Wentworth perfectly serious, the dark scowl left his countenance, and was succeeded by a look that was meant for pity, as he muttered, “What a know-nothing it is! ah, that comes of not being educated in a man-of-war. No, sir; he did not say so—eyes and limbs were not of much consideration that day. No, sir; he told him to ‘run foul of him and be —, for no man in the world should come in between him and his enemy’—that was the spirit, sir. And when he had silenced the *Le Inwincible*, he made sail for the *Le Diamond*; and fought her till the Frenchman’s decks were like a slaughter-house, and his scuppers running with blood, before she struck. Took two of ’em that day; and Bilberry Boreas, your grandfather, young man, was the first man in boarding. Talk about humble origin, indeed!—there was glory in it, sir!—glory! My mother had half-buried me in a flour-cask, as I told you, for fear of the shot, and when my father came down below, and saw me, he wanted to know if they were going to make a sea-pie of me.”

“More like a magpie at present,” thought Sir Wentworth, but he did not say so. “Such recollections,” he observed, “must be peculiarly gratifying.”

“But the admiral was determined, somehow or other, not to be pleased. “No, sir,” said he, they are not recollections; for I was too young then, being only a babby, to know anything about it.”

“It was a noisy and hazardous ushering into life, sir,” remarked Sir Wentworth; and, desirous of pleasing his uncle by humouring his attachment to yarn-spinning, he added, “your adventures must be highly interesting, admiral.”

“I’ve done my duty, young man,” responded Sir Mulberry in a more subdued tone of voice; “and I shared prize-money when I was only twelve months old; for I was entered on the ship’s books as a supernumerary the very day I was born, and we captured a French register-ship, with three hundred and sixty thousand dollars in her hold, besides a valuable cargo. What do you think of that?—I was rolled in dollars, sir—literally rolled in money,—never talk of humble origin again.”

“You really must pardon me, uncle, for making use of that term,” said Sir Wentworth, somewhat vexed at its being so frequently repeated; “I solemnly assure you, I meant nothing offensive.”

“Mayhap not, mayhap not, assented the admiral, with more good humour than he had hitherto manifested; you meant that I rose from a foremast man; and so I did,—it’s my pride that I did,—and good fortune, and a grateful country, have rewarded my services. But avast, avast—whilst speaking of the gratitude of my country, I mustn’t forget what is due to your father, young man; he was a gallant and honourable gentleman, and though there was that bit of a love affair betwixt him and Miriam, he behaved handsomely at the last. For my part, I can’t, for the life of me, understand how people can be so fond of each other as only to exist when together. Women are all very well in their

place, to cook a piece of beef and wash a shirt ashore—though your fine ladies would faint at the thoughts of it. But that which they calls love!—it's like froth on the coom of a sea; and many a true-love-knot gets transmogrified into a hangman's noose."

"Come, come, uncle, not so hard, if you please, upon the females," remonstrated Sir Wentworth; "they are given to man as a blessing."

"And pretty blessings many of them are," exclaimed the old bachelor, "thrown in to make up measure after a hard bargain."

"You are too censorious, admiral," returned Sir Wentworth; "but you do not mean all you say; for I am sure you cannot forget I had a mother and a grandmother who bore the name of Boreas."

"Aye, and so you had, boy," responded the admiral, grasping his nephew's hand with strong feeling, "so you had; and better women never spread cloth to the breeze. Oh, don't think I like you a bit the less for standing up for the sex—I admire them myself—in their places though. Now there was old Rodney; he was a devil of a fellow amongst the lasses, and so was Montague; and though they made thousands upon thousands prize-money, why it never lasted long. I've steered clear of them, young man, and shall be able to leave you and Ned something comfortable when I slip from my moorings. Poor Ned, I hope he's safe!—he'll be an honour to his country—no love affairs for him, I'll answer for it; though he was rather a wild slip at cruising among the lasses at Portsmouth—his ship's his wife—unfortunately he's buried her—but he'll soon be married again—and that's the only wife a seaman should have."

"You forget, admiral," responded Sir Wentworth, laughing, "if sailors were not to marry, the breed of jolly tars would become extinct, and who then shall we get to man our fleets?"

"Right, boy, right," assented the veteran, with great seriousness; "I never thought of that! Aye, aye, it's worth consideration, that is; and who knows but I may get married myself?—in that sense it's a duty we owe our country—eh?—aye, so it is."

But this was a point Sir Wentworth was by no means desirous to bring his uncle to; and therefore, to divert his attention, he observed, "I have heard strange tales about Captain Montague; he once went from Portsmouth to London by land in his boat—didn't he?"

"Ah, I well remember that," answered Sir Mulberry, pleased that he could indulge in his propensity for a yarn; "I was then only a youngster, and had followed him out of the Bristol into the Cumberland. Montague had taken some freak in his head to go to London after a lady—there you see, boy, the women were at the head of the mischief. Sir Edward Hawke had his flag flying at Spithead, and some of the court gentry came down upon the sly to visit him—one of the ladies was a young princess, who was said to be very beautiful; and, at one of your jigamaree balls at Portsmouth, given on the occasion, Montague danced with her royal highness, and they seemed mightily pleased with each other's company. So what must he do but fall desperately in love with the princess, and commit a thousand extravagances; and after the party had hauled their wind for the metropolis,



he goes to Sir Edward Hawke, and asks for leave of absence to make sail for London. The fleet were expecting to go into the Channel, but the Cumberland was refitting; and Sir Edward, fearful that the mad scamp would be after some hair-brained scheme or other, told him that 'the urgency of the service required his utmost exertions, and he could not grant him leave to go further from his ship than his barge would carry him.' Well, my boy, that was quite enough for the harum-scarum brain of Montague, who was never at a loss for a project—his head was like the devil's log-book; every day's work footed up with mischief of some kind or other—and so he orders a spring-carriage to be made upon wheels, and to be down at Point-Beach at a given hour on a day appointed. The secret was kept snug, and at the time named, the barge fresh painted was ordered ashore, and away went the crew, in their best clothes, and Montague was there all ready. So they hauled up the barge, and mounted it on the carriage, and six horses, completely rigged, with fellows in blue silk jackets to steer 'em, clapped on to the towlines, and the coxsun took his station on the box; and Captain Montague sat down abaft, and the crew out-oars, and away they pulled up Point, every body cheering as they went along, and so, before the admiral's lodgings in High Street. Oh, I well recollect it!—for, boy-like, I got leave from the first lieutenant to see the fun, and there was a staff with a pennant hoisted in the bows, and a small ensign hoisted abaft, and men-of-war's-men waving their tarpaulin hats; and the sun shone brightly, for it was spring time; and the crew stretched out as grave as the Book of Judges, and Montague never smiled, but sat as stiff as a gunner's sponge. When they got to the admiral's lodgings on their beam, Sir Edward came to the window—the coxsun waved his hand—the men tossed their oars, and Captain Montague rose up in the stern-sheets and bowed—and then the crowd shouted again, and some of the wags set the bells a-ringing—and it certainly was a curious sight. And so Sir Edward, seeing how matters stood, sent for the captain, and granted him permission to go to London without his barge. But it didn't end there; for Montague had laid in three days' provision—wine, and grog, and hams, and beef, and bread for all hands—and when he had got his leave he told the coxsun to sarve it out, and then there was a precious shindy; for the women—ah, they're always first and foremost in mischief—got aloft into the barge, and the postillions drove round the town, and every soul got a glorious tuck out. Oh, aye, I well remember it!"

Thus far the veteran had allowed the reminiscences of boyhood to get the better of his judgment as an officer: but reflection came over his mind, and he added with much seriousness—"But it was wrong, though, young man!—very wrong in Captain Montague!—it encouraged insubordination, and gave a licensed sanction to drunkenness! The service was not then what it is now, and the seamen were more reckless without being so brave."

"Don't you think, admiral, that association with females has rendered them more civilised without deteriorating from their gallantry?" inquired Sir Wentworth.





"Can't say--never had experience that way," responded the admiral, shrugging his shoulders, "though I sha'n't forget your hint, young man, on the duty of marrying." He looked earnestly at his nephew, whose face had assumed a crimson hue, and added, "You've rubbed the chalk off your log-board my boy, and your figure-head is as red as if you had just drawn a supply of paint from the dock-yard. Is it because I may have a family, that makes you change colour, or have you been looking out for a consort for yourself, eh? Well, mayhap I mayn't be altogether the man to make a long splice of it, though I'm as hale and hearty as ever I was; but it wouldn't be exactly ship-shape to see an admiral of my standing, whose voice has been heard in the roaring of the hurricane and amid the thunder of battle, singing lullaby to a babby that I could cradle in my hat--aye, sir, this very hat;" and the admiral took off his enormous roof, and eyed it with complacency as he went through the imitative process of rocking a child to sleep.

Sir Wentworth, knowing the seriousness of his uncle's character, had been rather alarmed when the veteran talked of matrimony, so that a sudden flush came over his countenance; but he could not refrain from smiling at the droll associations with which the old man had concluded; and he felt a rising inclination to reveal the exact position in which he stood relative to Miss Elwester. Still a sense of delicacy for the lady restrained him, and he merely observed that "marriage was a sacred obligation to society; and a good wife, above all price."

"Mayhap so--mayhap so," returned the admiral, with much earnestness; "and some years hence, nevvv, when you're old enough to command a craft of that kind, there can be no objections to your getting a commission from the parson, and hoisting your pennant. But you're too young in your sailings, yet awhile, to go on a voyage for life without knowing the trim of your vessel, or where she best carries her ballast. A woman's a woman, nevvv--the same as a ship's a ship; but who but a lubber would go for to say that a Sunderland collier is equal to a noble first-rate? Not that I mean, nevvv, that a woman should carry guns, for she's better without 'em; but that it requires knowledge and experience of ratings in these matters, with some practical skill in the standing and running rigging; and, above all, whether she's quick in stays, and will bear down directly the helm's up."

Thus passed the time in conversation, till they reached their destination. It was about midnight, and all inquiry was necessarily deferred; but at an early hour the admiral was on the move, and commanding his nephew to "turn out," they were in a short time making their way to the dockyard, where they learned that the sloop and brig had not yet shown their numbers, but two vessels answering their description were then at anchor below, waiting for the tide of flood. Deeply anxious, as both the baronets were, to ascertain the fate of their relative, the admiral endeavoured to hire a vessel in which he could run down to the sloop, but not succeeding, he waited on the commissioner as soon as he was to be seen, and stated his difficulty. The use of the commissioner's barge was offered, and gladly accepted, and by the time the vessels of war had got under way, and had turned up to the great Nore, the



admiral and Sir Wentworth were pulling out of the harbour, and the interview afterwards took place on board the sloop, as already described; and no time was lost in conveying Captain Weatherall ashore, where, after a few hours' delay, the carriage was again ordered, and riding horses being hired for the coxswain and boatswain's mate, the whole party started for the metropolis.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

"His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more."

COWPER.

"A horse!—a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!"

SHAKESPEARE.

THE day was beautifully fine as the party quitted Sheerness—the sun shone on the gorgeous fields of meadow-grass and ripening corn—a cool breeze swept across the waters, and gathered the fragrance of hedge flowers in its progress over the land—the birds and the butterflies were sporting in the warmth, and all, all spoke of happy England, the home of a Briton's heart. Captain Weatherall felt its generous influences the more from having been so long absent from the enjoyment; and though suffering severe pain, yet he could not but feel the affectionate attention of his brother, and the rough but ardent kindness of the worthy admiral. Both tried to soothe him under his misfortunes and affliction, and he strove to repress complainings, and endeavoured to appear cheerful and happy. But they could not see the powerful workings of distress that embittered every rising prospect of gratification—they were not sensible that a worm was gnawing at the very heart's core, and blighting the opening germ of promised pleasure. The very semblance of the scenery around them, as they came along the open road, reminded him of a season and occurrences, when his spirit exulted in its joyous strength, and the love of confiding innocence was his own.

As for the two seamen, they came jauntily along the road. Exclamations of regret and even tears had been shed to the memory of departed shipmates—many a recollection of the old frigate had been revived, with all the attachment that a seaman generally bears to the reminiscences of his ship; but neither sorrow nor melancholy could endure long in the breasts of these children of the ocean, who felt that they were again on their own home-shore, snatched from urgent peril on the deep, and now revelling in the richness of bounteous nature, as it lay spread before them. Oh! there is an indescribable, an invaluable

mellowness in the feeling, when, after years of absence in a foreign land, the feet first tread the rich and fertile soil of our native land, and the eye beholds the sun-lit landscape of the splendid country of our birth, where the valleys are teeming with abundance, and the hills are laughing in luxuriant gladness.

The steeds of the seamen were very dissimilar, both in symmetry and behaviour; for that on which Joe had mounted was an old hunter, and though now, through age and overwork, reduced to the drudgery of a mere hack, had still the remnant of good blood in him; and when warmed with exercise, his spirit would burst forth, and for a short time he maintained his proud descent from a sire that had carried royalty. The coxswain's was a large animal of the Flemish breed, a steady going old blade, who seldom forgot his consistency; and having been frequently engaged in performing the last rites due to perishing mortality, by drawing a hearse, he had acquired a degree of solemnity perfectly compatible with the character he was expected to enact.

When they were fairly out on the road, "Well, I'm blessed, but this here's a rum go, any how," said Joe Blatherwick to his messmate, as they rode alongside of each other, each ambitious to display his horsemanship to the best advantage, in the presence of the outriders in the dicky of the carriage. "We've got a couple of clean-going craft, that's for certain; but somehow or other, I don't understand the heaving and setting to the swell, as I've seed some of the gentlemen practice; and as for these here gilguys and head-braces, according to my notion o' things, they ar'n't rove as they should be."

"Why, shipmate, they do run somut crojack-brace fashion, and that's the truth on it," replied Hardover, trying to lift in his saddle to the motion of the animal's trot; but this here pulling a-head, where a man has to rise from his thwart every time he stretches out, jist puts me in mind o' the Portegeezee bargemen, when they keeps stroke by the whistle. And then to have the tiller-ropes leading forud instead of aft, is enough to puzzle a man as has been used to steer with a wheel. Yet arter all, messmate, we ought to be grateful for being where we are, for we've overhauled a lesson in life within these few days, as ought to be entered in the log-book of memory till we heaves short to trip the anchor for the last time. It should make us think upon our latter eend, Joe."

"Latter eend, Jem!" uttered the boatswain's mate, who took the matter literally; "why so it does, messmate—so it does—for mine's getting most confoundedly chafed with this here leather consarn as is under me; and I'm blessed if it ull let me forget it." His horse began to show its mettle. "Steady, there—steady, so," said he, addressing the creature, which seemed to be aware that he was bestrode by some uncouth being, totally unaccustomed to equestrian exercise, and therefore amused himself with prancing and playing tricks, that set curb and rein at defiance. "He steers cursedly wild, Jem."

"I thinks you're too much by the head, shipmate," said the coxswain, in a business-like way. "You do yaw about in your course like a

Dutch schuyt running dead afore it. But shift ballast further aft, Joe, and lighten your craft forud, my boy; mayhap you may then bring her to a small helm."

But Joe's horse had no intention to be brought to a "small helm," as the coxswain called it, that is, under obedient control, for it curvetted and reared, and more than once or twice made a run towards the hedge, as if inclined to take a leap. But there was one mode of his proceeding that puzzled the worthy tars more than all the rest, and that was its caracolling sideways, or rather shoulder first. "Well, I'm blow'd," said the boatswain's mate, vainly trying to soothe and keep him quiet, "if this here don't beat me out and out. Why, Jem, a fellow may jist as well be sitting, tailor-fashion, on the back of a land crab, cruising off the Pallysades in Jeemaker. What ud Poll say, if she could see me on the deck of such a craft as this. But what's the use o' thinking about Poll; she's slipped her wind, messmate; that letter—that onfortunate letter has done it all. Well, blow all letter-writing, without a man can keep his own reckoning all fair and aboveboard"—the horse started,— "so-ho, darling, so-ho—there's a beauty, behave yourself, and stand stiff under your canvass, wool you?"

The animal, in mere wanton playfulness, still continued restive and unmanageable, to the great annoyance of the gallant seaman, and much to the entertainment of the servants on the carriage. "You are out of trim, Joe—I'm sartin you are," said Hardover, with vehemence. "Shift ballast aft, as I tell you, and you'll come to a straight course. But if so be as you can't make better headway on it than you do now, why give me a hail, messmate, and I'll take you in tow."

"I'm thinking it must be the under-current Jem," said the boatswain's-mate; and observing the outriders in the dickey ridiculing them, he angrily shouted out, "Avast, there, ye lubberly know-nothings. Do you think a man as has rid for hours on a topsel-yard in a gale of wind and a heavy sea, can't sit upon sich a thing as this here horse. You onmannerly scamps, I'll soon show you."

"Look ahead there, Joe," said the coxswain, irritated at the insult attempted to be put upon his messmate; "one o' them there lick-dishes is houlding out the slack of his handkercher to you for a towlin. They're going away from us, hand over hand. Shift ballast, my hearty, as I advises you. That ere animal has been used to have an officer on his quarter-deck, anybody may see that—so jist you shift ballast, and let us show them fellows what we can do."

"Aye, aye, shipmate, I'll shift my berth directly; but I must jist shorten in the slack of my legs first," returned the boatswain's-mate, removing his feet from the stirrup-irons, and then forcing them between the two straps of the stirrup-leather, so as to raise his knees nearly to a level with the seat of the saddle, out of which he sprang on to the animal's hinder part, as a sweep would sit on a donkey, and immediately the creature began to fling out and kick, to the great delight of the servants who roared with laughter, whilst the perspiration poured down Joe's well-bronzed face, as he unceasingly endeavoured to pacify the brute. As for Jem, he pulled up, and looked on for a moment or two,







and then tried to haul alongside of his shipmate in distress. "Ease her, boy, ease her," shouted the coxswain, who saw the boatswain's mate tugging at the reins.

"Its o' no manner o' use," responded Blatherwick, holding on to the hind part of the saddle with one hand, and trying to check the creature with the other; "he warnt satisfied with me in amidships, and now I've got into the starn-sheets he's worse nor ever, so I'll shift back again, and try the fore-peak."

The coxswain with some difficulty at last got close to him on his starboard bow, and extending his arm, made a snatch at the reins, in order to take his messmate in tow; but the restive brute, as if aware of his design, turned suddenly round and kicked out behind. "Oh, you're up to that fun, are you?" said Jem; "then here's bear up under your starn, and rake you." Without losing a moment, the coxswain crossed the flanks of the creature, and in passing gave him a smart blow with his stick, never once thinking of the hazard to which he might expose his friend, but intent only upon repaying an insult. This however, quickly brought matters to a climax; the horse's head was turned towards Sheerness, and first thrusting his nose between his fore legs, and again flinging out behind, he snorted violently, and then started at full speed back upon the road he had already come. Poor Joe had got into the saddle again, and now losing all restraint, bent down, and clung round the animal's neck, resigning himself to his fate, under a firm conviction that he had boarded a fiend; his hat came off, and remained behind, and away he went, flying along at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. The spirited hack kept to the highway as long as its direction was in a straight line, but a curve, bounded by a dry ditch, presenting itself, the creature ran at it, and cleared the space in good style. This was rather too much even for Joe's magnanimity; and therefore throwing himself from the saddle during the leap, he performed a half somerset, and alighted in the ditch, without sustaining any injury beyond a thorough shaking, so that he was soon on his legs again.

When the coxswain saw his friend "make all sail" away from him, he immediately followed in chase as fast as the speed of his heavy animal would let him, and hailing as loud as he could for his messmate to "throw all aback and bring up;" and when he beheld Joe flying over the ditch, he fully determined not to be outdone, but made ready to go after him. But the horse would not accede to this, and stopped short at the bank, just as Joe had crawled to the summit, and was forcing his way through a bed of nettles and thistles. "Yo-hoy, my hearty, what cheer—what cheer?" demanded he; "a clean capsize, and no butts started, I hope."

"No, no, messmate, responded the boatswain's mate, "nothing carried away but myself—every timber sound, but——shaken; and I'll tell you what it is, Jem, that ere animal is one of yer 'long shore devils. Who'd have thought that anything alive would have used an onfortunate tar in this fashion! And now what am I to do to join the admiral?"

"Do, Joe? Lord love your silly head for axing such a question," exclaimed the coxswain, reproachfully; "I thought you, as a seaman who has weathered many a gale, would have known better. What must you do? why you must come aboard of me, to be sure, and my craft must carry us both—that's what you must do. Why, do you suppose I'd go for to desert you? Catch hould of my leg, messmate, and mount up abaft—but stop, jist move on a little way, and pick up your truck, as fell overboard during the run."

Blatherwick complied, looking occasionally at the animal he had so recently parted company with, which was now standing in the midst of a rich pasture, neighing with the delights of freedom. "Ah, laugh away, ould Belzebug," said Joe; "I'm well rid on you, any how. To go for to play such pranks with an ould seaman. But no matter, you lubber with onprincipled shanks, I've doubled upon you many a time, and will do so again, please the pigs. He thought to nab me, Jem, as sure as I'm alive; but it arnt come to that, and never will, if I can but keep the weathergage."

Having picked up his hat, Joe mounted behind the coxswain; and the carriage being now a long way in advance, the two seamen jogged on quietly together to the ferry, where on arrival they found that the admiral had already crossed, and proceeded onwards. The tars were not long in passing over, and when on the opposite shore, they obtained pipes, and tobacco, and grog. It was agreed that Joe should steer, and Jem look out for squalls, and to relieve each other, watch and watch at the helm. The saddle, however, was very much in their way, and so they persuaded the ferryman to remove it altogether, and substitute a chequered horse-cloth in its place, and thus equipped, they once more set forward on their journey, and from the clouds of smoke that curled above their heads, it might have been supposed they were going by steam, only for one thing—steam had not then been applied to locomotives.

"I'm thinking, Joe," said the coxswain, as the spectators laughed and passed their jokes upon the tars, "that we rather astonish the weak minds of the long-shore folks, by their grinning like so many cat-heads."

"Why, aye, messmate," responded the boatswain's mate, as he puffed out a full fathom of smoke; "but then, d'ye see, it's all excusable, for what are they but lubbers without nat'ral larning, who knows no more of a snatchblock or a dead-eye, or, for the matter o' that, even of a puttock-shroud, than a jolly does of handling a marlin spike, or the boason's yeoman about a sarmon-book. So never mind, my boy; just keep her her course, and we shall find our port, never fear. I ounly wish I could find Poll as easy—the prize-money 'ud be worth veering and hauling upon then. Howsomever, I'm bless'd but we shall tickle the agents a teaser this time, by the power of money they'll have to pay us; and it puzzles my calkelation to know where it's all to come from; though no doubt they'll hould on by the slack of as much as ever they can gather to theirselves. They're a precious set of rogues, them agents, anyhow."

"You're right there, shipmate," assented the coxswain, from past experience. "But I say, Joe, where do you think them fellows goes to when they slips their wind out o' this."

"Goes to!" responded Blatherwick with vehemence; "why who'd ever ax sich a question as knows the main-tack from the captain's applet—why, they goes to blazes, to be sure."

"And a comical, no man's land sort of a place that 'ere must be," uttered the coxswain. "I've pretty well overhauled every part of the oncivilised globe in my time, but I'm bless'd if I should'nt like to take a trip there, jist to see what sort of a consarn it is. As for ould Davy, you may al'ays weather upon him by keeping a good luff, seeing he carn't handle his craft well when close haul'd, in regard of his onnatural outrigger, which, whether he's pleased or angry, goes hard up or hard down, swinging about like a spanker-boom in a calm. Now, messmate, it stands to reason, when a ship's tiller has neither ropes, guys, nor relieving tackle, it's onpossible to keep from making plenty of lee-way, for the rudder gets full play to itself, and the vessel steers as wild as a dog in a fair."

"There's wisdom and larning in that argyfication, Jem," said the boatswain's mate, seriously. "And as for them prize agents—why, I'm saying, messmate, if ever it should be your fortin—for there's no telling what luck a fellow may have—to take a cruize in them warm latitudes, why then jist keep a sharp look out to diskiver two weasel-face, tallow-grease looking chaps,—the very moral and spit of each other—though I arn't quite sure as there was a pair on 'em, and that's the pint I'm most dubersome about."

"Why who were they, Joe?" enquired the coxswain; "sich things do happen, you know, as people to be alike, and mayhap they were twins."

"Well, that's jist what I wants to have dissolved to me," exclaimed the boatswain's mate; "and I say, Jem, if ever you should come athwart 'em—though it arn't very likely—all I wishes you to do, is to ax the pickylating wagabone what has become of the prize-money for Saint E—, as we took under ould R—, and them there Spanish prizes, some on 'em with a cargo of gold bars;—for not never a soul afore the mast got as much coin out of 'em as you could jingle on a tomb-stone—and I'm thinking the officers shared but little better, as mayhap the admiral ahead could tell you."

"And who was the picarooning thief, Joe?" demanded the coxswain. "But mind your helm, lad—there's a strange sail bearing down right afore it, and carrying on a taut press."

The tars had emerged on the great turnpike-road to the metropolis; and the strange sail was the down coach for Dover, rattling along at a good pace, and followed by clouds of dust. Joe Blatherwick wanted to heave-to to speak to them, but this was overruled by the coxswain, who, instead of hauling athwart the road, prudently drew up near the edge: and the seamen cheering as the vehicle passed, the coachman and passengers, amidst much merriment at the unusual spectacle, promptly responded, and they again pursued their way.



"And now, Joe," said Hardover, "whilst you keep your course, jist overhaul the matter o' that prize agent. Who was he, Joe?"

"Who was he?" reiterated the veteran, "well then, shipmate, it 'ud take as much breath as 'ud fill a main-course to tell you who he was, and then mayhap you'd be none the wiser. Some said he'd been a boddy-grabber, as captured onfortunates when they had'n't a shot left in the locker—a sort of bomb-ketch; others declared he was a hypocritical parson, who ate more of his neighbour's grub than his own, and kept his children in other men's kitchens; but there was them as said he'd been a reglar built elargy, as used to bend his sarplíce all ship-shape in a right arnest church, and had a full fight-devil commission from his majesty. All I knows is, that he was the admiral's sacketary, and sure enough he sacked all the prize-money, I'm saying, Jem, he was a thundering rogue—but rogue's too good for him—he was an onnatural lubber, as 'ud rob a poor babby of a mouthful of soft-tommy, if it was well buttered."

"But how was it, Joe?—there, steady so, and steer small," said the coxswain, as a gig drove past them. "Didn't you never, not none o' you, make applicaton for payment?"

"Application!" repeated the boatswain's mate; "give us a tot o' grog, Jem,—is it application you're talking about? why, aye, to be sure we made application; but what do you think the buffer did? Well, then, shipmate, arter the admiral struck his flag, the sacketary goes ashore to the big town as we're bound to now, and takes a grand house; but seeing as one and another, officers and men, used to hail him for the prize-money, he purtends to slip his cable for t'other world; and he got his death logged down in the newspapers, with a long palaver about his honour and 'tegrity—pitching the gammon hot and strong, as there warn't one word of truth in it from stem to stern. Well, Bill Transom, as was captain of the ould Sandwich's main-top, and I gets liberty, meaning to go and overhaul the consarn, thinking mayhap we might get somut if he warn't dead. So we up's anchor, and arter a long day's cruise we finds the sacketary's house, and a grand place it was, in a large square, with green trees and a garden in a-midships, and gemmen in rich uniforms, and white-washed hands, backing and filling in every direction. So we raps gently with our knuckles, and not nobody never comed—and somebody told us to lay hould of the nigger's head, as was stuck in the middle o' the door, and knock with that; but we didn't like to touch it, for fear of kicking up a bobbery and giving offence. So we stands off and on; sometimes coming to an anchor on the steps, and then getting under way again, in hopes of some friendly craft heaving in sight, jist to tell us the bearings and distance of the land. At last, shipmate, we agreed to man-handle the knocker, and ax 'em to show their number; when, just as we got to the combings of the doorway, up drives a dashing carriage, and a fine holiday chap in uniform jumps down from abaft, and lathers away at the knocker till all was blue; he then opens the gangway of the coach, and out come the sacketary hisself."

"What! arter he was dead?" demanded the coxswain, laughing; "well, I'm bothered, Joe, but you're coming it pretty strong now."

"Dead!—be blowed;" vociferated the boatswain's mate; "he warn't never no more dead than you are. And so Bill Transom walks up to him with a friendly hail, 'What cheer—what cheer, yer honour?' the lubberly know-nothings reported that you had dragged your anchors, and gone to ——; but here you are, as stiff as a midshipman, and as full of life as a young shark."—"What do you want, sailor?" says the agent; for I m sartin it was he, and having been his cabin boy, I ought to know.—"Want, yer honour?" says Bill; "why, Lord love yer heart, what should I want, but jist to clap you alongside, and ax for a handful o' mopuses out of the prize-money, to get groggy with, and purchase some togs for Bet?"—"Well, shipmate, I'm blowed if the onnatural ould rascal didn't lug out a couple of fathoms of white cambric, and began swabbing his eyes as if his scuppers were running over. 'I axes yer honour's pardon,' says Bill, 'I didn't never mean to say anything ill-natured or onkind, not by no manner o' means; but I and Jem, here, wanted a few traps, and—' 'Poor fellows,' says the agent—an ould hypocrite—"poor fellows, I'm very grieved for you; it is my dear departed brother as you wants."—"Brother!" says Bill, and 'Brother!' says I, as we both stared at him, and then looked at one another.—'Yes, brother,' says he, 'Lord R——'s sacketary as was; alas! alas!' and he blubbered again—"the worthy man is now in his cold grave."—"Gammon!" says Bill, as he bit right through his quid; 'if you arn't the agent, you're his ghost; and I'm bothered if I cares which on you it is, so as you do but come down handsomely.'—"You distress me very much, sailor;" says the cantankerous ould sinner, purtending to cry; 'my likeness to my late excellent brother deceives you.'—"Gammon!" says Bill again, as he bowed up his trowsers, and gave the ould chap a sharp look; 'do you mean to pay out the slack of a few guineas, or not? that's all about it.'—"You are mistaken in the 'semblance, sailor,' says the insinivating rascal; 'I cannot be 'sponsible for my brother's acts.'—"Brother's!" shouts Bill, as he shoves his flippers into his sides, and brings his elbows a cock-bill; 'brother's! why you arn't never going for to say as you war'nt along with Lord R——, in the ould Sandwich?'—"Never saw the ship in my life," says the wagabone.—'What! never war'nt agent for the St. E—— prize-money?' ballooed Bill in surprise.—'No, sailor, never,' replies t'other; 'you are deceived by the likeness—it was my brother.'—"Brother be ——!" says Bill, as he gives him another raking stare.—'Brother be ——! God Almighty never made two such ugly warment.' And so, Jem, from that day to this, we not none of us never got the valley of a marine's button. So much for prize agents."

Thus they proceeded in quiet converse and undisturbed, jogging slowly along the great Dover highway, which, as they approached nearer to-wards Chatham, was much thronged with passengers, who cheered the gallant fellows; and the servants on the admiral's carriage having apprized the landlord of the inn at Rainham, where they stopped to change horses, that the tars were on the road, with other circumstances connected with their history, such as their having only within a few days returned from India, the wreck of the frigate, and the saving of the captain's life, Boniface, who was both a kind-hearted man and a humourist,

collected a respectable number of jovial blades from the neighbourhood, and having marshalled them before his house, with a union-jack and other flags in front, they awaited the coming of the seamen. Nor was he idle within doors, for he spread a substantial repast, with plenty of grog, to welcome their arrival.

Great was the gratification of the honest tars on nearing the inn, to be greeted with three hearty cheers; and, stopping the horse, they returned the salutation with earnest good-will. This accomplished, they rode up to the door and dismounted; and again were cheered in grand style.

"Welcome, most welcome, my brave men," said the landlord, as he grasped a hand of each. "Defenders of your country, you come in no questionable shape—"

"No, not a bit of it," responded the boatswain's mate; "we've come from Ingee. But where's the purser?—he must victual the craft, and lay in sea stores for the rest of the voy'ge."

"I am the landlord," returned Boniface, good humouredly; "your horse shall be well taken care of; and as for you, my worthy tars, the best the house affords is at your service. Enter then, eat, drink, and be merry."

"With all the pleasure in life, governor," said the coxswain; "the run has given me a bit of an appetite; and it ar'n't al'ays as we doubles upon a banyan day. Why, Joe, I'm blessed if this ar'n't lucky enough, though mayhap the admiral—"

"Say not another word, my friend," exclaimed the landlord, leading them in. "I know Sir Mulberry well—God bless him—and he has left orders with me." They entered the room. "But come, sit down; and we'll have a jovial time of it."

The seamen stared at each other, and then at the repast, and then at the landlord (who greatly enjoyed the sport); but they did not move till Boniface conducted them to the head of the table, and placed one on his right hand and the other on his left; but they hesitated to be seated till the company hurriedly took their chairs, when the boatswain's mate exclaimed with much glee, "It's all ship-shape, Jem; so bring your starn to an anchor, and lather away."

Thus advised, they fell-to with eagerness, and qualifying the meal with a plentiful supply of grog, enjoyed themselves to their heart's content; heedless of the flight of time, and the distance they had yet to go. After dinner, the soothing weed and a bowl of punch replenished the board; healths were drank amidst vociferous applause—songs were sung, the whole company joining chorus—bowl after bowl of the intoxicating liquor disappeared till the animal spirits of all became highly exhilarated, and some were getting terribly uproarious. As for the boatswain's mate and coxswain, they stood it out bravely for some time; but at length the punch got the better of them; they were completely done up, and not having enjoyed rest for several nights, they sank into deep sleep. This was just what the landlord wanted; a post-chaise was ordered out, into which the insensible tars were snugly stowed—the postillions received correct directions, which

they repeated at every relay; and it was not till the vehicle was rattling over Westminster-bridge that either of them were aroused. The first was the boatswain's mate, who on looking out caught sight of his favourite element, the water; and grumbling at the "unsteadiness of the craft," again closed his eyes, which were not re-opened till they arrived at — Square; when, wondering how they had got there, each had a stiff glass of grog, and was conducted to a comfortable bed.

The party in the carriage had arrived several hours before; physicians had been summoned to attend on Captain Weatherall; the admiral was present at the consultation; but, as soon as propriety admitted it, Sir Wentworth withdrew to question his trusty messenger. Corporal Senhouse had fixed up a comfortable little tent bedstead with chintz curtains in Jem's apartment, but the lad was afraid to sleep in it lest he should fall out, so that the young baronet found him rolled up in the blankets, and laying on the mattress, which he had dragged into a corner. He gently shook him by the shoulder, but Jem was too sound asleep to be easily disturbed, and it was not till he was roughly handled that he awoke.

"Halloo, vot's up?" exclaimed he, rubbing his eyes, as he sat bolt upright. "Who's chimbley's afire now, and nobody but Jem to put it out?"

"Arouse, arouse, my lad, it is I," said Sir Wentworth. "I hope, my boy, you will soon have done with chimneys altogether."

"Is it you, yer honour?" returned the lad, as he recognised the baronet. "Vot, are you got back again? Then I expects as you'll vant the letters."

"Have you seen the lady, Jem?" inquired Sir Wentworth. "Has every thing been well managed?"

"Oh nevver you fear that, ven I'm consarned," replied the youngster, pulling two packets from his coat pocket. "Yes, I have seen the lady, and she has sent you them there."

The baronet took the letters eagerly, and was about to hurry away, when Jem called out, "Is that 'ere rum-looking genelman, as vosn't the Prince of Vales, come back too?"

"He is, my boy," answered Sir Wentworth; and to-morrow you shall see him; and then we will have some further talk—good night." And he quitted the room.

But it is perhaps necessary I should give some account of Jem's adventures during his patron's absence.

Miss Elwester was still kept a close prisoner in her apartment; and though the duke of Q—— had again called to press his suit, she had positivety declined to see him. Old Lankrib was her jailer, and the miserable man,—who experienced no satisfaction in anything he did, but acted in strict obedience to his master's orders,—watched with the utmost vigilance to prevent any communication reaching the lady, taking care to be present himself at all times when the attendance of the servants was required.

But love will find out a way, and Jem with ready wit had become the connecting link between the two houses. At the appointed time he



descended the chimney, and delivered the letter with which he had been entrusted, and informed the lady of all the particulars he had learned of Sir Wentworth's departure; he described the admiral in his own peculiarly graphic way, told of the mistake about the Prince of Wales, till he had exhausted his stock of knowledge; and then he settled himself down on the hob to wait for Amelia's reply.

With many a smile and many a tear the lady perused the epistle. Her own heart beat responsive to the affectionate, but respectful, language in which her lover had addressed her, and she mentally determined that none other should share her dearest regards. A packet had been already prepared for the young sweep, which was given to him, and Jem, promising to renew his visit on the following evening, reascended the chimney, and was soon snugly rolled up in his blankets, and fast asleep.

The next morning the lad was early astir, and, having carefully washed and dressed himself, he set out for the abode of his friend Pat, to consult him upon the propriety of an interview with his old master; for the boy shrewdly suspected, that if his advancement in life was known, Mr. Fluewellen would make a heavy demand to free him from his indentures. Pat was busy in his garden when Jem made his appearance in the room; but the warm-hearted Irishman immediately came in, and, understanding the nature of Jem's dilemma, promised to go himself to Camberwell for the purpose of trying to arrange matters to the satisfaction of all parties. Whilst, however, they were in conversation, a voice was heard upon the stairs, inquiring, in no gentle terms, "Is muster Dunnywon overhead?"

"And that's meself," responded Pat, advancing to the door of the room; but Jem to whom the voice was perfectly familiar, caught hold of his arm, saying—

"Not for your life, Muster Dunnywon; my crikey, vere shall I hide? it's ould Fluevellin hisself; I knows his gruffy. Do shove me up the spout somerever." He looked at the fire-place, but his dress forbade the act of getting up the chimney. "Vot shall I do? Dont let him see me."

"Arrah, go out in my garden, then," said Pat, raising the lad in his arms, as if he had been a mere doll, and putting him out at the window. Jem crept along by the parapet, and remained secure from detection. As soon as Donovan knew that his *protégé* was safe, he opened his door, and demanded who it was that "was afther axing him for himself?"

"Vy, it's me, Muster Dunnywon," said the master-sweep, entering the apartment; "your old friend Muster Fluewellin; and I'm come to ax you if so be as you knows anything of Jem Burnit?"

"Faith, and I do that," answered Paddy, without hesitation; "and a 'cute lad and a smart lad he is, Mister Fluewellin; it's proud you ought to be of the likes of him."

"He's well enough for the matter o' that," responded the master-sweep, not over and above pleased with Pat's eulogy. "But vere is he? for I arn't never set eyes on him these three days."

"Not these three days!" exclaimed Pat, with well-assumed surprise; "by the powers, then, something must have happened to him!"

Mr. Fluewellin told his tale; by which it appeared that Jem's absence had caused great displeasure and vexation to his master; not that he cared so very much about the welfare of the lad,—though, in justice to him, it must be admitted that was certainly a consideration,—but he did not much like the idea of losing a good apprentice. What had become of him no one could tell, though every one had a peculiar conjecture of his own upon the subject. Inquiry was made at the places the lad generally frequented, but without avail: his adventurous spirit was no mystery, and the coroner's inquests in the newspapers were carefully looked over, and still no success; but when the young urchin, to whom Jem had given the shilling, reported that he had seen him “dressed like a genelman,” and produced the coin to corroborate his testimony, it was supposed that the boy had been discovered by his relatives; and away went Mr. Fluewellin to Peter Macaw, to whom he naturally concluded such a thing must be known. But Peter Macaw was wholly ignorant of the whole matter; and though he put on his enormous cocked-up-hat, and shone resplendent in the gorgeous display of puce and silver; though he assumed the full plenitude of his parochial dignity and mystification, yet Mr. Fluewellin gained not one particle of information relative to the absentee,—simply because Peter Macaw had no information to give; nor had any soul breathing ever before asked a single question as to the lad's whereabouts. Pat Donovan was looked upon as a last resource, and the master-sweep had now come to make known his grievance and claim advice. During his narrative, however, the Irishman readily discovered that a desire to make something by the adventure was one principal actuating motive in Mr. Fluewellin's search after the lad, and he resolved to defeat him.

“And now,” said the master-sweep, when he had finished his recital, “do you know anything about him, vere is he?”

“An' if I did, Mister Fluewellin,” returned the Irishman, warmly, “do you think it's meself as 'ud sell the pass upon the lad?—It's mighty few friends he's got in the wurld, barring meself, the cratur; and yet Jem's a 'cute boy; and if you've been good to him, sorra, the fear but he'll make it all up to you some of these days; an' shure won't I go and thry to find him out! But lave him alone, Mister Fluewellin, and if he's well to do, he'll never forget yez; and if he's bad to do, he'll soon be back again. I'll make a tower of discoveree as soon as I have put off my dishabill, Mister Fluewellin; an' it's, myself 'ull larn the jography of this business, and I'll find him out, and never spake an ill word to him—that I will, so I won't. An' so, by yer lave, Mister Fluewellin, whiles I dthress—” and Pat made what was meant for a polite bow, as he backed the master-sweep towards the door. “The shine o' the morning to you, Mr. Fluewellin, and lashins of it; my sarvice to yez, and farewell.”

As soon as he supposed his recent visitor had departed, Pat called to the lad, who was quickly handed in at the window, and was cautioned by his patron to avoid contact with his old master till some arrangement had been made. The Irishman dressed himself in his best apparel, and then informed the lad of his intention to enjoy himself for the day,

which Jem was perfectly agreeable to; and they set off, to ramble amongst the green fields about Hampstead and Highgate, regaling themselves plentifully at the public-houses—for there was no want of money—and rejoicing in the glorious beams of a bright summer's sun.

But Jem did not forget his duty; he returned at dusk to the square—revisited the lady, and received her commands, and then went to rest, where Sir Wentworth found him. The baronet, on receiving his letters, hurried back to his brother's room, resolving to pass the night there; for the captain overcome by his injuries and fatigue, was much worse, and required—so said the doctors—the greatest vigilance and care, Alas! the worst of his affliction was want of peace of mind; it was this that deprived him of repose, and weighed down heavily on his heart.

The admiral would have remained with his nephews; but this was strenuously opposed, though he would not retire till a promise was given that he should be summoned to keep the morning watch. As soon as all was tranquil, and when he supposed his brother slept, Sir Wentworth sat down to peruse his letters; and the changes in his countenance as he proceeded might well have indexed what was passing in his mind, and even told the whole tale of his love. The lamp shone clearly on his face, which was turned towards the bed; but he deemed himself unobserved, and gave way to the full and free indulgence of his feelings. The miniature resemblance of Amelia was in his hand, and he pressed it to his lips, when a groan, a heavy groan from the captain startled him; and, hastening to the bed-side, he found the agitated man awake, and trembling with deep emotion.

"What, what can I do for you, Edward?" said he, in alarm; "shall I ring the bell and summons the doctor—shall I—"

"No, no," responded the captain; "sit down, Wentworth,—sit down by my side. I have not been sleeping, as you supposed; I have observed your actions, and they have revealed to me a fact it is in vain for you to endeavour to conceal. Nay, nay, my brother hear me out;" for the young baronet gave indications of angry impatience. "You will perhaps say it was not honourable in me to watch you; but you must acquit me of intentionally doing so—nor will I, if you wish it, reveal the secret to a soul living. I cannot sleep; there is a weight upon my breast—aye, upon my conscience—that destroys sleep; we must confide in each other, and be friends. O, Wentworth! I have suffered the most torturing pangs for years; night and day, unceasingly, has remorse preyed upon my spirit—and yet, oh God, thou knowest how readily I would have made reparation—" and, bowed with the pressure of recollection, he covered his face with his hands, and wept.

"Do not thus distress yourself, Edward," said the young baronet, soothingly; try and gain composure, and forbear to revert to circumstances, whatever they are, which are painful to remember. Defer your narrative to another opportunity, when you are more calm."

"It must not be," returned the captain, forcibly; "I feel that it will relieve me to communicate all to you; and as I am here hove down between life and death, you—yes, you, Wentworth, must become

my best friend as well as brother, and do that which I cannot do myself. Sit down, and do not interrupt me."

Captain Weatherall then commenced a narrative, which I shall not repeat in his own words, as I prefer giving a history of the transactions from first to last, a great portion of which he was at that time utterly unacquainted with.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

"Oh! how the passions, insolent and strong,  
 Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;  
 Make us the madness of their will obey;  
 Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey!

\* \* \* \*

Upon that breast, by sordid rags defil'd,  
 Lay the wan features of a famish'd child;—  
 That sin-born babe in utter misery laid,  
 Too feebly wretched e'en to cry for aid."

CRAEBE.

IN the course of my narrative I have mentioned "the Grange," situated in a village about twelve miles from Gosport;—and, in good truth, it was a lovely place!—full of those beauties, both natural and artificial, that give to the English landscape all its grace and purity. The ancient building had been a monastery, and of course its site was selected for solitude and retirement; it lay in a valley whose fertile meadows were watered by winding streamlets, that united near the edifice, and formed a miniature lake. Above rose the tree-crowned hills, from whose summits might be seen one of the most extensive and delightful views of panoramic scenery in the kingdom. On the south was the Isle of Wight, with its intermediate channel of separation; on the north-west appeared Southampton; to the south-east lay the extensive harbour of Portsmouth; whilst more southerly, Spithead, with its shipping, was distinctly visible. Whichever way the eye turned, the spectacle was replete with busy vitality; but descending to the sombre shades of the valley, the world, with its bustle, its troubles, and its cares, was forgot,—a devotional feeling pervaded the mind,—and the heart was lifted up in silent adoration to the Creator.

At the dissolution of the religious houses, in the time of Henry the Eighth, the monastery with its lands had been given to a noble of the court; who, whilst himself and successors derived ample revenue from the soil, suffered the venerable building to fall into delapidation; and much of its durable material had from time to time been conveyed away, to repair fences, raise walls, erect barns and even farm-houses,—whilst the concrete which held it together was used in mending roads.

A small portion of the building had, however, been preserved, and



kept in a habitable state by the successive stewards; until the last resident of this class, having amassed a handsome fortune, built himself a splendid hall at a few miles distance, and, by dint of chicanery, contrived to possess himself of the whole of the property, through the reckless improvidence of the young noble in whose service he had engaged. The place called "the Grange," was then let; and, after the occupation of various tenants, came into the hands of two ladies, who selected the spot as highly eligible for a boarding-school, and to which they removed with their establishment, from the neighbourhood of Portsmouth.

At that period, the officers of the dock-yards, tradesmen, and many others, had very little leisure to attend to the intellectual improvement of their offspring; and therefore glad to remove the female part from the demoralization of a sea-port town, they rejoiced at being enabled to meet the terms of the Mesdames Martin, who were in every respect worthy of the trust that was reposed in them. But even age, experience, and knowledge, are no match for the quick invention, and almost equally as quick execution, of young females, to whom the greatest charm was novelty, and the dearest wish of the heart connected with the feelings of affection.

Amongst the pupils was a young lady between sixteen and seventeen years of age, whose mother died when she was little more than an infant; and her father was killed when Major of the —th regiment, fighting under General Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, in the defence of Gibraltar. The small pension allotted was not sufficient for her maintenance; yet that was all she possessed, till a friend, trusting to the generosity of a bachelor uncle, then in India, placed her in the Misses Martin's establishment, till communications could be made to her wealthy relative, Colonel Mowbray, who not only gratefully approved of the arrangement, but also made suitable provision for the future wants of his brother's child.

Eleanor Mowbray was a pretty and interesting girl—light hair—soft blue eyes—a perfect figure, and with a look of tenderness on her countenance that seemed to court the kind protection of all who saw her. She was of the age I have already stated, and visiting the family of her friend during the Christmas holidays, when the Irresistible, carrying the flag of Sir Mulberry Boreas, came into Portsmouth Harbour to refit; and the admiral being well acquainted with Mr. Sykes, received an invitation to make the house his home during his stay in port. The offer was accepted; and though Sir Mulberry was not happy out of his ship, yet, as she wanted extensive repairs, he yielded to circumstances with the best grace he could.

Edward Weatherall was at that time a passed midshipman under his uncle, and daily expecting his commission as lieutenant. Inheriting much of the beauty of his mother, and the manly bearing of his father, he soon became a great favourite in the dwelling in which the admiral had taken up his abode; but, with the impetuous ardour of his disposition, he particularly attached himself to Miss Mowbray, who, on her part, delighted with the gallant young sailor, was not

backward in preferring him to every one else. They had frequent opportunities of being together;—affection rooted itself deeper and deeper in their hearts.

Sir Mulberry knew nothing about love; and Mr. Sykes saw in the youthful attachment nothing more than was natural between two young persons. Had Sir Mulberry understood anything of the matter, or entertained the least idea that Edward had cherished a strong feeling of devoted regard for Eleanor, he would very soon have embarked him for another station; for he considered that a sailor had no more business with a permanent sweetheart, than a marine had with a tail like a maintop-man. It was a delightful six weeks to the young reefer, who lost no opportunity of being with Eleanor; and as Edward was at that time looked upon as heir to his father's title and his uncle's prize-money, the youthful confidants who were admitted into the secret, viewed the match as every way an eligible one for Miss Mowbray.

At length Eleanor returned to the Grange, but not before vows of lasting affection and eternal fidelity had been pledged between the pair; and within a week after her departure Edward obtained leave of absence from his uncle to visit his home. Instead, however, of starting for the paternal residence, he disguised himself in the attire of a foremast-man, and set out for the neighbourhood of the Grange. Whether this had been preconceived or not I am unable to say, but certain it is, that Edward took up his abode at Molly Boyd's; and the interviews with Eleanor were neither short nor few.

Oh, how delicious are the moments which are passed in the society of those whom we love!—especially when no eye but that of Heaven is witness to the fond and pure endearments that are prompted by virtuous affection. Edward had been educated in a rough school, it is true, and his morals had not always escaped the taint of vitiated association; but, like his mother, he had fixed his affections on a foundation that no power on earth could shake, and he was ready to prove his regard in any way that might be demanded of him.

It was necessary for his purpose that he should take a trip home, and consequently he did so, just in time to intercept a letter from his uncle, commanding him to return to his duty, and to take up his commission as lieutenant. Making the best excuses he could,—though his promotion was of itself an ample one,—he hastened back to Portsmouth, and received his appointment as a junior lieutenant of the *Irresistible*, the senior lieutenant having been promoted to make room for him.

Once more the intercourse with Eleanor was renewed; the distance was nothing for a good horse, and many an evening did Edward ride over to Molly Boyd's, where the animal was placed under shelter, whilst his rider stole away to the boarding-school, and enjoyed an hour's sweet converse with Miss Mowbray, whilst the unsuspecting inmates of the Grange were fast asleep in their beds. The young simpletons never reflected upon what all this must lead to—they thought only of each other; and, supremely blest whilst sitting side by side, they breathed forth protestations of undeviating constancy.

"I am a lieutenant now," said Edward; "and although my pay is

but small, yet I have prize-money in hand, and my uncle's liberal allowance, as well as future prospects;—indeed, indeed, Eleanor, I cannot live without you!”

“But your father, Edward—what would he say!” responded poor Eleanor. “You know, Edward, I am but a portionless orphan, dependent on the bounty of another; for even my trifling pension would cease, were I to listen to your proposal.”

“You must, Eleanor,—indeed you must!” passionately exclaimed the young officer, as he pressed her to his heart. “My father will never raise an objection when once he knows your worth: and though my uncle may grumble for a time, yet he is too good a man to cherish anger for ever. Say, then, that you will be mine, and let me take the necessary steps to secure our future happiness.”

“Why should I deny, Edward,” returned she, “that my heart would prompt me to accede to all your wishes! but do not—oh, let me implore you!—be too precipitate. Your ship is ready for sea—ah me!” and she sighed heavily: “how lost—how desolate I shall be when you are gone!” The tears forced their way.

“Then why not, my love, at once consent to that union which must bind us eternally together?” demanded the young man.

“You could not, even then, be always with me, Edward,” argued the affectionate girl, “and I am much too selfish when I desire it. But do not press me now, Edward; wait till you return to port, and—” she stopped.

“And what, Eleanor?” asked the lieutenant, in a tone of melancholy, as he contemplated the postponement of his honourable intentions.

“I will then be yours,” uttered the fair girl, as she hid her face upon his breast, and her arms clung round his neck. It was a moment of intoxicating delight to both. Their lips were pressed in mutual love and confidence. All—all, but the indulgence of passion was forgotten; and when the hour of parting came, neither could speak for anguish and remorse. Yet still the young lieutenant strained her to his heart; and he felt her scalding tears upon his cheeks; they bore witness against him as the betrayer of innocence; and, rushing from her embrace, he mounted his horse, and rode impetuously towards the town.

It was a dark and dreary night, and conscience bitterly reproached him; nor could all the excuses which vice or sophistry presented, diminish the agony of his feelings. There was but one step—a reparation for injured honour; and he determined to take it. But the ship was on the point of sailing; and, previous to her departure, he once more visited the neighbourhood of the Grange. Eleanor met him; but her step was no longer agile and elastic,—she moved slowly, as one who mourns the demise of a friend. Her greeting was no longer cheerful and happy. She placed her arms upon the shoulders of her lover; her head drooped, and she burst into tears; nor could Edward, with all his efforts, refrain from following the example. In the presence of Molly Boyd, they swore eternal fidelity; and the lieutenant

gave the fair girl a written promise of marriage, couched in as strong terms as language could command. The old woman did not know the rank that Edward held. She had never seen him in uniform, for he had constantly worn the plain dress of a seaman; and she thought it was a pity that one so good-looking, and so gentleman-like, should not be in a superior station. Eleanor had been kind and attentive to Molly during a severe fit of illness, supporting her in affliction, and ministering to her wants; gratitude, therefore, kept her silent as to the stolen interviews, and the young officer's gold made her his firm friend.

The Irresistible sailed. Edward wrote to Miss Mowbray at every opportunity; and after an absence of several months, the ship returned, but not to Portsmouth. Sir Mulberry ran into Plymouth, where he struck his flag: and Edward received an appointment as lieutenant of a frigate lying at Spithead. Without loss of time, he sent his luggage round by a transport, that sailed with a fair wind, and travelled himself by land. So sudden had been his movements, that he had only time to apprise Miss Mowbray of the change, and appoint a meeting at Molly Boyd's. Thither he first of all directed his steps, and they were soon in each other's arms. And now, for the first time, Edward Weatherall learned that there was every probability of his becoming a father: nor could the fact be much longer concealed from the prying eye of curiosity. Oh, what a change came over his feelings!—and he determined more than ever to screen the fair girl from the contumely of the world, by openly uniting himself to her at the altar. His promises to her were renewed, and they passed the brief interval of his stay in making arrangements for the future.

The young lieutenant went to Portsmouth, took up his commission, and then immediately hastened in a shore-boat to the ship, which he found getting under way for Lisbon. Half distracted, he would have returned to the shore, but the transport had sent all his things on board, and he could offer no excuse for quitting his duty; so, hastily writing a letter to Eleanor, to apprise her of the fact, he gave it to the waterman, with directions to put it in the post the moment he landed. With great want of caution, however, he had enclosed a bank-note in the letter, and, as might have been expected, it never reached its destination.

Day after day did the wretched girl watch for the coming of her lover; and day after day did her heart sicken with disappointment, because she saw him not. She would not cherish or give encouragement to a suspicion that he had deserted her; and she tortured her mind with fears that he was ill, or dead. Racking apprehension could not be borne much longer, and she prevailed on old Molly to journey to Portsmouth to make inquiry; but she did not know the name of the ship,—and she could not send to Mr. Sykes, as she feared to excite alarm that probably might lead to the detection of her situation,—so that no information was obtained.

But the agony in which she passed her hours debilitated her frame, and weakened her intellect; and she felt the impossibility of continuing much longer in the course of deception she was then pursuing.



She did not dare to reveal her condition to Molly Boyd ; but the old woman had divined it from appearances, and was ready to undertake anything that could save her from shame. Obscure lodgings were taken in Portsea ; and thither the old woman removed with the wretched girl, whom she described as her daughter, the wife of a sailor.

Great was the consternation at the Grange, when the disappearance of Miss Mowbray was fully known. At first, it was hoped she had merely gone to visit the family of Mr. Sykes, as Eleanor was under little or no restraint from the mistresses of the establishment ; but when, on application to that gentleman, it was ascertained that he knew nothing of her, nor could rigid investigation discover any traces of her flight, or the causes which led to it, the utmost alarm prevailed. Old Molly's sudden departure about the same time added to the mystery of the whole ; and not a soul could solve the difficulty.

Poor Eleanor keenly felt the change from her own delightful little room at the Grange, to the lowly apartment she was then compelled to occupy ; but she suffered a thousand times more intensely from the supposed desertion of the lieutenant ; and yet, in the midst of her distress, whilst outward want of comfort united with internal agony, forced upon her a conviction of her lonely and wretched state, her heart would make excuses for the seeming perfidy of her lover ; for nothing could shake the strong undying affection which she nurtured for him.

And this is woman's love,—and such was Eleanor's. She mourned her departure from the paths of innocence with deep and heart-felt anguish ; yet she would not indulge one bitter thought against him who had been the cause of all her misery. Her pillow was watered with her tears, shed in hopeless wretchedness, from which there appeared to be no escape ; but still her memory dwelt with tenderness upon the man who had thus involved her in the dark gulph of horrible despondency, nor could she bring herself to believe that he had wantonly and wilfully deserted her.

Thus time passed heavily away, in lonely dreary solitude, (for she never left her room,) during the period that intervened between the time of her quitting the Grange, and the hour which was to usher into this world of care and sorrow, a little helpless being, the child of sin and shame. Poor old Molly was unceasingly kind and attentive to the afflicted girl ; but she could not refrain from frequently lacerating the bruised and almost crushed heart of Eleanor, by inveighing against man's unfaithfulness and want of honour ; nor did she spare invectives on the more immediate and personal source of her young lady's tribulation. Daily did the old woman visit the different lodging-places, both at Portsmouth and Portsea ; and eagerly did she inspect the seamen in the numerous boats, as well as the officers, under a hope that she might, perchance, see the object of her unceasing search. The streets, the inns, were vigilantly watched with similar expectation, and with the same results. Oh, how many hours of sickening apprehension—tortured between the anxious whisperings of her affection, that he might yet return, and the certainty of every day's experience that he came not—did Eleanor en-

ture! And then the conviction that she had lost the honoured station in society which she had once possessed; that, if seen and known by former associates, they would despise and shun her!—Oh, there was fearful havoc in the bosom of that once happy, light-hearted innocent girl!

At length the pangs of child-birth came upon her—the lingering pains which Providence has ordained weak nature should endure in bringing into opening life the first germ of perishing mortality; and when it was over, and her infant lay sleeping by her side,—oh, how the scalding tears flowed down her pale face, as she thought there was no father's eye to look upon her babe!—no father's lips to press its soft and silken cheek!—no partner's tongue to whisper words of joy and comfort in her ear! Ah, no! she was an outcast, with a dreary void before her, having but one small object in perspective, the presence of her child—the little being who now claimed her maternal solicitude and care.

Daughters of virtue, could you have seen that injured and afflicted girl, as she lay extended on her lowly pallet—the cheeks so lately blooming with the rosy hue of health, now ghastly pale, and attenuated through wasting strength—those once full blue laughter-loving eyes, which were used to be lighted up with joy unspeakable, and mirth unbounded, now dim, and covered as with a filmy web, and constantly suffused with tears—the spectacle must have softened the asperities of the human mind, and humbled the proudest spirit! But, oh! could you have looked into that heart which man had devastated, and where desolation triumphed, you would guard your purity of thought as of more value than all the riches of the earth.

Fathers—but she had no father! Mothers—but she had no mother! Brothers!—but she had no brother! Sisters—but she had no sister! Still I say, parents and relatives! would you escape agonising reflection,—would you avoid the irrepressible gnawings of compunction,—watch—unceasingly watch over the interests of those entrusted to your guardianship and care. Oh, save them from the extremity of woe that fell upon the head of the devoted Eleanor Mowbray!

Existence had hung tremblingly in the balance, but life was spared, and a change came over all her feelings;—she was now a mother, and the boy lay sleeping by her side. It is a beautiful and interesting sight to witness the intense eagerness, anxiety, and pleasure with which a young mother gazes upon her first-born soon after its entrance into being, as it lays nestling in its warm coverings, well sheltered from the air. The softer sex, in their youthful days, have ever been remarkable for attachment to gentle pets that depended upon them for kindness and support—it is inherent in their very nature—they delight to have something to nourish which they can call their own, whether it is a plant, a bird, or an animal; and they attend it with vigilance and care. But, oh! how vastly is the feeling increased, concentrated, and enforced, when the mother beholds her helpless infant, and presses it to her bosom—it opens to her new duties, new affections, in short, a new world. And never was the wisdom of Divine Providence more power-

fully manifested in human nature than by implanting a love of their offspring as an undying attribute of the female character. What will not a tender mother do for her child?

Eleanor looked upon her boy, and powerfully did these maternal emotions operate in her breast. But with them also came others of a painful and humiliating nature. She was stretched upon a lowly pallet with poor and coarse coverings; and she thought how differently she would have been situated, had she been the honoured and acknowledged wife of Edward Weatherall. She looked round her closely-confined, mean, and dirty apartment, and she pictured to her imagination the enjoyment arising from the luxury of a well-aired room, possessing every essential to cleanliness and comfort, but of which she had been deprived.

Thus time passed on, and it would be a painful and distressing task to relate the many privations and trials the poor girl underwent. She nursed, she nourished her infant with cheerful readiness; but the laborious detail attendant upon it was almost too much for her, and the money she had by her when she quitted the Grange was nearly expended. Old Molly Boyd felt all the effects of advanced age; and bending beneath the weight of years and rheumatism, was, at times, utterly incapacitated for work of any kind; so that Eleanor, in addition to the cares of her infant, had to minister to the wants of one who was verging on second childhood.

Two months had passed away since her confinement, and Eleanor's money was expended. Article by article, and piece by piece, were her trinkets and her clothes consigned to the pawnbroker's; but these only yielded a temporary supply, and merely put off the evil day. Her delicacy became roughened progressively, as her difficulties and her labour increased; intercourse with the uneducated and vulgar had deadened the finer feelings of reserve and modesty. Alone, at night, wrapped in a tattered shawl, she had wandered through the streets, insulted by the wanton levity and licentiousness of many thoughtless youths, who would have used their best exertions to have succoured her, had they but known her tale of destitution and wretchedness. Often, when accosted by naval officers, she would make inquiry after the father of her babe,—for that was always uppermost in her mind,—but without effect. The coarse response, the ribald jest, the scorn of laughter, were the general return; and the more she grew accustomed to them, the less objectionable they seemed. Still, though often pressed by hunger and soft persuasion, she preserved herself from falling lower in the scale of moral degradation.

Old Molly died, and Eleanor was left alone. The delicate maiden, on whom servants had cheerfully attended, and whose beautiful little bedroom at the Grange, with its rose and ivy-mantled widow, presented all the comforts which the human mind could well desire, now, night after night, sat in an old arm-chair, enveloped in a common horse-rug and her shawl, whilst stretched on the lowly pallet, the dead slept the sleep of death before her. She would cradle her infant in her arms till weary nature became exhausted, and she feared that, during her temporary

slumbers, her hold might relax, and she should let it fall; then, unnatural as it may seem, the almost heart-broken girl would give the babe its fevered sickly nourishment, and wrapping it in its blanket, lay it on the same mattress as the decaying corpse; for, excepting the floor, there was no other place of rest. Oh, what a contrast was there!—age withered age, yielding to mortality, and turning to dust as it was!—infaney, smiling infaney, just entering upon life, slumbering by the side of death!

And then the day of burial came. A parish funeral—a few deal boards coarsely nailed together; no shroud, no pall, no memorial on the coffin, which four paupers, in their grey attire, carried to the grave. But the poor are not unmindful of each other on such occasions; four or five old crones gathered together their bits of black, or borrowed from their neighbours, and followed the perishing remains. Eleanor did not join the mourning train, but she was present at the obsequies; and groans of anguish burst from her harrowed heart, as she saw the coffin lowered into its dark and narrow prison-house, and heard the hollow rattling of the mould upon the lid, as the clergyman hurriedly pronounced the words, “Ashes to ashes—dust to dust.”

There were but few spectators to witness the mournful spectacle, for, as I said before, it was a pauper's funeral; and yet poor old Molly lay as quiet and as snugly there, “in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection,” as she would have done had thousands attended to pay their last token of respect, and tons of monumental marble been afterwards piled above her breast. When the service was over, the ancient mourners looked within the grave as the place to which they were all hastening; and though still clinging with natural pertinacity to the things of time, they expressed an earnest desire to escape from penury and want, by entering upon another and a better world. And then they returned to their abodes, and one, who was best provided for, invited the rest to tea; and hour after hour they sat, crowding round the fire, recounting past occurrences, and telling tales of the dreary tomb.

It was dark when Eleanor re-entered her room; and pressing her baby to her cold and cheerless bosom, she sat down and wept.

“Father of mercies!” said she, “I have sinned,—I have sinned; but oh, east me not off in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure! I have done evil in thy sight; but the punishment is more than I can bear! Oh! whither—whither shall I flee from thy wrath? I cannot arise and go to my parents, for thou hast seen fit to remove them from me. To whom, then, can I come, but unto thee? A suppliant at the footstool of thy throne I pray for pardon, and for peace, through him that died for our transgression. Lord be merciful unto me!”

There was no light in the room;—all was dark and drear, and desolate; and there sat the wretched Eleanor, her spirit crushed to the very earth and her frame weak and emaciated through the want of food. Her thoughts reverted to past scenes of joy and happiness; and oh, how lovely did they seem, now they were gone for ever! The future was a gloomy void; but harrassed imagination was filling it up with flitting



visions of destitution and misery, and an untimely grave. For herself, she might for a season endure privation and distress; but for her child—the little helpless innocent in her arms—oh! all the mother's feelings rushed over her soul, and pressing it to her aching bosom, she resolved to undergo every suffering rather than forsake it. The infant having vainly sought for nourishment, had cried itself to sleep; and Eleanor, laying it on the pallet from which the corpse had been so recently removed, folded her shawl over her shoulders, and hurried desperately into the streets. She had tasted no victuals that day; and grief and agitation had so overpowered her, that her tottering limbs could scarce support her sinking frame. She saw viands and bread, and sweet refreshments exhibited in the windows, and her hunger was tantalized to ravening; but she had no money to buy. She heard the sounds of music and of merriment as she passed along; and they seemed in mockery of her woe. She was accosted by the gay, the heedless, and the dissolute; but their words fell on a deaf and fainting ear,—till nature could bear no more, and she sank exhausted to the ground, unconscious of all that was moving around her.

A crowd gathered over the fallen girl; but as it was reported to be nothing more than an unhappy prostitute in a state of intoxication, no hand was extended to raise her up, no tongue expressed sympathy for her calamity, and there she lay exposed to curses, to contumely, and even kicks; but she heard not the one, she felt not the other. At length a murmuring whisper ran through the crowd that “the woman was dead;” and those who refrained from tendering help to the living, were ready to lend their assistance when their services could no longer be useful to the lifeless corpse. What anomalies there are in human nature!

At this moment two gentlemen came up, one in the uniform of an East India captain, the other in plain clothes, and inquired the cause of the throng being thus assembled. On gaining the required information, humanity urged them to ascertain the truth; and bending down, the latter applied his hand to the seat of life, and discovered that the heart's action had not ceased, but that the poor girl was still living. With generous promptitude they had her conveyed to the surgery of the nearest medical practitioner, who immediately attended. The light fell upon a countenance that displayed the wreck of great beauty,—though it was pallid, and hollow, and shrunk.

The surgeon adopted remedial measures, and applied restoratives; (the gentlemen looked on in silence;) and soon the eyes of Eleanor unclosed, and, separating her glossy tresses that had fallen over her forehead, she stared wildly around her. “Where am I?” she demanded, looking first at one and then at another. “Who are you all? and why am I here? But, oh! give me food!—give me water!—water, or I shall perish!”

The gentleman in plain clothes started when he heard the voice, and then fixed his intense gaze upon the features of the hapless female. “Merciful providence!” whispered he, as if to himself; “this then is one of thy mysterious ordinations!” He turned to the India officer by





*The Domestic Violence*

his side, and uttered in an under tone so as only to be heard by him who was addressed, "Captain Meredith, this is the unhappy girl for whom we have had so arduous a search. I remember that face, altered as it is, too well to be mistaken;" he shook with emotion, and raised his voice as he added, "yes, it is—it must be Eleanor Mowbray."

"Ha!" shrieked the miserable girl as she heard her name mentioned; "who is it that remembers the forlorn and wretched—who pollutes the tongue?—" She looked at the gentleman, and instantly ceased, for in the individual before her she recognised the person of her former kind friend and adviser, Mr. Sykes. She cast her eyes to the ground,—her brain swam round,—her malady returned, and with a heavy heart-rending groan she relaxed into a swoon.

"This poor creature must have kindness and care," said the surgeon, addressing himself to his assistant, who was endeavouring to restore her. "This faintness is the effect of exhaustion from the want of food. I have no doubt she has suffered greatly; and she requires nourishment and rest." He turned to Mr. Sykes and the captain: "If you know anything of her, gentlemen, it would really be an act both of generosity and humanity to see her safely restored to her friends; and if they are unable to supply her necessities, I am sure you will not refrain from rendering your aid; and my humble services shall be ready at any time."

"You are good, sir—very good," returned Mr. Sykes, deeply moved by this unexpected meeting, and at the deplorable condition in which he had found the female whom he had loved as his own child. "May God reward you, sir. Yes, I do know the poor afflicted creature, who, except myself and a relative in the East Indies, has, I fear, no other friends in existence. What has reduced her to this state of wretchedness, I am utterly ignorant. She may be fallen, or she may be innocent. I will put no questions; but I will not desert her in the time of her affliction." The tears started from his eyes, but he subdued his emotion as he inquired, "May she be removed, sir? We are on the point of embarking for the Mother Bank; the India convoy is getting under way; I am quitting England, and I would fain take her with me; my family are all on board;—can it be accomplished, sir?"

The surgeon bent down over the inanimate form of the insensible girl; and whilst administering restoratives, replied, "I see nothing to prevent her removal if it is done with care and caution—a little refreshment—a few drops of laudanum to compose—"

"The pilot cutter is waiting for us," said Captain Meredith, impatiently; "and really it is impossible for me to detain her any longer; I must away on board."

"Pardon me, Captain Meredith, returned Mr. Sykes, greatly agitated; "my surprise at finding her, and more so my distress at finding her thus, have made me forgetful of what is due to you. Your ship is your own; will you receive the unfortunate girl on board as part of my family? I will cheerfully defray every expense for her passage, and my daughters have clothes enough for all."

"My passengers are all highly respectable, Mr. Sykes," argued the



captain, who was fearful of giving offence that might injure his reputation on another voyage. "I feel for your unpleasant situation, but—" and he paused.

"Her history is unknown," urged Mr. Sykes, with strong feeling and a tone of powerful persuasion; "her present condition has been revealed to no one but ourselves. It will be dark when we get alongside; and I implore you by the respect you bear her uncle, by the friendship you entertain for me, do not force me to leave her here—I cannot do it—she will perish!" and he wrung his hands imploringly.

The kind-hearted seaman could not resist this urgent appeal; the generous sympathies of his nature were aroused, and though perplexed under the apprehension of consequent unpleasantness, he did not refuse. "We have not a moment to lose," said he, emphatically; "I would not miss the convoy for the world. And how are you to get this poor creature to the ship?"

"You consent, then!" exclaimed Mr. Sykes, his face brightening up; "my heart's best gratitude is yours;—the rest may easily be accomplished." He turned to the surgeon; "You say, sir, that this unfortunate may be removed without danger?" the professional nodded assent. "But will you, sir," asked he with earnestness,—will you add to the obligation I am already under to you, by accompanying her on board? if you will, twenty guineas—or make your demand, and I will answer it. The pilot cutter will bring you back free of expense—you will take a load of difficulty from my friend, and my prayers to heaven shall multiply blessings on your head."

"You are strangers to me, gentlemen," said the surgeon, respectfully, "and I have no doubt mean well to this poor female. But you must excuse me from lending myself to an affair, the particulars of which I know nothing. Professionally, I am at your service; but—without meaning anything offensive—I have yet, as a man, to learn by what right you claim to hold a power over one who is not able to answer for herself."

"Your scruples are too just, sir, not to be immediately admitted and admired," responded Mr. Sykes; "nor shall I hesitate to confide to you, as briefly as possible, but I trust satisfactorily, the history of her life, as far as I am cognizant of it. She is the daughter of the late Major Mowbray, who gallantly fell in the defence of his country; her mother is also dead, and she was placed by myself at a ladies' boarding-school in this neighbourhood, where she at all times appeared to be cheerful and happy. As a visitor at my own house, I never knew one that gained more esteem, or imparted greater delight, than Eleanor Mowbray;—she was all that the fondest hopes might anticipate. In the midst of entire confidence in her conduct, she disappeared from the school; and from that time to this very evening I have neither seen nor gained tidings of her. What has caused her defection is an utter mystery; and you, yourself, see the condition she is in. I am not aware that she had any acquaintance, male or female, that could have decoyed her away; and yet she departed. During her strange and unaccountable absence, letters arrived from Colonel Mowbray, her uncle,

who holds a splendid official appointment at the court of Persia, requesting that his niece might come out to him, and he would consider her as his own child. Captain Meredith, my friend here, (he pointed to the captain, who bowed,) was the bearer of these letters; and he was instructed to carry her to India on his next—that is, this present voyage. We vainly sought for her in every direction; no means were left untried to discover her retreat; but all were unavailing, till we found her senseless in the street. The East India Company have done me the honour to appoint me to an elevated station in their service at Canton, and my family have already embarked. Now, sir, I will appeal to yourself whether I ought not to take this young female with me. If she remains in England, who will take care of her?—you see what she is; and there is no telling, when health and beauty are restored, what she may be in a country where European loveliness is idolized. I have now told you all—Captain Meredith is impatient to be gone—in fact, we have already remained too long—and, once more, I entreat you to comply with my earnest solicitation to attend her till she is aboard.”

This plain unvarnished statement decided the surgeon to accompany them; especially as he would then himself be enabled to test the certainty of her embarkation. He supplied himself with restoratives and stimulants; arrangements were speedily made for departure—a carriage was procured—the crowd had departed, and Eleanor, still in a state of insensibility, was conveyed to the Sally-port, where a boat was waiting for Captain Meredith; and from thence they were soon embarked in a pilot cutter, that was already under way. Wrapped up in a boat-cloak, the poor girl was placed on a bed in the little cabin; and the surgeon supplied her with proper stimulants and nourishing liquors. Her breath was hurried and fluttering—her pulse was weak—but her head was scorched with unnatural heat, and a deep stupor sealed up her faculties. The breeze was fresh—away danced the lively little cutter along the Gosport shore, and the unconscious Eleanor was now upon the dark waters, leaving her infant, the child of Edward Weatherall, in the depth of poverty, to the mercy of strangers.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

"Come, 'All hands ahoy,' to the anchor;  
 From friends and relations to go:  
 Poll blubbers and cries - Devil thank her—  
 She 'll soon take another in tow.  
 This here breeze like the Ould One may kick us  
 About on the boisterous main;  
 And p'rhaps if ould Davy don't *nick* us,  
 Some day we shall come back again."

I HAVE already mentioned that Lieutenant Weatherall had been appointed to a frigate that sailed immediately for Lisbon; at which place his uncle, with a squadron, arrived a few months after him, and made a vacancy for his nephew in his own ship. At that time admirals had the power to place lieutenants under them as first, second, third, &c., not according to seniority in the dates of their commissions, but as suited their own favour or knowledge of peculiar merit. Thus Edward Weatherall, though very young, was honoured with the distinction of first lieutenant of a sixty-four; and as the captain was much advanced in years, and frequently laid up for weeks together with the gout, nearly the whole duty of attending to the squadron, as well as to his own vessel, devolved upon Edward Weatherall. But he had been educated in a good school, and being now thrown in a great measure upon his own resources, he acquitted himself with great credit, and gained considerable approbation. The government of England at that time was extremely suspicious of the conduct of Spain; and Admiral Boreas was entrusted with the charge of watching their naval proceedings.

But though thus actively employed in a profession to which he was greatly attached, Edward suffered much anguish of mind when he reflected on the exposed and critical situation in which he had left Eleanor. Still he trusted that the letter, which he had so indiscreetly given to the waterman, would explain everything to her satisfaction; and he fully determined on his return to England to make her his wife. Several times he was on the point of soliciting his uncle to grant him leave of absence; but the knowledge of his strictness in morality, and his coldness to those fervent affections which unite the sexes together, deterred him from the risk. Had he asked to be sent home without explaining the cause, he would at once have met with a decided refusal; and to state the real circumstances of the case, he was well aware that he should not only have the admiral's marked displeasure, and in all likelihood be removed from the rank which

ambition rendered estimable to him, but the chances were that he would be dismissed with disgrace, and lose the prospect of further promotion. This he could not endure to think of; and he resolved, therefore to remain, anxiously hoping that it would not be long before the squadron was ordered to England. In the meantime he wrote to Miss Mowbray, under cover to Molly Boyd, exhorting her to patience, and pledging himself in the most solemn manner to marry her on his return. He enclosed money for her present necessities, and advised that suitable lodgings should be taken, provided circumstances compelled her to quit the Grange. His assurances of increased regard and undeviating fidelity were earnest and sincere; and oh! what consolation would they have afforded that poor orphan girl had they ever reached her hands! Anxiously, most anxiously, did Edward entreat her to write to him so as to relieve his mind of the distress he endured; but, as my readers already know, this could not be accomplished, as Eleanor was totally ignorant as to the cause of his abandoning her, or where he was to be found; and great was the vexation and grief of the lieutenant at hearing no tidings of her fate. He never for one moment suspected the true cause of his disappointment. Ship after ship brought out letters for the squadron, and each time did Edward experience the flushings of hope revived to be crushed again into despondency.

Various were the surmises which he formed upon the subject, but in no instance did the conjecture arise that his communications might have miscarried; he therefore attributed Eleanor's silence to neglect; and mortified pride, as well as blighted affection, were added to the catalogue of his mental calamities. Thus eighteen months passed on; and at its expiration a sloop-of-war touched, on her passage out to India, with despatches for the admiral, directing his return to England. Edward's heart, though sickened by tumultuous agitation, and pained by hope deferred, yet rejoiced at the certainty of being able to ascertain the full extent of what he feared. The order to prepare for sailing was cheerfully given, and he implored the favour of Heaven to grant them a fair wind.

But mutable are the affairs of life; for whilst the lieutenant was indulging in the idea of soon beholding the white cliffs of Albion, his uncle was signing an acting order, which was to give him the command of the sloop-of-war, and thereby consign him to the East Indies,—the captain of a forty-four having died, and caused a vacancy in post rank, to which the commander of the sloop was elevated. But these arrangements were not made till the last moment, and then the admiral sent for his nephew into the cabin.

"Have you heard the news, Ned?" said he; for though rigid in discipline when in the performance of duty, he always addressed his nephew familiarly when they were together, and alone. "There 'll be some hot work in the East—it has been too long neglected—and since Commodore King came away from the Indian Seas they 've been infested with pirates that plunder every craft that comes in their way; and as for the Bombay grabs, they care no more for 'em than they do



for a fleet of old women. Now a smart officer, Ned, may make his fortune on the Mahratta coast, besides doing great service to his country. Commodore Cornwallis is on his passage out to take the command, with a squadron, and the *Firefly*—that handsome little sloop, Ned”—(and he pointed out at the port)—“is to join him with all expedition. What’s a few years in India, when there’s every certainty of being posted, and coming home as rich as a nabob? You’ll thank me for it by-and-by, Ned;—and here it is, with a letter of introduction to Cornwallis—a rum fish, by the way—seldom says much, but the very devil to work; and here is also a letter to Captain Byron, who I hear goes out in the *Phoenix* frigate—I mean George Anson Byron—no relation that I know of to ‘Foul-weather Jack,’ but a dashing stirring fellow, that has seen some hard service, and wants to be at it again. There, take ‘em, my boy; and though I shall be sorry to part with you, yet the chances are so much in your favour, that I should be doing you an injury if I was to allow selfish feelings to get to wind’ard of me.” He offered the papers, which the young lieutenant mechanically received. “There—there, Ned—no thanks; go and bargain with Moorsom for an epaulette for your larboard shoulder, which I hope to see shifted over to the starboard side\* before long, and three years afterwards you may double upon it, you know.” And the admiral laughed.

When first addressed, Edward Weatherall could not imagine what his uncle was aiming at; but as he proceeded in his harangue, the truth flashed upon his mind; and whilst his pride exulted at the prospect of commanding a fine handsome craft like the *Firefly*, his heart grew heavier at the certainty of his being removed farther away from England and Eleanor. It would be impossible for pen to describe the severe struggle that ensued. Sanguine in his temperament, he had unceasingly nurtured the wish to return home, and ascertain the truth relative to the female whom he most ardently loved; and now, when his sickening spirit had become elated with the admiral’s recal, an impediment was at once thrown as a barrier in his way. He was well aware that there were many in the squadron who would gladly accept of the promotion; and perhaps one word uttered to the admiral that might lead him to think the gift was undervalued, would in a great measure defeat his future prospects;—and thus he stood hesitating, with the letters and acting order still in his hands.

“Why, what the devil’s come over you, young man?” said the admiral somewhat sternly, as he drew himself erect and fiercely squared his cocked-hat,—a sure signal that his anger was aroused. “You surely do not mean to despise my good intentions towards you?” His voice became more softened as he continued, “I see how it is, Ned—you do not like to leave me; and I esteem you for it.”

“You do me more than justice, sir,” answered the lieutenant; “and grateful as I feel for your kind consideration, yet I should

\* At that time masters and commanders wore a single plain epaulette on the left shoulder; post-captains, under three years, wore a plain epaulette on the right shoulder; and after three years post rank, they had one on each shoulder.

prefer remaining with you; especially as I am sensible your influence at the admiralty might obtain me the next step without my going foreign."

"Mayhap so—mayhap so," returned the admiral, at all times pleased to hear of the respect in which he was held by those who were in authority. "But that would be nothing, Ned, without a command; and I am not so certain that I could obtain that for you; so that you would have to skulk idly ashore on your half-pay, and that would be the death of you, Ned. Now, there's the *Firefly*—look at her, my boy—she's a sweet craft, and you might improve her, for I've made a seaman of you, Ned—there she is, your own, and you not two-and-twenty. And mark me, young man," (his voice and look became serious,)—"the time is not far distant when stout ships and brave officers will be in demand to maintain old England's supremacy on the ocean. The French are pulling down that which they will not be able to build up again—they are standing upon a tack that must bump them ashore—they will find revolution a rock a-head, on which the nation will split; but England cannot lay alongside and keep her guns housed. Spain longs to humble our proud flag—she has already appealed to France for help; but Looe has summut else to do than send out a fleet that would soon cross the channel into a British port. A war is coming—it must come—every crowned head in Europe is unsafe if this revolutionary spirit is not brought up all standing. India will be the first field for contest; and Cornwallis is a fire-eater—you must, you cannot fail to distinguish yourself, Ned—your activity and good conduct under my own eye assures me of it. Most of the captains out there are old men; there will be vacancies, Ned—vacancies in post rank; and by the time your two years have expired, if not before, you will have a frigate. If you go home with me, and are laid up for a year or two, all that you can expect, if hostilities commence, will be probably some old tub of a sloop. India's the place, my boy, so think no more about me, Ned. I'll square everything with your father and Miriam; and there's urgent reasons for your taking the *Firefly*, which I cannot explain to you now—so make up your mind at once, and get your traps ready for shifting, without losing a moment. You've done your duty, young man; and these are marks of my approval. Go—go," and the veteran's voice grew tremulous as the thoughts of parting with his nephew came stronger upon him.

Without uttering a word in reply, Edward Weatherall withdrew from his uncle's cabin to his own, from the open port of which the sloop-of-war with her white ensign and pennant flying, and her tapering spars, looking rakish and enticing, could be distinctly seen. A boat with the commander of the *Firefly* was midway between the two ships, approaching towards the admiral; and the lieutenant immediately conjectured that Captain Moorsom was coming, pursuant to signal, to wait upon Sir Mulberry, for the purpose of receiving his elevation to post-rank. The young man's mind was passion-tossed with the tumultuous feelings that almost overpowered him. There was a coveted distinction and a command, for his acceptance or refusal, and the prospect of a

brilliant career opening to excite his ambition. To throw away the chance would be madness; and yet to give up the hope he had so fondly cherished of performing an act of justice to Eleanor, was indeed repugnant to all the better principles of honour, which he valued as inestimable.

In this state of mental agitation he was aware that he would have but a few moments to decide; for the report of a heavy gun was heard, which was instantly followed by the order, "Let fall;" and he knew that the fore-topsail had been loosed, as the signal "Prepare for sailing." Captain Moorsom, (the commander of the *Firefly*) was soon alongside, and then a second boat pulled up from a fifty-gun ship, with a lieutenant in her, whom Edward recognised as the individual most likely to obtain the sloop of war, should he decline. Now, between the admiral's ship and the fifty there had been a constant rivalry for smartness in the execution of nautical manœuvres, and the balance was pretty equal. From this cause a degree of professional jealousy had arisen; and the moment Edward beheld him the *esprit du corps* took possession of his faculties—he could not endure the thought of witnessing the promotion of his opponent, and at his own expense too. Youthful ambition stifled the nobler sentiments, and prevailed; so that when he was re-summoned to his uncle's presence, his decision was sternly formed. Captain Moorsom had received and accepted his appointment to the forty-four, and Edward Weatherall became commander of the *Firefly*.

The admiral congratulated each upon his promotion; and when on the quarter-deck, Edward was surrounded by the officers, who expressed their joy at his good fortune, and their regret at parting. He had hardly time to think or reflect—his new duties gathered thickly upon him; he had assumed an onerous and important responsibility, from which there was no receding; and his young heart fluttered with pride and unrepressed delight, when he first trod the decks of his first command, and looked round upon the gallant fellows that were everywhere prompt to obey. Nor were these feelings lessened when he saw his rival, the first lieutenant of the fifty, passing under the sloop's stern, on his return to his own ship—a glow of triumph excited him, and for several minutes the generosity of his nature was subdued. But this did not prevail long; for when on boarding the admiral to take his last farewell of the veteran, he learned that his late office was to be filled by his active opponent, (offering a certainty of promotion when Sir Mulberry struck his flag,) he rejoiced in his good fortune, and they became staunch friends.

"And now, Ned—Captain Weatherall, I mean," said the admiral, as he grasped the young man's hand at parting; "never forget that your ancestors—and particularly your maternal grandfather—have fought bravely for their country. What though their situations might be subordinate, it was more to their credit that they did their duty with honour to themselves. You will not flinch, Ned—I know you will not. Keep a bright eye to wind'ard, and your canvass clean full. You will want a few rupees when you get to Bombay or Calcutta—here is a letter of credit; draw upon my agent for what you may require, your bills







shall be duly honoured; say five hundred pounds for the first year. And above all things keep up the respectability of your family—it goes far in India—and let them see who's your uncle. You need say nothing about the boatswain's mate, your grandfather, amongst the purse-proud nabobs of the east, but always bear it in mind yourself; and do justice to the seamen who may be placed under your control. Keep every man to his station; and remember that I have instructed you by precept and example to deal leniently with their faults, and largely with their merits; and then, when you take them into action, d—me, but they'll fight the devil, if he had a whole fleet of fire-ships to back him. Good bye, Ned—I will say every thing to them at home—write as often as you can to us. Good bye—fear God and defy old Nick." And without waiting for reply the old veteran led him to the entrance of the cabin,—wrung his nephew's hand,—closed the door,—and then indulged in that fervency of affectionate solicitude which, instead of diminishing the claim to manliness, is the strongest proof of a noble and feeling heart.

The young commander was equally affected as his uncle; and it was with difficulty he repressed the emotions which were struggling in his breast, almost to the stifling of respiration. But there were many eyes upon him; and, with a desperate effort at calmness, he subdued the agitation which was almost overpowering him,—bade adieu to his old messmates, who crowded to shake him by the hand,—and as his boat shoved off from alongside, his ears were greeted with three hearty cheers that rose spontaneously from the crew, and gave an earnest to the people in the sloop-of-war that their new captain was respected and beloved. In a few hours the whole of the squadron was under way, and saluting and saluted passed Belem Castle, with their canvass spread to the breeze,—the admiral and his ships bound to England,—the *Firefly* trimming her sails for a long and distant voyage to India.

Whilst excitement lasted, and the novelty of his situation engrossed his thoughts, Edward Weatherall experienced the pride and satisfaction that his new station very naturally inspired; but when alone upon the wide ocean, and neither ships nor land were visible, old feelings and old recollections came upon him with redoubled force. The monotony of a life of idleness, compared with the active duties to which he had been accustomed in the flag-ship, was but ill calculated to drive away melancholy reflection; and though he strove to conquer the agonizing doubts and gnawing suspicions that wounded his peace, yet it was without avail; and in the secret silence of his cabin, where no eye but that of Heaven could witness his distress, remorse and anguish preyed upon his spirits, and brought down a fearful retribution. His lieutenants and their messmates were considerably his seniors in years, and they felt it somewhat of a degradation to be placed under the command of one so young. But this gradually wore off—the mild, unassuming, but strictly disciplined manners of the captain won upon their confidence and regard—he studied their comfort and happiness, and though at times the grief which incessantly acted upon his temper rendered him irritable or morose, yet there was a degree of candour

and kindness in his general conduct that amply atoned for temporary unpleasantness. With the surgeon, a well-educated and gentlemanly man, he was communicative and affable; and the skilful practitioner, who had studied human nature as an important part of his profession, was not long in discovering that a blighting worm had enveloped itself within the recesses of the young man's heart, and was destroying the flower of existence at the very core. Delicacy and subordination forbade his probing the evil to the quick; but he endeavoured by respectful attention, and a thousand nameless little kindnesses, to avert the disease which he saw sooner or later must come, and would probably carry off its victim. Without the slightest manifestation of servility or subserviency, he contrived various methods to amuse and instruct the young captain, who not only appreciated, but felt sincerely grateful for his generosity of purpose.

But Edward could not divest himself of the sense of loneliness—he had no messmates to converse with on an equality, and though his table was never without guests, who were well supplied, (for Captain Moorsom was a man of fortune, and had laid in a large stock of luxuries as well as necessities,) yet his cabin was a sort of sanctum, which repressed familiarity, and his rank constrained him to preserve a due distance when on deck. He encouraged athletic exercises and cheerful amusements amongst his people—never harassing them by unnecessary exactions or vexatious occupations; but still enforcing the inviolability of the quarter-deck, by supporting his officers in the discharge of their several functions. Seamen are like school-boys;—they detest the hard task-master, and are ready to take advantage of undue relaxation; but revere the man who feels the importance of his own station, and with care and consideration insists upon the full performance of requisite obligations.

Onwards went the Firefly, hourly increasing her distance from old Albion's shores, and perhaps—with the exception of him who ruled the whole—there has seldom been congregated together happier spirits or lighter hearts. Every succeeding day's experience had the effect of attaching the officers and men, more and more, to their new commander; and they looked forward to deeds of enterprise when they should arrive in the country to which they were destined. The equinoctial was crossed with the usual ceremonial of a visit from Neptune; and as Rio Janeiro had been appointed by the commodore for a rendezvous, thither they pursued their course, till they made Cape Frio on the coast of Brazil, and on the same evening were near to Morris's islands at the entrance of the harbour.

A beautiful cluster of islets are those which bear the name of Morris—at a distance, mere specks upon the ocean, covered down to the very water's edge with verdant foliage. How they first obtained their name I have an indistinct remembrance; and I recollect something of a tradition concerning them, that was communicated to me by a Portuguese officer (who spoke the English tongue fluently) one afternoon, as we sat in the balcony of a pretty house on the shores of Gloria Bay. It was a love tale, of which an Englishman (his name I believe

was Morris) was the nero, and a lady of the viceroy's court the heroine. The Englishman was captain of an armed ship, in which the family of the lady had taken a passage from Lisbon to Brazil; and during the voyage an ardent affection had grown up between them, and led to many stolen interviews at night, when the eyes of caution were closed in slumber. Fervently attached to each other, they enjoyed the passing moments with delight; and though the future would at times darken the prospects that rose before them, yet young hearts and warm feelings rendered them mutually devoted; and they trusted to some unforeseen chance to aid them in their designs. It was not till the hour of separation—when Adele was to become a favourite at the court—that they felt the full extent of the bitterness of their situation; and yet the utmost reserve was necessary lest their secret should be betrayed.

The ship commanded by Captain Morris (for so I shall call him) was one of those free traders, or licenced Buccaneers, that, in defiance of *garde da costas*, or Spanish cruisers, carried on a contraband traffic along the western coast of South America; and, unless report strongly belied them, they were not over-scrupulous in appropriating things of value, plundered from other vessels, to their own uses and advantages; nor was it an uncommon event for towns and villages to be sacked in the dead of night, all precious metals removed from the chapels and churches, and the whole disappear with the most astonishing celerity during the darkness,—so that at day-light not a maurader could be seen on the land, and nothing but a far-distant white speck at sea, lifting like a gull upon a wave near the verge of the blue horizon.

Upon such a voyage was Captain Morris bound; and oh, how his very soul became elated when he contemplated the daring achievement of taking Adele with him! He did not doubt of her consent to, and co-operation in, his plans; and though he knew that certain death and the sinking of his ship awaited him, if detected before he got beyond the battery of Santa Cruz, yet, once bounding free upon the ocean, and Adele would be entirely and irrevocably his own. His design was to take his departure towards the close of the day, anchor outside the forts, and then return at night in his boat to Gloria Bay, where the lady, having quitted the residence of her parents, was to be waiting for him; and thus he would be enabled to carry her clear off. The manner in which he had conducted himself to his passengers had won their esteem, and he was at all times a welcome visitor at the house they had taken in the suburbs of the city. Here he enjoyed frequent access to Adele, and availed himself of every opportunity that offered to secure her undeviating regard, and obtain her acquiescence to his proposals. The beautiful girl truly loved the young Englishman; but to abandon her parents, who had nurtured her in her infancy and childhood,—to tear herself away from the dear companions of her early years, and become an outcast and a wanderer,—was more than reflection could endure, and she energetically refused. Still Morris persevered in his visits, and his importunity grew stronger and stronger. Her fervent affection for him at length weakened her resolves, she



felt during his short absences how painful it was to be divided; and what, then, would that wide and eternal separation be, when he quitted her for ever? The very thought was unutterable anguish—the reality she dreaded would be death.

Thus an internal conflict wasted the health and blighted the happiness of the almost distracted girl, when a circumstance occurred that eventually decided her fate. At sea the lovers had been accustomed to unrestricted association, and since their arrival, from the extreme caution that had been used, they believed that the knowledge of their attachment was confined solely to themselves. Oh, how apt are people to deceive themselves in this particular! Like the ostrich, who, thrusting his head into a hole, fancies, because he can see nothing, that therefore nobody can see him; so do individuals, blinded to what is passing around them, believe that they are equally secure from observation. Amongst the servants that had come out with the family of Adele was a smart and rather pretty female, whose romantic ideas had settled upon the handsome young captain; and she tried, by numerous little endearing artifices, to draw him beneath her enthralling influences. Anger at finding her efforts useless did but inflame the passion, which was at first but the mere effect of woman's desire to make conquests; but, gathering strength from the resistance opposed to it, deepened into firm and enduring love. Whilst on board she had no opportunity of ascertaining the real state of affairs relative to her young mistress, but, when on shore, the watchful eye of suspicion was not long in detecting the cause for which she believed herself slighted; and the rancour of jealousy as quickly meditated a cruel revenge.

Morris was a protestant; and Adele had been brought up under the most rigid tenets of the catholic church, amongst whose priesthood the protestants were denounced as heretics. But the warmth of sincere regard was not to be chilled into hate through considerations for particular creeds or doctrines;—and oh, how deeply is it to be deplored that a conscientious view of certain passages in the book of sacred and holy peace should involve men in hostile disputes, and frequently in sacrilegious bloodshed! It is a melancholy reflection that millions of lives have been sacrificed in religious feuds, under the pretext of glorifying the *Saviour* of sinners. At Rio Janeiro priestcraft revelled in all the power which the universal dread of "*Anathema Maranatha*" could create over degrading superstition and profound ignorance amongst the people; and it was to one of the most bigoted and severe of father confessors that Marietta, under a plea of sanctity, disclosed the facts she had discovered, that Adele was beloved by a heretic and loved him in return. This was quite enough to raise the vengeance of the priests; a secret conclave was held, and it was deemed advisable to place a watch upon the hapless pair. The vindictive serving-maid plotted the destruction of her young mistress, under a hope that, when she was removed out of the way, Captain Morris would deal kindly with herself. A snare was laid, into which the unwary lovers were enticed; the sentiments of their hearts became known to individuals set purposely to watch: and at Morris's departure from the

house, Adele was ordered to prepare herself for a convent. The entreaties of parental affection were disregarded—immolation and rigid penance were decreed the portion of the wretched girl. At the next visit of the captain these things became in part known to him, through a Portuguese youth who had gone out with the family, and been kindly treated on most occasions by Morris; who now exhorted him to gain an interview with Adele, and entreat her to escape the horrors of imprisonment and lingering torture from a breaking heart, by placing herself under his protection. He said that he would that night and every succeeding one, be with his boat at a certain hour, at a particular spot in Gloria Bay, awaiting her, as he was forbidden again to enter the dwelling of her parents.

That night he fulfilled his promise; and when darkness had overspread the face of creation, he entered a small light punt with two seamen, and repaired to the appointed place; but hour after hour passed away, and no one coming, he returned on board grievously agitated and sorely disappointed. The following day he held no communication with the shore, but exerted himself to the utmost on board to get the ship ready for sea. The evening saw him again in his little boat at the rendezvous; where he had not been more than an hour, when two youths made their appearance, one was Adele in disguise, the other the young Portuguese who had assisted her to get away. Great was the delight of Morris as he clasped the terrified girl in his arms; and, as no moment should be lost, they hastily bade adieu to the generous youth. Adele was conveyed to the boat, which was soon at some distance from the shore, dancing upon the surface of the swelling waters, and drifting out of the harbour with the ebbing tide.

Their destination was soon told. To have taken Adele on board his ship, Morris well knew would be tantamount to the recapture of the lady, as Portuguese guards were constantly on the deck; nor could he hope to carry her off with him if she remained at any place within the range of the forts, for his vessel would be thoroughly searched on passing Santa Cruz, and there would be no possibility of concealing her. He determined therefore to take her at once to one of the beautiful wood-covered islands outside; where, with a supply of provisions, and a temporary shelter, she might remain till picked up on his passage to sea. He had brought with him necessaries for the purpose—a sail for a tent—a mattress to lie upon—and a basket with food. At first, the sensitiveness of Adele shrunk from this arrangement, as she would be left alone, and solitariness in such a place was appalling to her mind; but she saw there was no alternative between that and perpetual confinement in a convent—between union with her lover and eternal separation from him—and she acquiesced.

The boat, sturdily propelled, reached one of the islands—a convenient landing-place was found in a covered nook—the seaman hastily but securely formed a tent—dry branches were collected and piled up, on which the mattress was spread to be used either as seat or couch—the viands, the wine, and the water were carefully bestowed—and Morris, after contemplating his work with rich gratification, and taking a

farewell embrace of Adele, re-embarked, and under cover of the darkness, gained his ship unobserved.

The departure of Adele was not ascertained till the following morning, when she was called upon to attend early mass. Every inquiry was instituted, every part of the house and garden was searched, but she was not to be found; and so cleverly had her retreat been managed, that not a clue could be obtained relative to the manner of her escape. The wretched parents did not dare to breathe their surmises beyond their own immediate sphere; for they believed she had been secretly and noiselessly abducted by inquisitorial subordinates, and she would have to suffer every horrible torture. Great was the consternation amongst the reverend fathers when informed of the event; but though they could discover nothing by which they could fix an imputation upon Captain Morris, yet they never for one moment entertained any other opinion than that he was implicated in the affair, though how or in what manner conjecture was utterly at fault. Stung with mortification at dissatisfied vengeance, a system of espionage was adopted; which, though for two successive nights it failed, was, it is supposed successful on the third; for on the morning after Morris had paid his last visit to the island, and full of hope and confidence had promised on the following evening to remove her away, as his ship would then be at sea,—the boat was found adrift in Gloria Bay, bottom up; and as neither the captain nor the seamen could be found, it was at once believed that they must have perished.

It was many years after this, when a British man-of-war was laying in Rio Janeiro harbour, that an English seaman, stricken in age, in a most wretched plight, came down to the landing-place, and earnestly besought the protection of the lieutenant who had charge of the boat that was then waiting for the captain. The poor fellow appeared to have emerged from the very depths of abject misery; and, as a subject of Great Britain, the inviolability of her flag was thrown over him. He was conveyed on board, and proved to be one of the men who had rowed Captain Morris to the island. He told his plain unvarnished tale,—that, having made three previous trips, they were waiting on the fourth till the captain should join them, when a full-manned barge ran alongside the punt—they were seized and gagged before they could give an alarm—the little boat was taken in tow, and, leaving Morris and the lady behind them, they pulled away. The punt was designedly overset and cast adrift; but the two men were sent to the mines of San Paulo, where one died, and the other contrived to get away.

This recital excited deep interest amongst the British officers. The parents of Adele were in the grave; and though there were some living who remembered the circumstance of Captain Morris being drowned, they were yet utterly unacquainted with the facts connected with that event, and it was deemed advisable to make no further enquiries. But a restless curiosity had been aroused; there were young and ardent minds that longed to visit the spot, which the seaman declared he could readily point out, and the period at last arrived

in which their wish was to be gratified. The man-of-war sailed, saluting the forts as she passed, but when off the islands her canvass was reduced—the main-top-sail was laid to the mast, and the boats were lowered down and manned. The captain, with the old seaman for a pilot, took the lead, and without much difficulty he guided them to the small cove, into which they pulled. Here he described the meetings and partings of the lovers, and the ultimate seizure of himself and shipmate; he then led the way to the spot where they had erected the temporary shelter, and a feeling of awe crept over them as they caught sight of the remnants of a tattered sail in the last stage of rotten decay. A profound silence prevailed as they advanced and beheld two human skeletons near to each other, at once telling the story of their hapless fate:—they had perished from starvation!

This is but a brief sketch of the narrative, which I have somewhere by me in detail, and when I can lay my hand upon it, will one day or other give it to the public.

The Firefly was laying off these islands, and the Sugar-loaf at the entrance of the harbour was seen lifting its head into the blue vast above—not a breath curled the waters that lay like a polished mirror reflecting the image of the sloop on its clear surface. The lines were got up to fish,—the shark-hook was baited, in expectation that some of these monsters might be induced to visit the ship,—when, just as the back-fin of a large one was seen cutting through the yielding element on the larboard beam, a young midshipman fell overboard from the starboard mizen channels. Captain Weatherall heard the splash, and, jumping on the hammock-nettings, he saw the youth struggling in the water. In an instant his coat and hat were thrown off, and, plunging after him as he was sinking, he succeeded in raising him to the surface. Ropes were thrown from the channels—the boat was instantly lowered; but the shark had travelled quick and got close under the stern of his prey, which he was turning on his back to seize, when one of the seamen in the cutter jobbed the boat-hook between his horrible jaws, and deprived him of his expected banquet. The captain and the midshipman were rescued and got on board; and this incident, which manifested generous and fearless promptitude in their commander, wrought with full effect on the feelings of the honest tars, who from that time almost idolized their chief.

A magnificent harbour is that of Rio Janeiro, with the city of San Sebastian, beautiful as seen from the water, as it opens out on the larboard hand, whilst running in for the anchorage; and on the starboard side, the mountains towering to the heavens, arrayed in the richest verdure, amidst which are seen white convents, and churches and chapels, to relieve and gratify the sight. The distance up the river is studded with miniature islands, with monasteries having richly cultivated gardens, yielding all the delicious fruits of a tropical climate. It is a lovely scene; and perhaps there is not a more splendid panorama to be found in the whole world than that presented by the harbour of Rio Janeiro.

And here it was that the Firefly anchored to replenish her stock of



water, and to recruit the health of the seamen upon fresh beef and vegetables. Commodore Cornwallis had only quitted the port a few days before; and as Captain Weatherall was particularly anxious to join him as early as possible, very little time was allowed for visiting the shore. The casks were filled—a plentiful supply of fresh beef was laid in—vegetables and fruit were in abundance; and the sloop again put to sea, in pursuit of the commander-in-chief. They suffered a heavy gale or two in rounding the Cape: and eventually got sight of the commodore, whilst making the island of Johanna, in the Mosambique channel.

Amongst all the strange characters that ever existed, old “Billy Blue” (the name by which Cornwallis was generally known amongst the seamen) ought to enjoy a vast degree of pre-eminence. He was seldom heard to speak, scarcely ever seen to smile,—was dogged in his opinion, and distant in his manners,—yet a universal favourite amongst old England’s tars, for his bravery was undoubted, and he never broke his word. The first introduction of Captain Weatherall by no means pleased him; he was angry that Captain Moorsom had been removed, and muttered something about the folly of appointing mere boys to command, whom he should immediately supersede. But the letter from Sir Mulberry, though it did not exactly change the tenour of his mind, yet suspended for a time his intention, and they parted pretty good friends.

The first service of Captain Weatherall in the East Indies was the suppression of piracy; and in this he succeeded so well that he gained the approbation of Earl Cornwallis, the governor-general and brother to the commodore; but it was not until a much larger force was sent, that the Mahratta chiefs were entirely subdued. His next service was at the Andamans, where a naval depot was established; and on the breaking out of the war with Tippo Sahib, he was again actively employed on the Malabar coast, in preventing supplies from reaching the enemy by sea; and he was present at the action between Sir Richard Strahan in the Phoenix, and a French frigate, in which the latter was captured, off Tellicherry. The commodore quitted India, and one of his last acts was to post Captain Weatherall to the Neverflinch.

The declaration of war between England and France awakened the energies of both army and navy; and a truly brilliant career was opened to them, in which they acquitted themselves with honour and glory. It is no part of my design to follow the gallant captain through his course of important duties, which gained him the approval of his superiors, and the admiration of every one. He was highly esteemed by Admiral Ranier, who succeeded the commodore, and was ultimately sent home to England, where his arrival has already been described.

But during the whole period of his absence he never ceased to remember his visits to the Grange; and the undying affection he cherished for Eleanor was as strong as in the moments of fondest endearment. Time, it is true, had in some measure healed the wounds caused by disappointment when first sent to India; but anxiety still preyed upon his mind, for, except on one occasion, he

had obtained no intelligence whatever relative to the female he still most ardently loved. A packet had brought him out a number of returned letters, with their enclosures, which he had addressed to Eleanor; and they were backed with the words, "Removed — not known where." This increased his perplexity and embarrassment, and at length he wrote to Mr. Sykes; but, as already shown, that gentleman had quitted England, and was then at Canton, so that no reply was received. The intelligence of the death of his father, and the announcement of his own illegitimacy, though softened by kind and soothing communications from his uncle, made a deep impression on his mind;—it cast a stain upon the character of his mother, whom he revered; and that was worse to him than deprivation of birthright and title. Of wealth he had abundance, for he had captured many valuable prizes; his post-rank had been confirmed by the admiralty; and yet, with riches and honour, one false step had embittered all his days. He sometimes feared that Eleanor was dead, but still he felt a secret communion within that made him banish the idea; and his first act on landing at Portsmouth, after his interview with the admiral, was to hurry to the house that had been occupied by Mr. Sykes. Strange faces met his earnest gaze;—they knew nothing of such a person; and it was only by accident that he ascertained Mr. Sykes had left the country. His journey to Molly Boyd's cottage has already been narrated.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, Melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?—find  
The ooze to show what coast thy sluggish crave  
Might eas'liest harbour in?

\* \* \* \*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child:  
Lies in his bed; moves up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks; repeats his tongue;  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;—  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief!

At the close of the fifteenth chapter we left the insensible Eleanor in the small cabin of the pilot-cutter, running out from Portsmouth harbour to the Mother Bank; and she, who only a few hours before was starving, destitute, and dying, was now watched over by anxious friends, and attended with unremitting care, whilst the helpless infant she had cherished with a mother's tenderness and love, was left unprotected to the mercy of strangers.

Oh, how unaccountable to mortal ken are the vicissitudes of human life! and yet, in the dispensations of Providence, each having a useful purpose and a wise end. It is worse than folly—for it is the created limiting the power of the Creator—to suppose otherwise than that a superintending influence of divine authority is constantly offering blessings to mankind. And yet what misery, what wretchedness may be traced, throughout all the grades of society, by the perversion of those blessings through the frailty of our nature! and in by far the most numerous instances, the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty.

It was near midnight when the cutter ran alongside of the Indiaman and Eleanor was carefully hoisted on board, still enveloped in the boat-cloak, so that no prying eye of curiosity could see her; and it was enough to say that she was sea-sick and helpless, to insure the commiseration of the officers on deck,—for the passengers had most of them retired to rest. The surgeon saw her safely deposited in the cabin appropriated to the family of Mr. Sykes; and resigning his charge to the surgeon of the ship, he received a very handsome douceur, and took his leave as the cutter promptly sheered off, leaving the pilot to discharge his duties.

The convoy had sailed some hours, and the sternmost ships were then barely visible; but Captain Meredith trusted to the speed of his good ship to overhaul them. The Indiaman was already unmoored,—the anchor was weighed,—the canvas spread, and away they went for the Needles passage, which they passed through at daylight; and with a fair wind bade adieu to the pilot, and joined the convoy running down channel.

With the pilot went the last communications from the ship to friends at home; and oh, could those letters have been perused by an indifferent eye, it would have seen how much of keen regret and ambitious hope they contained. As the cutter receded from view, the passengers still fixed their earnest gaze upon her till she had dwindled to a mere speck upon the horizon; and when she disappeared, it seemed like the severing of the last link in the chain of connection between hearts that loved and their native land.

When Eleanor was conveyed to Mr. Sykes's cabin, the young ladies, who had known and were affectionately attached to her in her days of peace and innocence, were briefly informed of her distress, and suitable apparel was immediately provided. Not a murmur of disapprobation escaped them, nor an unnecessary inquiry made; they had, from their earliest years, imbibed from their excellent father the principles of true benevolence and christian charity. They were gratified that the wanderer had been found, and so opportunely restored; but they had not long the power of reducing their principles to practice, for the motion of the ship brought on that sickness and lassitude which drove them to their cots, and reduced them to utter helplessness.

The surgeon of the Indiaman, however, devoted great attention to the still insensible Eleanor; and at length succeeded in arousing her

from stupor, so as to induce her to take nourishment. But she still appeared unconscious of her situation; and fever and delirium succeeded, rendering restraint necessary. But hers was not the raging wildness, but the deception of mental aberration. She fancied herself happy; and with a pillow cradled in her arms, she would call it her babe, and handle it with the utmost care. Sometimes her sweet voice was heard singing it to repose; but the notes were so plaintive, so heart-touching, that they brought tears into the eyes of listeners, and a general sympathy prevailed for her throughout the ship.

Day after day passed on, but still there was no change in her mind; though health was progressively restored, and the loveliness for which she had been so universally admired was not only renewed, but rendered of higher interest by the afflicting condition of her intellect. And now they were getting into warmer latitudes; and the milder atmosphere was grateful to her shattered constitution, whilst the ocean breeze braced up the nerves to greater strength. Of the cabin, of the ship, or the rolling waves as they succeeded each other in the wake, she took no notice nor made any mention; her thoughts were constantly at the Grange, or in the cottage of Molly Boyd, but no names or pointed allusions ever escaped her lips.

The convoy anchored at Madeira. It was early morning when they brought up in the roads, and every part of the island was obscured by clouds, except the summit of the mountains that peered above them like the flying islands of Sindbad the Sailor. But as the day advanced the sun dispelled the vapours, and every portion of the land became visible. The sight of the shore appeared to awaken remembrances in the breast of Eleanor. Mr. Sykes was sitting with her when she first beheld it from the stern windows, and he felt convinced a change had come over her:—the colour forsook her cheeks, and deadly paleness spread itself over every feature;—she stretched her hands towards the land—she gasped for breath—recollections of the past flew in quick succession before her;—the thoughts of her real infant came rushing on her mind—the precious babe she had unknowingly abandoned. Oh! there is a strong feeling in a mother's heart for her offspring, which none but a mother can know; and she who wantonly deserts her sucking babe, is a monster and a wretch whom the Almighty will abandon in the hour of her tribulation. “My child! my child!” shrieked Eleanor; “take me to my child!” and rising up, she ran to the stern gallery to precipitate herself into the ocean. But Mr. Sykes was prompt in his prevention; he grasped her by the arms, and forcibly held her fast.

Again she shrieked, “My child! my child!” as she struggled to get free; but her own excited strength gave way; she dropped upon the deck, and was carried to her cot, dimly sensible to all that she had endured. A deep and settled melancholy came over her;—the sound of her voice was seldom heard in utterance, though her lips would frequently move as if communing with her own thoughts; and no smile was ever seen to change the moody expression of her features.

Thus matters continued during the remainder of the voyage to



Bombay, and in no instance did Mr. Sykes endeavour to draw forth the secret of her bosom: what his own conjectures were, never escaped; and his family, accustomed to take their rule of conduct from him, did not attempt that which he seemed studiously to avoid. The poor girl never quitted her cabin; but every degree of tenderness and kindness was manifested towards her, and the seamen, when performing any necessary duty on the poop, carefully abstained from making a noise that might "disturb the lady who was unsettled in her reason." Oh, could they have known the cause, how varied would have been the feelings of those on board! but everything had been admirably managed to prevent suspicion of the forlorn and destitute condition in which she had been discovered; and the general supposition was, that her insanity had been produced by a compulsory separation from one to whom she was devotedly attached.

A love-tale is ever welcome to the ear of a sailor: it awakens all his rude sympathies; it calls into operation every better sentiment of his rough but honest nature; his compassion is excited at misfortune, and his heart rejoices at a happy termination to adventurous affection. No wonder, then, that the alleged disasters of the wretched Eleanor—being torn from the arms of a distracted lover (for so ran the story) to whom she was affianced, and destined to become the bride of another—had suspended the exercise of those faculties which the Creator had bestowed upon mankind, to distinguish them from the other works of his mighty hand.

At Bombay, Eleanor was conveyed on shore, and it was curious to observe, that, at her departure from the ship, the utmost silence prevailed from the period that she appeared upon the quarter-deck, till the boat in which she embarked had carried her beyond the reach of hearing. There seemed to be but one simultaneous action of the mind—the hand of Omnipotence had struck her; and though the decree of the Deity was neither questioned nor condemned, yet there was a deep and heartfelt commiseration which induced respect for her misfortunes.

On shore, every attention suitable to the wealth and rank of Colonel Mowbray was duly paid to his niece; and here, in charge of her uncle's friends, the unhappy girl was left by Mr. Sykes, who pursued his further voyage to China. That gentleman had very naturally expected that something might transpire when the hour of parting came; but though the worthy and excellent Samaritan was much affected when, bidding her farewell, Eleanor betrayed but little emotion, and made no disclosures whatever. A sort of passive indifference appeared to have combined itself with her melancholy, though, in point of fact, she was at most times acutely sensible to suffering.

A few months subsequent to her arrival at Bombay, Colonel Mowbray (who had been apprised by Mr. Sykes of the derangement of intellect under which Eleanor was labouring, at the same time stating his belief that it would be but temporary) sent a proper escort for his niece, and she joined him at his embassy at Ispahan. In point of loveliness Eleanor was more beautiful than ever; her figure and her features were faultless; and the gallant old colonel was delighted with the

admiration which manifested itself amongst all who beheld her, whilst she seemed insensible to the worship of a crowded and splendid court. Once, and once only, did she display a vivid acuteness to the affairs of life, and that was when accidentally overhearing a conversation between her uncle and an officer who had brought despatches from the Governor General of India. They were talking of the war which was then raging in the East, and the name of Captain Edward Weatherall was mentioned in terms of high encomium. This was the first time, for a long long period, that she had heard her lover spoken of, and the chords of her heart vibrated responsive to the touch;—her dormant faculties were awakened,—her torpid senses were suddenly revived,—she listened with earnest attention,—and though at first her perceptions were somewhat mystified, yet they grew clearer and clearer as the conversation proceeded, till at length her energies were called into perfect play, and for a time reason resumed the full exercise of her important functions. There could be no doubt as to the identity of her supposed faithless lover, for he was alluded to as “a gallant young man, the nephew of Admiral Boreas;” and oh,—though she deemed herself aggrieved, injured, and insulted,—how did her woman’s heart rejoice when she heard of his being promoted, as the reward of his meritorious conduct and bravery! In defiance of her wrongs she loved him still, and gloried in the commendations that were bestowed upon him as a tribute to his worth.

But this state of mind did not endure long; remembrances of her child—the infant she had left so strangely, and of whose fate she was utterly ignorant—came with irresistible force, that almost overwhelmed her. Edward might not be faithless;—he might still love her with unabated affection; but would that affection continue when he should learn that his helpless babe had been abandoned to poverty, destitution, and all the thousand ills that beset unprotected existence? She herself had experienced a wonderful vicissitude in her discovery and removal by Mr. Sykes; and the probability was, that some unforeseen occurrence had prevented Edward from fulfilling his promise of return, and, perhaps, no means presented itself of rendering the necessary information to apprise her of the fact.

Thus she would argue;—and then pride would step in; and though she earnestly desired counsel, yet her sensitiveness recoiled at the idea of betrayal, should she err in the choice of a confidant; and the prospect of being slighted, abhorred, and shunned, deterred her from communicating her real situation to any one. Ah! could she have known the feelings of Edward Weatherall—his ardent love—his keen remorse—his earnest desire to retrieve the past, how soon might peace have been partially restored to both! but she shrank from the task of addressing him, and he was totally ignorant of her being in that part of the world.

Again a deeper melancholy fell upon her, and her uncle was reluctantly compelled to draw her from public society. At intervals, however, she was more animated, and the hopes of Colonel Mowbray were revived, that her malady might in the course of time be removed; no opportunity

was suffered to escape that could afford amusement; the most indefatigable exertions were called into operation to try and effect improvement,—sometimes with sensible results,—at others aggravating the symptoms. The young Shah was greatly interested in her unhappy condition; he had been smitten by her beauty, and the delicate attentions of the Persian prince would have been delightful to the bosom which insanity had not seared. Nor were they entirely lost on Eleanor, but the first attachment of her young heart could not be dissolved; and though grateful for his constant and respectful kindness, she was nothing more.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“Let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.”

“Be assured, you’ll find a difference,  
Between the promise of his greener days,  
And these he masters now.”

“A British tar to fear ’s a stranger;  
Safe in port, forgets all danger;  
Drinks his grog and tries to sing;  
Hates Billy Pitt, but loves his king.”

THE morning after the arrival of Sir Edward Weatherall at home, with the Admiral and the Captain, and subsequently the two seamen, Jem Burnit was early astir, for he longed to learn some particulars of the new comers, especially of Sir Mulberry Boreas and his patron’s brother. The servants, however, had been up late, and none of them were upon the move, so that, except the attendant in the chamber of the Captain, the lad had the range of the house to himself. Noiselessly did he pass through the various apartments till he reached the parlour; and there to his great delight, discovering the admiral’s enormous cocked hat and sword, they were quickly transferred to his own person; though the first was as much as he could stagger under, and nearly extinguished him, and the latter was longer than his own altitude. To prop up the hat, he thrust in the inside a lamb-skin mat, that hung like a flaxen wig about his shoulders; and sloping arms with the sword as a soldier would a firelock, he strutted to and fro before the looking-glass, which reflected his figure, and as he admired himself, he mentally uttered—

“My crikey! how vell I looks in this here toggery! don’t I vish Master Dunnywon could see me! I vonder vether Sir Mulberry Bolus would lend ’em to me, to go and pay a visit to the governor at Cambervell—though p’raps they’d take me for Boney, and clap me in

the cage, and that 'ud be no fun any how. But I do look fine, and no mistake! Vy, the cockem-up hat is bigger than Peter Macaw's, and he didn't not never carry such a veapon as this; I vonder if it ever cut any body's head off!" and the lad assayed to draw it, but it was too tight in the scabbard. Again mounting it over his shoulder, he extended his legs, and assuming a look of defiance, continued, "Vell, I'm blowed if I don't go and fight the French, and then, mayhap I shall be a Sir Mulberry Bolus too, and vear a cockem-up hat and a sword, though I shouldn't like to have sich a nose, and that's vy I suppose they calls him Sir Mulberry."

The lad, gratified beyond measure at the exhibition which he made, continued for some time longer parading about; but fancying that so much show would be worth nothing unless some one could see him, he resolved on marching to the sleeping-room of Corporal Senhouse, in order to display his borrowed finery to the veteran.

Now it so happened, that the Corporal's, being a double-bedded room, had been given up the previous night to Jem Hardover, and Joe Blatherwick; and true to old habits, the seamen were early awake, but being rather *cloudy* when they turned in, each was perplexed and confused at finding himself stowed away in such a snug berth; and simultaneously opening the curtains, which had been closed upon them, they raised themselves in bed, and exchanged looks without uttering a word. The corporal, who had assisted them at their toilette, when unconsciously retiring to rest, had furnished them with clean and delicate white night-caps, which still remained upon their heads, and somewhat changed the identity of their features, so that they stared at one another in a doubtful manner, till Blatherwick exclaimed, "Well, I'm bless'd if that aint Jem!—What cheer—what cheer, my hearty?"

"Avast, Joe, avast!" responded the coxswain, in an under tone; "how the deuce do we know what port it is as we've moored ship in? Mayhap, messmate, we've run in under false colours,—for, blow me, if I recollects anything about last night, and my head ar'n't got the haze blowed off it this morning. But I'm saying, messmate, its snug we are coiled away, and safe, in these here four-masted consarns, and to my thinking, it ud be onwise and onprudent, if so be as there's any error in the reckoning, to kiek up a bobbery and get turned out, till we've bottled off a little more sleep."

"There's right reason and plain sailing in that, Jem," returned the boatswain's mate; "it aint many spells as we've had below lately. But, my eyes, Jem, what ud Poll think, if she could see her own living Joe with such a white-royal at his mast-head as this here!" and he twirled the night-cap round on his fist; "I wish she could haul alongside of me now, old boy;—but she's gone, Jem—she's gone; and all through that letter-writing!" and he shook his head and gave a heavy sigh.

"Take another snooze, messmate, and belay all sorrow," said the coxswain, soothingly; "there's nothing like nat'ral rest for relieving the mind; it's jist the same thing as a rolling-tackle for a topsel-yard—keeps all steady, and bars all chafes. Do as I do, close your gangway,"—he



dropped the curtains—"and make all snug till the hammocks are piped up."

Blatherwick complied, and having re-adjusted his white-royal, as he called it—alias his night-cap—he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, just as Jem cautiously opened the door of the apartment and strutted in, with the intention of surprising the corporal, but unfortunately, in turning round, the sword struck against the door-post, and the well-known rattle of a warlike instrument instantly aroused the two seamen, who again raised themselves in their beds, and re-opening the curtains, stared with astonishment at the lad, who, on his part, was no less surprised.

"Vell, I'm bless'd," said Jem, as he stood between the two beds, and looked first at the coxswain, and then at the boatswain's mate, "Vell, I'm bless'd, but this here's a rum go, anyhow! Vy, there's a delicate pair on you, and nighther the corporal arter all!"

"Yo hoy," exclaimed Blatherwick, "what ship, my boy, what ship? Why, you've more sail aloft than such a small hull can carry; a puff of wind ud capsized you."

"Cap-size," repeated Jem, "it ar'n't a cap at all; it's a cockem-up hat, and belongs to——"

"Oh, you never need go for to tell us who's the owner of it," uttered Hardover, with a self-satisfied grin; "we'd swear to that guinea-man's caboose any day in the week. But I say, Joe, it's like the fair-weather signal in the downs; it tell's us that we are in a safe port; for if that aint the admiral's flag—hat, I means—I never seed it afore in my life."

"Vell, but you isn't fly, arter all," responded Jem; "you ar'n't awake to it, I see. This hat aint the admiral's by a long chalk; for I twigg'd it myself, kivering the tupenny loaf of Sir Mulberry Bolus."

"Sir Mulberry who?" demanded the boatswain's mate angrily; "speak more respectfully of your betters, young shaver; it ud show as if you had some edecation bestowed on you, as well as a neat fit-out by the tailor."

"But I ar'n't never been edecated," returned Jem, with perfect good humour, "except by Muster Dunnywon, an Irish genelman as I knows. But I say, my coveys, vere do you come from?" and Jem very coolly stuck his arms a-kimbo, and awaited a reply.

"Upon my word, but you're a fine little fellow," said the coxswain, laughing at the lad's perfect self-possession, "I wonder who made your breeches?"

"Vell, I don't like to be sarey," returned the boy, composedly, "but since you axes the qvestion, vy it ud be ondecant not to tell you. Vell, it vos jist the tailor as measured my legs."

A roar of unrestrained mirth from the seamen brought in Corporal Senhouse, who stared as much as the tars had done at beholding Jem's grotesque appearance. A brief explanation followed, and Hardover and Blatherwick, convinced that they were in a correct position, made themselves perfectly contented, and at breakfast time they seated themselves very comfortably to enjoy their meal,—the corporal doing all the



*... the ... the ...*



honours, and Jem affording them a fund of amusement! Sir Edward paid them a visit in the course of the morning, supplied them with cash, and with the young *ci devant* sweep as their guide, they sallied forth to enjoy a man-of-war's cruise, in order to view the lions of London.

After Captain Weatherall had unburthened his mind to his brother, he felt more relieved; and Sir Edward pledged himself that no exertion should be spared to gain all the information that could possibly be obtained. The baronet also made his confidential communications, and though not much disposed to mirth, the captain could not forbear smiling when told of the means of intercourse between Miss Elwester and Sir Edward. Promises were exchanged of mutual assistance, and, for the present, not a sentence of what had transpired was to be made known to the admiral, who, worthy soul! had no idea whatever that either of his nephews had the slightest female engagement upon their hands.

During the day, several distinguished officers of the navy called to pay their respects to Sir Mulberry, and to express brotherly commiseration for the captain, who was confined to his bed by order of the medical attendants, and strict directions left that he should not be disturbed by visitors, as, from agitation of mind and severe bodily injuries, he required repose and tranquillity.

As for Jem, never was lad more in his glory; and being perfectly well acquainted with every part of the metropolis, both east and west, he was well adapted for the task he had undertaken, of chaperoning the gallant tars. The coxswain was highly delighted with his excursion, and so would the boatswain's mate have been, but for his remembrance of Poll; and not a female that in the remotest degree resembled her did he see, but he immediately gave chase, for the purpose, as he said, "of overhauling her figure-head." Thus he was continually crossing the streets, to and fro, and not unfrequently hailing some woman or other "to heave-to till he came alongside."

Jem did not know what to make of this, but Hardover explained it to him; and the lad having received a full description of Poll, (such as she was when her husband left England,) kept a sharp look out, and directed Blatherwick's attention to many a good dame whom he would otherwise have missed. It may readily be conjectured that the eccentric conduct of the boatswain's mate not only drew upon the trio the eyes of observers, but as, after examination he would turn away with some uncouth expression of disappointment, the anger, and often the vituperation, of the parties addressed were promptly bestowed, and more than once or twice they were nearly getting into trouble.

As a matter of course, they requested Jem to pilot them to the "Admiralty," and the lad very promptly complied; the seamen, however, were rather disappointed when they beheld the building, as it was by no means commensurate with the grand ideas they had formed of an establishment that held supreme sway over the British navy. From thence they proceeded to the "Horse Guards;" and whilst admiring the two mounted sentinels, a young sweep, who had been



carefully watching the party; very cordially claimed acquaintance with our hero, and was, in fact, the fellow-apprentice to whom Jem had, a day or two previous, given a shilling.

"Vell, you're a nice un, you are, to come and ondress a genelman of my appearance!" said Jem, as he assumed the grandee. "There," offering him a sixpence, "go along, little boy, and tell your missus to give you a hunk of bread and butter."

"It ain't o' no use, Jem, to try and come it over me in that vay," returned the lad, eyeing the sixpence wistfully, but declining to take it; for he was aware that Mr. Fluewellin was at no great distance, and, in all probability, a witness to their meeting. "I knows as you're Jem, and though I scorns to split upon you, yet I'm jiggered if master hasn't got his gimlets on you now, and," looking round, "there he is, by the hookey."

Old recollections of discipline and correction crossed the mind of our hero, and for the moment forgetting his elevation, he exclaimed, "My crikey, Bill!—vhereabouts?"

But Mr. Fluewellin did not allow of time to reply; for instantly stepping up, he grasped Jem's arm, and claimed him as a run-away apprentice. It was now that the metamorphosed lad, with cool indifference, first gazed in the face of his old master, and then turning to the surprised seamen, uttered, "Gentlemen, jist have the goodness to fetch a constable for this here old covey, as doesn't know how to behave hisself. Ve'll see vot Sir Mulberry Bolus ull say to him."

"No gammon, you young wagabone," vociferated the enraged master sweep; "but come along home to Cambervell, and sarve yer time out, or I'll have you afore the beaks, and you'll get three months in the House of Correction for your tricks."

The coxswain and boatswain's mate knew no more of Jem than that they had found him an inmate in Sir Edward's house, and somewhat of a favourite with the baronet, and therefore they conceived it impossible that the claim of Fluewellin to his services could be correct; so that they immediately commanded him to "unhook his grappling-irons from the boy's yard-arm;" but with this the master sweep refused to comply, and as a mob is soon gathered in London, a very miscellaneous assemblage was speedily collected round the disputants, and as master sweeps never enjoy any very great portion of public estimation, on account of their being considered harsh and cruel to their servants, popular favour proclaimed itself in behalf of our hero, who preserved the most perfect equanimity, and even expressed regret at "the poor man's mistake."

Fluewellin had sense enough to perceive that he would have but small chance of succeeding in his attempt upon Jem's person, notwithstanding he was acting legally in seizing him; for the seamen, though not over desirous of encountering such a sooty opponent, prepared for action, and the multitude gave evident indications of affording them the most determined support. Thus circumstanced, the master-sweep relinquished his hold of the lad's arm, resolving in his own mind, however, not to lose sight of him. "I'll have you yet," said he in an

under tone, principally intended for the hearing of his run-away apprentice.

"Poor onfortunate man," uttered Jem, aloud, as he placed himself for better protection between the two seamen; "I feels for your sitivation,—but dont go for to make sich mistakes again. I'm sorry for you, and it's a pity; so to show as I'm a genelman, here's a seven-shilling bit to get a pot of beer with. Good morning;" and the audacious youngster, removing his hat, made a very polite bow, which produced roars of laughter amongst the mobility, and excited great anger in the breast of his late master, who refused the small gold coin. The trio then departed.

At the dinner hour they returned to the baronet's and were heartily regaled with excellent cheer; and as, after the repast, they preferred remaining in "the berth" (as they styled the room) to going abroad again, pipes and tobacco and grog were furnished to them, and Jem, filling up a yard of clay for himself, with a bright pewter tankard of heavy-wet by his side, sat himself down with the most perfect self-possession, to listen to the narratives of the tars, as they gave the corporal



a full account of the loss of the poor old Neverflinch, and the rescuing of the captain from death. From this catastrophe they changed the subject to the delights of a sea-life, in ranging the ocean, visiting foreign

lands, and thrashing the French, till Jem's heart glowed with admiration, and he secretly determined also to be a sailor.

Evening came; and the baronet having addressed an affectionate letter to Amelia, the ex-sweep changed his array, for the purpose of conveying it to its destination. According to his usual mode, he descended the chimney, and when at the lowest part, so as not to be visible, he stopped, and gave the preconcerted signal, which, however, was not responded to, and both stillness and darkness prevailed. Again and again the signal was repeated, but still no reply; and at last the lad, grown impatient by delay, got upon the fire-grate, so that he could look into the room; but the gloom was too dense for him to distinguish anything, nor could he, whilst holding his breath to listen, detect any sound that might convey to his faculties a belief that the apartment was tenanted. From observations made during his previous visits, he was pretty well acquainted with the locality of the furniture, the door, and other things; and after waiting in much suspense for several minutes, he, with great caution, and as noiselessly as possible, got down upon the floor; and having, as a seaman would say, taken his "departure" from the fire-place, he dropped upon his hands and knees, and crawled about, listening at intervals for the slightest noise.

"Vell, this here's a rum go, any how!" thought Jem, as he became perfectly convinced that he was alone in the room; "here's the door shut"—as he passed his hand over it;—"I vonder if it's locked?" He turned the handle, and the door immediately opened, disclosing to his view the rays of a faint light that dimly illumined the walls, and which came from a lamp at the other extremity of the passage. In what manner this lamp was carried, or suspended, Jem could not exactly distinguish; but it was in zig-zag motion, and its movements were extremely erratic. Peeping through the unclosed aperture, the boy watched with intense eagerness; for, independent of his desire to gain every information for his patron, the undertaking he was engaged in just suited his love of adventure; so glancing his eyes back towards the chimney, so as to make sure of the position of his retreat, he remained steadily at his post, to watch the advancing luminary, which was one of those kind of lamps that are backed, so as to throw their light forward, and at the same time keep in shade all that remains behind it.

The passage was rather lengthy, and the lamp passed from side to side, sometimes making short pauses in the middle, though, even then, with a curious kind of oscillation, and not unfrequently going back a pace or two, in retrograde motion, and then springing forward again.

"Vell, I'm blessed," said Jem, mentally, crouching with his head close to the floor, in order the better to avoid detection, "I'm blessed if that ere lamp ain't trimmed with some of Vitbread's heavy, and has got so swipecy that it can't light straight!" Nor was the lad's strange conjecture altogether incorrect; for though the lamp was perfectly innocent of inebriety, yet the individual who carried it was certainly in that glorious state of nebulosity which fully justified the remark of being "swipecy."

The shuffling noise of feet hastily ascending the staircase, put Jem upon his mettle, and in a few seconds he beheld a tall, gaunt figure in the passage, on the approach of which the lamp was turned away, and became eclipsed by the petticoats of a stout female, who gave evident symptoms of inability to stand alone.

"So," exclaimed the gaunt figure, as he steadied the female by the arm, "Master gone,—mistress gone,—cook gets drunk."

"Drunk yourself, Master Lankrib," responded the woman, with hiccupping vehemence; "I'm parfately sober;" (she reeled against the wall in refutation of her assertion;) "there! see how you staggers; why, you can hardly stand;—come, old chap, let me carry you to bed." She took hold of the man of lath with a firm grip, but, overpowered by the liquor, she fell down, forcing the old man with her;—the light was extinguished,—she screamed most lustily for help,—and as the servants came running to the spot, Jem re-ascended the chimney, to inform Sir Edward of every circumstance that had taken place; but, true to his old habit, when about half way up, he indulged in a short snooze, in which he dreamed of big cocked-up hats and gold-mounted hangers.





## CHAPTER XIX.

"And then the grog goes round,  
 All sense of danger drown'd,  
     We despise it to a man;  
 We sing a little and laugh a little,  
 And work a little and swear a little,  
 And fiddle a little and foot it a little,  
     And swig the flowing can." DIBDIN.

"Nobly he yokes  
 A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh  
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;  
 The smile mocking the sigh, that would fly  
 From so divine a temple, to commix  
 With winds, that sailors rail at." SHAKESPEARE.

DURING Jem's absence, which was of no very long duration, the baronet, as usual, underwent a great variety of changes in his temperament. From being almost maddened by impatience, he strove to restore calm to his mind through the exercise of reason — then sickening apprehensions arose and produced a faintness that he could not control; and this was succeeded by a sudden gush of joy, as anticipations of pleasure from the conviction of Amelia's love swelled in his heart. Mingled with these sensations was commiseration for his brother, in whose hapless situation he felt a lively interest; and he could not forbear reverting to the early history of his parents, which in some measure resembled that of their distressed son.

He was pacing to and fro in his library, awaiting Jem's return, when the lad entered and made his report of what he had witnessed, and all the knowledge he had gained, which he said, "perfectly satisfied him that Mr. Helvester had run away with the lady."

This was a heavy blow to the baronet, and for an instant jealousy of the duke assumed an ascendancy over him; but this was quickly dispelled when he called to remembrance the assurances he had received of Amelia's unchanging and unchangeable regard. But might not force, or violence, or terror be employed to compel a union with the noble? for he knew the usurer had set his heart upon making his daughter a duchess, and as he had none of the milk of human kindness in his nature, Sir Edward dreaded the worst. Still he thought the lad might be mistaken as to her departure, and therefore he made him minutely repeat his story over again, and then urged him to descend the chimney once more, to collect what other information he possibly could.

Without a moment's hesitation the lad obeyed, but requested that he might be furnished with a dark lantern, that he might be the better enabled to search the apartments. The corporal was summoned, the lantern was provided, and Jem set out on his second mission, "fully determined," as he said, "to make somut on it." But this time he descended a different flue to what he had done before, hoping to get down into the servants' apartments, and, by frightening the cook, whilst in her fit of intoxication, obtain the intelligence he wanted relative to the lady. Possessing pretty accurate skill in ascertaining the direction of chimneys, Jem succeeded tolerably well, and though not exactly in the bed-room of the cook, he soon discovered by the noise that he was in the next to it, and that she was endeavouring to disrobe her fat person, grumbling most bitterly that "every body had got drunk, and there was not a sowl to help her."

"She's all alone, pretty baa-lamb," mentally thought Jem, as he crept towards the door, which stood partly open, and the lad perceived that the apartment he was in led into that of the cook. Cautiously peeping in, he beheld the portly dame vainly striving to divest herself of her stays, as she reeled from side to side in an ancient and ricketty arm-chair.

"Pretty doings," muttered she, whilst trying to untangle the gordian knot in her stay-lace, and rendering it still more complex in its confusion. "Pretty doings, indeed—master (hiccup) goes into the—(hiccup)—the devil's in the stay-lace—"

"No, I'm here," gruffly responded Jem, as, squatting in the half-opened aperture of the door-way, he flashed the glare of his lantern in her face.

"And what do you want there—or here—or any where, you wagabone?" demanded the cook, nothing daunted; "let's have none o' your tricks, and come and onlace my stays."

Jem advanced slowly towards her as she rolled her heavy and giddy sight over his dingy presence. "Vere's the eend?" asked he, "but nem-mind, you shall go vith me, stays and all—I'm a himp—unless you tells me vhere's your master gone."

"A himp, are you?" exclaimed the fearless cook, as she vainly essayed to rise; "only let me get at you, I'll himp you with a vengeance—"

"Vhere's your master?" demanded Jem, as hoarsely as his voice would permit. "Vere's your master? I axes."

"Why, along with your master, most likely, if you are a himp," returned the cook, still struggling to gain her feet; "but you mustn't try to gammon me—if you'd any dealings with Satan, you'd know precious well where everybody was, without axing questions."

"There'll be a good roast ven they puts you down to the fire," gruffly remarked Jem, as he cautiously moved towards the table, on which the candle was placed; "you'll frizzle finely, and I'll baste you myself."

"I only wish I could lay hold on you," growled the punchy dame; "I'd give you a little larning in the art of cookery—I would—con-

found these stays—everybody's been drinking—and you're drunk too—you hignoramus, to talk about cooking."

"Oh, I knows how to fry soles," returned Jem; "as you'll find out ven master comes and carries you off pig-a-back."

"I defies your whole crew," hiccupped the cook, with increased vehemence; "what, do you think I can't stand a good fire? Away with you, you onconseionable scamp—if you won't unlace my stays—and oh, if I gets you in my claws."

"Hookey!" returned Jem, as, concealing the light of his lantern with the shade, he extinguished that of the candle, and they were instantly in darkness. "Vill you tell now?" asked the boy again, flashing the glare in her face, and then hiding the lamp.

Whether the cook was really frightened or not must remain a matter of doubt; but certain it is that the chair gave way beneath her struggles or her agitation, and down she rolled upon the floor, shaking the roof, making the windows rattle with her fall, and roaring out with all her might for help. Jem had only time to creep into a cupboard, when that spare semblance of anatomy, old Lankrib, raising his lamp above his head, and shading his eyes with his hand, stood in the open doorway, and bent forward to inspect the premises. The cook lay kicking and sprawling on the ground, with the wreck of the chair that had tumbled upon her, performing strange and unaccountable pantomimics to the optics of the old man, who, in the rude mass of mingling legs and arms, fancied some uncouth monster was before him. The lady of the cullender declared she had seen "sperits," with the truth of which the steward was perfectly satisfied—and she implored him "to come and help her up." But remembering their encounter in the passage, he was by no means prepared to submit to a closer approximation, and though his aged eyes were keenly trying to distinguish between the easy chair and the cook's uneasy frame, yet not one step did he progress towards her assistance.

"Ain't you ashamed?" uttered the old man, reproachfully, as his head moved from side to side in the course of inspection, and seemingly as much at a loss to unravel the mystery, as the cook had been to disentangle her stay lace. "Ain't you ashamed?—all this noise—this indelicate display!—must tell master—no help for it—go to bed—do!"

"Oh, Muster Lankrib—you barbarian, to see my distress and not come near me!" whined she, whilst disengaging herself from the embarrassing weight of her frail support. "Oh, you are a cruel man—go away—go away—but light my candle first."

Lankrib was about to comply with this reasonable request, but was compelled to pass very near to where the cook sat upon the floor, rocking herself to and fro; and it was as much as ever Jem could do to control his risibility, as he saw him stepping over the boards almost on the tips of his toes, ready to spring away like a grasshopper, should she attempt to touch him. His trembling hands were applying the wick to the candle of the lamp, which he had placed upon the table, when he felt the grip of the cook's fleshy fingers entwined round the bones of his legs—his terror became extreme, and the next

moment he was down by her side, as she exclaimed, "You'll get drunk will you?—I'll pay you off for this."

What might have happened it is utterly impossible to say, for at that moment, whilst the frightened steward was wheezing out petitions for mercy, a thorough Jack Tar, in the person of Bill Breezy, entered the room, cutting the half caper of a hornpipe, and flourishing his tarpaulin hat. "Halloo, what's the row here?" shouted he; "heard signals of distress, and hauled up to answer 'em, though I'm blessed if the passage warn't as bad as the straits of Baffleman, where you can't square your yards for monkeys. But what's the row?" He staggered towards the prostrate parties, evidently betraying by his own erratic movements that he had been indulging pretty freely in his favourite beverage. But when he beheld the relative positions of the cook and the steward, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, seating himself on the low bedstead, clapped his hands upon his knees, and bending his body forward in the attitude of attention, exclaimed, "Now, go it, my hearties!"

"They're all—every soul on 'em drunk," hiccupped the cook, at the same time bestowing a not over gentle cuff on the poor old man; "and this here half-shrivelled atomy, as 'ud starve us all, is the worst."

"Ho—ho! I see how the land lies," responded Bill, clapping on his hat and leaning further forward; "all hands tosticated in regard of that vile habit of drinking. Now, ar'n't you a precious scamp, ould Land-crab?—and a proper name they've given you, seeing as you're nothing but ribs and butts. But, I'm saying, ar'n't you a precious scamp to be left in charge of a craft, and to be stewed away up here in a berth where you havn't any manner of right to be?—getting groggy, too—and—oh, for shame on you, ould Landerab—for shame!"

It was perfectly useless for the steward to insist upon his sobriety, or to state that he had merely come to the room on hearing the cook's cries—both Bill and the female persisted in charging the old man with being intoxicated, to the great delight and amusement of Jem, who secretly witnessed and heartily enjoyed the whole scene.

Lankrib, however, was permitted to rise up from the clutches of his enemy, which he was not slow in accomplishing; and as the cook made futile attempts to do the same, she stammered forth, "Anybody may see, with half an eye, what's the matter with the old vilyan—he's in a state of outrageous *hebriety*."

"And I'm blessed if you ar'n't close aboard of a state of *shebriety*, then," mumbled Bill, as he watched her actions. "Here's a pretty lot to take care of my uncle's property—the onsenseless ould fool—to leave such a gang, and to go for to run away with his own daughter. But there you are, both on you, *non compass*—that's like the babes in the wood, nothing to steer by—and I'm blowed if I haven't a great mind to lock you in here together, by way of clapping you in irons till ould Grampus comes aboard again."

The ancient steward was much shaken and weakened by the discipline he had undergone, but the idea of being shut in with such a she-dragon as the cook, excited his extreme terror, and he was unsteadily hurrying



towards the door, for the purpose of making his escape, when Bill sprang after, and grasping him by the collar of his coat, raised him up from the floor and carried him to the bed, where he was deposited at full length, with an assurance of severe chastisement if he should offer to move. "And now," said the seaman, again seating himself in his former position, "though it ar'n't in natur to expect much knowledge of bearing and distances from a man as is so obnopolated with lickar that he can't steer a steady course, nor yet make out the soundings on the chart when he looks at it—yet, Muster Landerab, there's nothing like a stiff norwester for the lockers of the heart;"—the steward groaned, and Bill continued, "Ah, you ar'n't onsensible to reason, I can see; and so, as I means to be easy with you, if so be as you obeys orders, why jest overhaul your log, and tell me whereabouts they have stowed away cousin Meely."

"I do not know," responded the steward, who laid perfectly motionless, lest the seaman should put his threat into execution.

"That scores you for one dozen," said Bill, twisting up his neckerchief as taut as a piece of rope, and then extending it at arm's length towards the steward. "Jist you feel of that, ould chap; and I'm blessed if you sha'n't taste it, if you pays out the slaek of any more sich howdacious yarns as that last. But mayhap the lady here might onlighten me—" he turned towards the cook,—“Oh, that is what you means, is it?” exclaimed he, springing hastily from the bed.

Whilst Bill had been managing the steward, the cook had contrived to amputate one of the legs from the antiquated chair, and, crawling towards the bed with it in her hand, she aimed a tremendous blow at the seaman, just at the moment he turned round to address her; but being thus apprized of her design, he jumped out of the way, and the bludgeon fell in a slanting direction, so as to give Lankrib a persnasive inducement to break the injunction laid upon him by the seamen, lest the stroke should be repeated. In doing this, however, he overturned the table on which was the lamp—the light was extinguished, and they were all in utter darkness.

"Ware hawse! shouted Bill, as the cook laid about her with the leg of the table, vociferating, "Get out of my room, the pair on you—what do you want here with a lone woman?—where's that 'ere old Lankrib?" &c., &c.

Jem considered that this would be a suitable opportunity for him to get away, and creeping towards the door, the position of which he knew, he encountered the skeleton legs of the steward who yelled for mercy, and was cluteling the lad, when the latter flashed the lantern in his face, so as to blind and bewilder him still more, and, precipitating himself forward, he fell at full length in the next apartment. The flash had also a strong effect on both Bill Breezy and the cook; but Jem, once more concealing his light, gained the chimney, and was soon beyond reach, though he could hear the other servants coming up the stairs, and remained a few minutes to listen to the Babel-like confusion which succeeded when they entered the rooms.

At length Jem returned to his impatient patron, and in his humorous



*Will Fuzzy Larkub, and the Cook*



way, reported all that had occurred. But the baronet's mind was too much passion-tossed to heed the lad's drollery—there was so much mystery in the whole affair; but one thing seemed certain,—that both father and daughter were gone. The presence of the seaman, and his claims of affinity, perplexed him; but, from Jem's statement, he was not altogether a welcome or expected visitor. This prompted the idea that he would not remain long in the house, or at all events, Jem, who was unknown, might knock at the front door and ask for him. On this being mentioned to the lad, he readily acquiesced, and though he had not heard his name, yet he could give a perfect description of his person.

Not a moment was lost. Jem changed his dress, and in a few minutes the square echoed again with his summons at the residence of Mr. Elwester. Both knocker and bell went to work—the footman speedily unclosed the portal, and the ex-sweep, with a swaggering gait, “requested to see the genelman sailor as was in the house.”

“You must come in, then,” said the footman, “for nothing short of the place being on fire will get him out.”

“Vy, wher's your master?” asked Jem, as, without manifesting the slightest hesitation, he walked in; “I thought he vos alays at home.”

“Too much of that to be good,” responded the other, contemptuously; “but he's gone off this afternoon with his daughter, and so we've been having a bit of a jollification.”

“Jist what I likes,” uttered Jem, in an off-hand tone of gratification; though I'm a genelman myself, with plenty of money,”—and he rattled his cash in the pockets of his small-clothes,—“yet I loves a spree verehever I can catch it.”

The footman stared at the miniature effigy of maturity when Jem styled himself “a genelman,” but, nevertheless, he made no personal remark, but merely requested our hero to follow, which he did, down stairs into a capacious kitchen, with a large table in its centre, at the head of which sat Bill Breezy in all his glory—his pipe in his mouth and his grog before him, whilst on each side were ranged some eight or ten male and female servants, enjoying the absence of a covetous old master. The table was well furnished with liquors of all descriptions, for Lankrib had lost his keys, and the miser's cellars contained a plentiful stock, as he was in the habit of *sparing* certain quantities to his especial and particular friends, with whom he was in the habit of doing business in the loan department.

Such a change in so short a time, and under the same roof, Jem very little expected to see; but as it was supposed by the rest that the lad was a friend of the footman's, he was immediately invited to partake of their cheer; and Bill hailing his appearance with great glee, so as to lead the footman to the belief that they were acquainted, no difficulty arose on either side, and Jem, taking a vacant seat by the side of the seaman, filled his pipe with all the ease of a mar of forty, and bowed to the company as he drunk “all their werry good healths.”



The mirth of the moment was relative to the recent affair of Lankrib and the cook; and Jem learned that, after his departure, the former had carefully locked and bolted himself into his room, and the latter had been put to bed, whilst Bill, who was known to be the master's nephew, descended to the kitchen and became chairman of the company that had assembled to do honour to a hasty invite to "supper and spiritual liquors at nine." Joyous and noisy were the party; but Jem took an opportunity of whispering to the gallant tar that he "vonted to speak to him about his cousin Meely, and there vos some bold shipmates a waiting for him vhere he could suck the monkey as long as he liked." At the same time he "begged Bill to try and find out vhere her father had taken the lady."

Poor Bill's senses had begun to spin and reel, but this communication, seriously made, steadied him a little, and he was about to make inquiry, when the sounds of carriage-wheels rattled past the area, and suddenly ceased as the vehicle stopped in front of the house—the next minute a loud rapping at the knocker and a ringing peal upon the bell announced the return of Mr. Elwester. In an instant all was confusion—the table was cleared, and the visitors concealed themselves, some in cupboards, others in the coal-cellar, whilst Jem leisurely followed the footman, and standing behind the open door as the usurer entered, he slyly slipped out unperceived, and going to the postillion, as if belonging to the household, he remarked, "Your hosses have had a sharp run on it, apparently—how many miles have they come?"

"Why, we changed at Darford," returned the post-boy, "and it's a long drive; I'm precious thirsty, I know—can we get a drop of anything to drink?"

"Not till you've put up your hosses," responded Jem, "and then you shall come back and have jist vhat you likes. Put me inside of the thing-em-he, and I'll go vith you to the stables, and then I can show you the vay baek."

To this the postillion assented—the chaise was driven to the nearest livery stables, the horses were rubbed down and suppered up, and Jem and his new-made friend returned to the square at the very minute when Bill Breezy, ejected from his uncle's mansion, was seen rolling out of it. The youngster caught him by the hand, "Vy, Bill," said he, "you're as moppy as the cook vos ven you put her to bed. But come along, my covey; I'll show you vot you'll call a snug port, and a shipmate or two to keep you company."

"All square, my son," hiccupped Bill, "all square; make sail, and I'll follow in your wake."

"Vake—" reiterated Jem, "ah, I is awake, and no mistake about it. But I shant leave hold of your flipper, so come along, and ve'll go and see Sir Mulberry Bolus."

"What ship's that?" demanded Bill, as he allowed the lad to lead him along. "Never heard on her afore!"

"But you've heard of that bootiful lady as you calls your cousin Meely," observed Jem; "and only vait a little while, that's all."

"Cousin Meely—ah, she is a beauty!" responded the tar, as they

stopped before Sir Edward's residence. "What! are you going back to uncle Grampus again?"

"Not jist yet," returned Jem, as he rang the bell, and the door was promptly opened by the baronet himself, whose impatience was fast breaking through all bounds of restraint. "Here ve are, your honour, all three on us, come to ax you how you do, and to take a glass together;"—they ascended the steps, and Jem continued, as the baronet held the open door—"Valk in, genelmen, valk in—this here, Sir Edvard, is Muster Breezy, cousin to Miss Helvester; and this t'other genelman, is the boy vhat druv the shay from Darford."

However unintelligible this might be to the individual to whom it was addressed—I mean the baronet—he certainly refrained from manifesting ignorance, but politely requested them to come in; at the same time his heart beat most violently, and his frame became tremulous with sickening suspense between hope and fear. Bill scraped his leg, hitched up his trousers, and his hat being off, he put his hand to the clustering locks of hair that hung down over his forehead, as he entered followed by the postboy, who merely touched his cap on passing the baronet.

"Show them into the butler's room, Jem," said Sir Edward, "and make them both welcome; they will find plenty there"—and then he uttered, in a lower key, so as only to be audible to the lad, "As soon as you have seated them, come to me in the library."

Jem knowingly nodded his head, as he winked his eye to himself, in token of acquiescence, and then conducted the pair to the apartment, in which were assembled, over their pipes and grog, the corporal, the boatswain's-mate, and the coxswain. No sooner did Bill Breezy catch sight of the blue jackets, than his heart warmed towards his brother tars, and dancing in, he gave the usual hail,—"What cheer, my hearties?—what cheer?" but, looking more attentively at the boatswain's-mate, he vociferated—"What! why, no!"—he stooped down, and placing his hands upon his knees, as he gave the veteran an earnest gaze—"and yet it is; there's no mistaking that figure-head;"—he sprang up, slapped his hand upon his thigh, so as to make the place echo again—"Well, then, I'm bless'd if that aint Joe Blatherwick!"

"Aye, aye, shipmate," responded Joe, "that's my name on the ship's books, sure enough; and though the ould Neverflinch 'ull never muster me at quarters again, yet I means to hould on by my name as long as it 'ull hould on by me. But I can't say as I disremembers you."

"Mayhap not, Joe—mayhap not," returned the seaman, extending his hand; "but give us your fin, my hearty; you can't have gone never to have forgot little Bill Breezy, as was in the fore-top of the ould Renown, when you was fokslemun!"

"Why, aye!" exclaimed the boatswain's-mate, as he measured the tall and athletic seaman with his eye from head to foot—"I do recollect somut about *little*"—and he laid a stress upon the word '*little*'—"Breezy, though he warn't never none o' the smallest then; but if you're he, then success to his majesty's beef and grog, for it's made a man on you:—so here's my claw; and bring yourself to an anchor

alongside of me, whilst I axes you a bit of catechiz about the ould Renown. Well, now I comes to look at you, the cut of your jib seems more familiar to me." Bill seated himself, and Joe went on. "And so you're that ongracious young scamp as was up to every mischief, and mastered every dooty. Do you remember stealing the carpenter's last quid, and making him knock it to smash with his own hammer?"

There was a general laugh; and Jem having placed his newly-found acquaintances quite at their ease, left them, to join the baronet in the library. But on passing through the hall, the cocked-up hat and sword of the admiral again attracted his attention; and resuming them, in the same manner as he had done in the morning, he determined to present himself a conspicuous figure before Sir Edward. Scarcely however, was the one nicely balanced on his head, and the other sloped over his shoulder, than who should make his appearance but Sir Mulberry Boreas. Now, the admiral was, at all seasons, extremely tenacious of the trappings of his exalted rank; he therefore gave the lad a fierce and fiery look, and threatened to shove him up the chimney, for presuming to meddle with the gear of state.

Notwithstanding that Jem was somewhat alarmed at the anger of the admiral, whose large and pimpled nose glowed like a hot coal, yet he could not forbear grinning at the idea of being forced up a chimney by way of punishment, which so scandalized the veteran's sense of discipline, that he seized the boy by the nape of his neck, and would most certainly have inflicted chastisement on the spot, had not Jem adroitly slipped himself out of his coat, and springing away, ran with all his speed up the stairs to the library, where, to the surprise of the baronet, he concealed himself beneath the table.

"What is the matter with you, Jem—what are you afraid of?" demanded the baronet.

"Lock the door, your honour; pray lock the door," entreated the lad, just peeping out his head from under the cloth, like a tortoise from his shell; "there's Sir Mulberry Bolus vith his big soard, and my life isn't safe."

"Nonsense!" peevishly returned the vexed baronet; "you have been playing some silly trick or other. Come out! the admiral will not hurt you."

"Von't he, though?" eagerly responded the boy; "my erikey, but I shouldn't like to try him. Vy, he cotch'd hold on me, and looked as if he vould swallow me like a young frog."

"Come out, I say!" uttered the baronet warmly. "I tell you there is no danger; the admiral is not coming here."

"Vell, that does alter the case, vvhich, I assure your honour, vos a case o' distress," whined Jem, as he crept out from his place of concealment; "my precious eyes! vy, vot a nose he's got."

"You must not make such remarks," said Sir Edward, somewhat sternly; "they are not becoming in a boy of your age and situation. But, now tell me all you have learned respecting the errand you went upon."

With this request Jem readily complied; after which the post-boy

was summoned to the library, and questioned as to his knowledge of the route the carriage had taken. Now, it so happened that it was his turn-out in the early part of the morning, when Mr. Elwester and his daughter arrived at Dartford, and he had driven them forward to the next stage, where they again changed horses, and proceeded on towards Rochester; but, as he left with his pair, he could not tell how far they went. But he assured Sir Edward there could be no difficulty in finding it out from the other lads on the road, who, for a small consideration, would tell all about it. He also said that "the old gentleman and the young lady kept the glasses up all the way," and that "the young lady looked very down in the mouth."

"What is your name?" inquired the baronet, elated by hope at the prospect of speedily discovering the place to which Amelia had been conveyed.

"My name, your honour?" returned the postillion, as he looked earnestly, and somewhat doubtingly, at Sir Edward.

"Yes—yes, your name—do not be afraid to confide in me," answered the baronet eagerly; "you shall be well rewarded for your information."

"I arn't afeard of your honour," responded the postillion, "for I think you never seed me before. My name's Isaac Haxted, at your service, but they calls me Zikey Hackstride, in regard of my being a postboy;" and Isaac laughed.

"You druv Mr. Helvester home, Zikey," intruded Jem, who attentively listened to all that passed, "and you druv him part of the way down?"

"Yes, I did," answered the individual addressed.

"And in course, Zikey, the old codger tipped vell?" remarked Jem, in a tone of inquiry, and at the same time giving Isaac an arch look.

"Tipped vell?—why, yes, I don't think," sneeringly returned the post-boy; "he guv me nothing going down, acause he promised me somut handsome when he came back:—and what do you think it was?"

"Vy, two half-crowns wouldn't have been out of the way for sich a rich old man as that," answered Jem, rattling his own money in the pockets of his smalls; "his honour there wouldn't have minded double on it."

"Two half-crowns!" repeated Isaac, with what he meant for a stare of amazement. "Why, we does fall in with gentlemen sometimes as comes what's out-and-out regular; for they thinks o' the hardships we undergoes, in driving their horses quick for 'em—rain or shine, wind or snow—and it was only last week that a trump of a blade as was going down to wote at Maidstun election, guv me half-a-guinea to make haste, and half-a-crown when we got in, for the fatigue I'd undergone. But this here old chap as you're speaking about, guv me only two tanners, and one of them I think's a bad 'un."

"Vell, I never did!" responded Jem, as he exultingly took out a handful of silver, and displayed it to the other's gaze. "Look there,



Zikey; vot do you think of all that? and there's gold too," picking out half-a-guinea and a seven-shilling piece from among the rest; "his honour never let's me vant for dumps; not by no means, old chap."

Isaac eyed the glittering coin with no small degree of envy towards its possessor; and the baronet very soon perceived that Jem's ruse had taken full effect—in fact, that a key of a similar metal would unlock every secret of the post-boy's heart, and bind him firmly to his interests, at least, till some one bid a higher price, which was not a very likely case for some time to come, if, indeed, it could ever happen at all.

"He shall not want for recompence," remarked the baronet; "perhaps I may return with him. But, go back now to the corporal's room, and enjoy yourself. I will send for you before long. Jem, beg the favour of Mr. Breezy to come to me here, and show him the way."

"Vot Bill, your honour?—ay, that I vill; for he's a regular trump, he is," exclaimed our hero, turning to depart. "Come along, Zikey, and blow your eloud like a smokey chimbley, and then damp it down with a vet blanket of cold vithout. Come along, old whip'em; ve'll have a night on it."

They reached the library door, which Jem opened, and the post-boy, somewhat bewildered at his good fortune, was walking out, but the young sweep caught hold of his arm, and turning him half round, uttered, "Vere's your manners, Zikey? make his honour a bow."

The post-boy put his hand to his head, and the pair descended to the jovial tars, who were now in high glee; and, as the parlour they were in was too distant for any noise they might make being heard, so as to disturb the captain or the admiral, they had been indulging in the merriment of a song, possessing that essential to a seaman's ideas of musical harmony, a hearty, jovial, rattling chorus, in which the corporal, whose austerity had become relaxed by soaking in good wine, most cordially joined.

Jem Hardover, the coxswain, had for many years been a great favourite, both ashore and afloat, for his qualities as a songster. He had a good and pleasing voice; and, though not exactly endowed with taste in his execution, yet there was at all times a plaintiveness and a display of feeling, that operated more powerfully upon the hearts of the unsophisticated tars than any effort of professional skill. He had been called upon for a song; and just as Isaac and his conductor entered the room, he had hummed two or three times, taking a sip of his grog between each hem, and as soon as they were berthed, he commenced the following ditty.

#### HURRAH FOR ENGLAND, HO!

The tidings came—the Frenchman's rag  
 From the mast-head hung drooping down,  
 For over it appeared the flag  
 Britannia loved to call her own:  
 And shouts of triumph rent the sky,

Amid the roar of rattling guns ;  
 And banners flash'd, and hearts beat high,—  
 A welcome home to Britain's sons,  
 Who'd fought and beat the daring foe—  
 Hurrah for England! England, ho!

And Nancy stood upon the shore,  
 And watch'd each coming sail ;  
 For well she knew her brave Jack Moore  
 In courage would not fail :  
 And whilst the bells were pealing loud,  
 And joy had banish'd care,  
 She felt alone though in a crowd—  
 Her husband was not there ;  
 For he had sailed to meet the foe,  
 Shouting—"Hurrah for England, ho!"

At length the frigate heaves in sight ;  
 Strong are both hopes and fears ;  
 Her bosom swells with rich delight,  
 And then melts down to tears :  
 Clasp'ing her babe with action wild,  
 The prayer ascends to Heav'n—  
 "Grant that the father of my child  
 Back to his home be given,  
 For he has beat his country's foe—  
 Hurrah for England! England, ho!"

The anchor from the bows is cast,  
 And sinks into the clay ;  
 And batter'd sides and shatter'd mast  
 The desperate fight betray :  
 And whilst aloft each topman starts,  
 To furl the clew'd up sail,  
 Oh! there are sad and sickening hearts,  
 As anxious doubts prevail ;  
 But yet they've beat the daring foe—  
 Hurrah for England! England, ho!

The boats shove off, and whispers run—  
 "They bear the wounded brave ;"  
 (For all who died beside their gun  
 Have shared a seaman's grave ;)  
 And gently as the boatmen row  
 To ease a shipmate's pang,  
 A sigh of grief, a wail of woe,  
 Subdue the shouts that rang,  
 Because they beat the daring foe—  
 And won for England—England, ho!

And Nancy hurries to the spot  
 At which the boat must land ;  
 Her fainting spirit fears "he's not"—  
 But there she takes her stand ;  
 And eagle-like, her look is cast  
 Upon the barge's crew,  
 For Jack was bowman when she last  
 Had bade a sad adieu—  
 When off' he sailed to meet the foe,  
 Shouting—"Hurrah for England, ho!"

And wives and sweethearts gather round—  
 Souls that must love till death!—  
 No voice is heard—there's scarce a sound—  
 Poor Nancy gasps for breath!  
 They near the crowded shore;  
 She sees the bowman's face;  
 It is her pride, her own Jack Moore—  
 She's clasp'd in his embrace,  
 "Nancy, we've bang'd the haughty foe—  
 Hurrah for England! England, ho!"

Nothing could exceed our hero's delight during the time that his namesake, Jem, was chanting his stave. As I have said before, Nature had bestowed upon him a good feeling, a lively intellect, and quick perception; and the turnings of the ditty worked upon the generosity of his temper and disposition so strongly, that, when the coxswain came to the finale, where Nancy sees her husband, he literally roared out with extreme gratification, whilst the tears trickled down his cheeks; for so well had Hardover given expression to the words, that the whole scene, in its strongest colouring, was present to the vivid imagination of the lad, and no voice was more loud than his, as he joined the chorus of the last line—

Hurrah for England! England, ho!"

which he repeated over and over again, even when the others had ceased. As soon as the effervescence had a little subsided, Jem remembered his duty, and going to Bill Breezy, he politely requested his attendance upon the baronet. Now Bill had arrived at that period of suction when a man indulges in a comfortable assurance of his own prowess and abilities, and has no need to urge the old Scotchman's petition—"I pray God send us a good conceit o' ourselves;" so that the probability is, Bill would have refused compliance, as derogatory to his elevated dignity, but that he had been informed Sir Mulberry Boreas, Vice-Admiral of the Red, was in the house, and therefore obedience became the test of duty. In a few minutes he was in Sir Wentworth's presence. The baronet received him very graciously, as cousin to the lady whom he loved—took his hand and shook it cordially—offered him a chair—ordered in refreshments, and proffered every attention—all which Bill, in his then dubious condition, attributed to his own superlative merits; for though he had heard of the state of compulsion and restraint under which his gentle cousin laboured from the persecuting devoirs of the Duke of Q—, and the harsh perverseness of his uncle in insisting upon his grace being received as a suitor, yet he was not aware that any previous attachment existed—and thus the friendly, and even condescending, manners of the baronet, instead of being credited to their proper account of regard for Amelia, were logged down by Bill as due to himself, for his own intrinsic and super-excellent worth. As a matter of consequence, this produced the most ludicrous scenes for some time, each mistaking the other's meaning, as they progressed in a strange confused conversation. But at length, Bill's intellects became more cleared—mutual explanations ensued—the tar was delighted with his "new

cousin," as he called him, and swore broadsides against the duke. He gave the baronet a brief sketch of his own history—his early years; the cruel neglect of his uncle; the progress he had made in the service of his majesty; his visit to "ould Grampus;" the capsizing of the duke; and every circumstance down to that day, in the morning of which, whilst resting on the rails before that noted house, "the Green Man," on Blackheath, as he was returning from Woolwich, he had seen the chaise with Mr. Elwester and his daughter drive up the hill, and remain a few minutes at the top to breathe the horses. Suspecting something was wrong, and coercion was about to be used to further the usurer's schemes, he threw himself along upon the grass, and hid his face, till they were again in motion, and had passed him, when he promptly gave chase, hoping to keep the vehicle in sight; but the speed with which they travelled surpassed his; and though he caught a donkey, and mounted it, "to keep," as he said, "as close as possible in their wake, yet the spiteful and unconscionable animal capsized down a sand-pit, which laid onseen in his course, and he was obliged to lay-to for a spell to repair damages, so that he lost 'em altogether." Desirous, however, of picking up all the information he could, he had proceeded to the metropolis, and hovered about his uncle's residence till the evening, when he contrived to make his entrance unperceived, during the arrival of some of the expected company, and the events took place which have already been recorded; for, on ascending the stairs, to get at old Lankrib's room, he heard the cries of the cook, and groped his way to the scene of action.

It hardly need be said that Sir Edward was glad of his new ally, who as a matter of preference, wished to rejoin the society of his brother tars, Jem was commended for his adroitness in bringing the seamen and the postboy to his patron's house, and all parties seemed highly pleased at the rencontre. The scamen and our hero again took their places in the corporal's room; whilst the baronet was framing excuses to urge to Sir Mulberry, should he deem it necessary to make a journey down the road, and laying plans to rescue Amelia from persecution.



## CHAPTER XX.

“I cannot tell  
 What Heaven hath given him; let some graver eye  
 Pierce unto that; but I can see his pride  
 Peep though each part of him. Whence has he that?”

“What is in thy mind  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex’d  
 Beyond self-explication.”

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM some cause or other—whether it was the suspicion of his own brain, or he had actually detected something like communication between Sir Wentworth and his daughter (though undeniably not the means)—whatever it was, he was determined at once to break through every probable opportunity for such intercourse, by removing the young lady away from the metropolis to an antiquated edifice situated some distance from the highway between Rochester and Maidstone, where his grace the Duke of Q—— might visit, and endeavour to bring her to reason. In doing this, the usurer reposed every confidence in the discretion of his daughter; nor did he entertain any apprehension that the noble would attempt rudeness or violence, which could only defeat his own purposes.

So sudden was the command of her father for immediate departure, that she was summoned from her bed, and had scarcely sufficient time to hurry on her clothes; and, prompt to obey, not an instant was lost, so that she could devise no scheme to apprise the baronet of her departure, nor did she herself know to what part of the country it would be the pleasure of her parent to have her conveyed. She knew the utter inutility of remonstrance or resistance, and she had seen quite enough of her father's rigid execution of his threats upon others, not to be fully sensible that he would most assuredly fulfil his promise of turning her from his doors if she refused compliance with his mandates.

When Amelia quitted her chamber she was informed that her father was already in the carriage waiting till she joined him, and had expressed great impatience of delay; she accordingly hurried down to the door, but no vehicle was to be seen; Lankrib, however, requested her to follow him, and in the street, at the corner of the square, they found a hack-chaise, into which she was handed, and the postboy instantly drove off. It was early morning, and very few people were stirring, so that Mr. Elwester cherished a hope that they had escaped all observation, and his departure would remain undetected by the members of the baronet's establishment, or any one who could convey the information to them;

indeed had it not been for Bill Breezy accidentally discovering them on Blackheath, their whereabouts would have been wholly unknown to Sir Wentworth.

Delightful would have been the pure and bracing air of the country to Amelia, shut up as she had been so closely in her apartment, but as in her haste she had forgotten her veil, her father would not allow the glasses to be let down, and the heat was almost stifling. In other respects, however, the old man's manners were gentle and his language kind, for he hoped to work upon her feelings so as to bring her round to his views, whilst she patiently acquiesced in his unnatural proceedings, which had actually betrayed him; for the chances were, that Bill had taken very little notice of the chaise, but for its being so closely shut up.

During the journey, the father and daughter held but little conversation, and even in that there was nothing to disturb harmony, for the old man cautiously abstained from all irritating topics, except that now and then he quietly referred to the all engrossing wish of his heart—that of seeing his child a titled lady amongst the nobility of the land, and what title was more desirable than that of duchess? Amelia uttered not a sentence that was calculated to provoke her parent; she never attempted to question the right he had of disposing of her person where he pleased, but she still most respectfully claimed the privilege which the God of nature had bestowed with respect to her affections.

It was not yet noon when the chaise entered the gateway to the venerable building already mentioned; and notwithstanding much of it had gone to decay, Amelia was greatly struck by the natural beauty of the scenery, so that for the moment she thought how calmly she could pass her life there, away from the turmoils of the world, particularly if the baronet could share it with her. The chaise drew up at the entrance of the old mansion—no attendants were in waiting, the window shutters were closed, and there was a cold and chilling aspect in the dark grey walls, though in many parts mantled with ivy, that held but strange communion with the gaiety and splendour of the landscape that was spread in rich luxuriance around. But though the rattling of the wheels had not disturbed the inmates of the building, yet they had aroused from their dreamy day-slumbers a whole colony of rooks both young and old, whose astonishment at beholding such a phenomenon as a carriage in that place was loudly expressed as they rose from their nests and wheeled their flight round the topmost branches of the trees.

The postillion alighted and rang the bell, and in a few minutes an aged woman, tottering under years and infirmity, made her appearance at the entrance. Mr. Elwester and his daughter alighted, but as the female had received no intimation of their intended visit, there was nothing prepared for them. The rooms, however, were partly furnished with chairs, tables, &c., whose manufacture seemed to be coeval with the existence of the mansion. The walls were covered with tapestry that one time must have been extremely beautiful, but the colours had greatly faded, and in many places the materials had fallen into decay through damp; the fire-places were of the large, open kind, having

nothing more than two loose stout iron bars, running nearly the whole depth of the recess, and each supported in front by the brass figure of a large dog, for the purpose of raising the burning wood, for which sort of fire it was solely adapted.

By the assistance of a young girl, an apartment was made ready, and Amelia was commanded by her father "to consider that as her home;" at the same time expressing a hope that, "before long she would accede to his prudent and earnest wishes to see her placed in a sphere where splendour and magnificence abounded."

"But not happiness," thought Amelia, as a sigh escaped her; and then addressing her parent, she said, "I am sensible my dear father, that it is your earnest desire to aggrandize me that prompts your conduct; but indeed, indeed, I can never conquer the aversion I have to the Duke of Q—."

"Rather say, perverse girl, that you are determined to cherish a silly, romantic attachment to another," returned Mr Elwester, angrily. "But my wealth was not gained by yielding to such foolish sentimental stuff: nor shall it be thrown away in humouring it. The time will come when your warmest gratitude will be expressed for my paternal solicitude and care in providing you with so exalted a husband. Besides, his domains are within my keeping whilst he lives—give him a son, and they will be mine for ever. It will not be very long before the duke is gathered to the tomb of his ancestors, and then your grace—" and the old man bowed—"I mean my daughter, may shine forth the leading star of the gay world. Oh, there shall be palaces, whose gorgeous richness shall surpass the abodes of royalty—every nation of the earth shall contribute to adorn and beautify. You shall have parks, and manors, and pleasure grounds; your equipages shall excite the envy of the court; your retinues, in their gold-laced liveries, shall glitter like the shining of the sun; costly robes, decked with pure diamonds, shall adorn your person, with pages to bear your sweeping train, as you walk amongst marble statues of choice Italian workmanship, with golden lustres spreading their perfumes and shedding a second daylight over your spacious drawing-room. All this will I do for you; aye, more—abundantly more, let me but once see the coronet of a duchess surmount your brow."

"But if this is really your design, my father, why bring me hither?" asked Amelia, whose mind for the moment was staggered at the brilliant prospects opened by the old man's promises.

"Assure me that you will—that you do consent to my proposals, and we journey back together," replied the usurer, who hoped that he had wrought upon the pride and ambition of his daughter.

The lady hesitated—a conflict was raging in her bosom between the passion for splendour, and the generous but fervent love of the heart. At length the latter triumphed, and taking her parent's hand within her own, Amelia faintly uttered—"In anything else, my father, you shall find me all obedience."

The old man turned his small fierce eyes upon her, and with a look of determined dogged resolution, exclaimed, "Aye, and so you will in this, my child. You will not break your aged father's heart, and send his

grey hairs in sorrow to the grave! Have I not toiled wearily for years—my nights in sober calculations, and my days in speedy execution—to behold my descendants among the nobility of the land? Waking or sleeping, it has been my constant thought; and every guinea that I treasured was doubly precious to me as a means of bringing my desires nearer to consummation; and now—now it is within my grasp”—and, stretching forth his hand, he clutched his fingers together—“aye, even beyond my most sanguine expectations, think you I will lose it for an idle love-sick tale of maudlin sentiment? No—I say again, no;” his anger rose as he strode across the room. “There is, there must be a degeneracy about you, girl, to prefer a humble and beggarly baronet to a high and puissant duke—you have inherited it from your mother.”

Amelia's cheeks glowed at hearing her lover and her deceased parent thus disrespectfully mentioned, and for the moment the spirit of her sex was aroused. But instantaneous reflection showed her the folly of saying anything to exasperate her father; and, therefore, she remained silent, and, for several minutes, the conversation dropped; but it was evident, by the agitation of the old man's frame, and the muscles of his countenance, as he hurriedly paced the apartment, that he was powerfully excited. At last he stopped, and harshly exclaimed, “Choose—aye, choose, and quickly, too—my blessing or my curse. Yes, I say—” and his voice grew more shrill and loud—“my fervent blessing, or an old man's curse!”

“You cannot mean it, my father!” uttered the terrified lady, as she caught hold of his arm, and looked imploringly in his face. “Oh! you cannot mean it; no, no, you will never curse your child.”

So wild, so beseeching, so fraught with anguish was the countenance of his daughter, that, for the moment, the father's heart relented—but it was only for the moment—for the appeal had conveyed a contingency that she did not intend to court the blessing (which was to be purchased by the abandonment of one she loved, and a union with a man she abhorred); and, throwing her from him, he sternly spoke, “I have said it—yes, I have said it, and I will not retract!”

The terror-stricken girl had frequently witnessed the burst of violent passion which at times operated most fearfully on the temperament of her father; but she never remembered to have seen him so outrageous as he then was; his eyes were red and fiery—his nostrils were distended—every feature of his face quivered with unrepressed anger, and his whole frame seemed convulsed by extreme excitement; but at the same time there was a fixed resolve in his manner, which fully evidenced that his purposes were not to be shaken, even when his impetuosity was calmed down by reflection.

“Oh, my father, you will distract my brain!” exclaimed Amelia, as she pressed the palms of her hands upon her forehead, and the room seemed to float round her. “Reason with me—calmly reason; I will indeed listen attentively to what you may say; but oh, do not—do not curse me!”

“Then take my blessing, child,” urged the obdurate man, assuming



greater mildness of manner. "I have offered you your choice—both are before you—it is now in your own hands;" his voice softened down into tenderness, as he added, "and surely, Amelia, you will not reject the benediction of a parent?"

"Oh! no, no! exclaimed the agitated girl, as she clasped her hands together in the attitude of supplication; "bless me, my father—my heart is bursting—let me implore you to grant your blessing. In the name of my departed mother—" her voice became deep and solemn, as she fell upon her knees before him, uttering—"aye, in the name of my creator, I entreat;" and then besought him, in the language of Esau, "Bless me—even me, my father!"

The old man's features quivered with emotion, as some of the better feelings of human nature rose predominant within his breast—his hands were slowly raised—the blessing hung tremblingly on his tongue; but with the sudden transition to which he was so often subject, the thought of having gained his long-desired and anxiously cherished object rushed with overpowering force upon his mind; for what else could she mean, by requiring a blessing, than giving her consent to the paramount wish of her father's heart, so that instead of the benediction, he exultingly uttered, "My daughter, then, will gladden the residue of my days; she will realize my fondest hopes, and I shall yet see my descendants among the nobles of the land. Yes, yes, I see it is so; I feel the certainty renewing my strength—my child will give her hand to the exalted nobleman who humbly—aye, Amelia, think of that, a duke who humbly sues for it. This is a proud moment, and now"—he extended his outspread hands towards her—"now may the richest blessings of a parent—"

"Oh, stop—stop, my father!" exclaimed the shuddering and shrinking girl, whose righteous principles revolted at the idea of practising deception on her father, and thereby converting his benediction into denunciation. She had been afforded time for reflection, and there are seasons in which a few moments' exercise of reason might have prevented the miseries of long, long years of agony. Amelia was quick in intellect; she saw at once the error under which her father laboured; another instant might have consigned her to a greater wretchedness than she had ever yet known, and therefore she suddenly entreated, "Stop, stop; neither bless nor curse me; oh, do not wither up my young existence by insisting upon this marriage; indeed, indeed I cannot wed the duke. But grant me time for calm consideration; let me school my heart to resignation; let me—"

"My blessing or my curse, I say!" vociferated the usurer, who hoped to gain his end by following up the heavy blow he had already struck upon the heart of the agonized child; "the choice is before you, for assuredly the one or the other shall be your portion, and that speedily, too!"

Amelia was well aware of the unbending nature of her father's character; and even her own disposition strongly tended the same way, as if inherited from him. She had firmly resolved not to sacrifice her happiness, and yet she dreaded to hear a parent's malediction; a mist swam before her eyes—her respiration grew convulsive—and before the old man's decision could be formed, she fell prostrate and insensible upon the floor.

The aged woman and the young girl were summoned, and, leaving his daughter to their care, Mr. Elwester hurried from the house, got into the chaise, and, without waiting to witness or ascertain his daughter's recovery, he was in a few minutes afterwards on his road back to the metropolis, half-maddened at what he called "the foolish obstinacy of the girl;" but he did not curse her.

Whether the usurer actually intended to fulfil his threat of anathematizing his only child, or merely employed it as an engine of torture to attain his object, must now remain unknown; but his heart continued unrelenting from his determined purpose, and he would have submitted to any debasement or degradation—he would have sacrificed every principle of his small stock of integrity, and his wealth he was already prepared to lavish, to achieve his end. He had tried coercion; he had endeavoured to work upon her passions and her feelings; he had used harsh language and soft persuasion; but they were all unavailing to shake her fidelity to the baronet, and induce her to marry in defiance of the dictates of her heart. And now he was about to stake another venture, in which he hoped to be more successful. Only a few minutes elapsed from the time of entering his house, before he again quitted it, and was on his way to the palace-like mansion of the Duke of Q—.

The night, as before observed, was beautifully fine and calm; but the old man felt not its benign and tranquillizing influences, for his mind was utterly absorbed in the scheme which he had in view. "Well, there is hazard in it," thought he, as he shuffled along the pavement; "but my whole existence has been one continuous game of chance, and often have I been driven to utter desperation; still fortune has befriended me; all the proud desires of my mind, except one and only one, have been fully gratified; and shall I shrink under dastardly apprehensions of danger when, by some lucky stroke, the conquest may be gained and that last and most coveted distinction be within my power? No, I must run the risk; and should the circumstances become known, the father of a duchess may laugh the world to scorn, especially one who holds in his hands the deeds of many a lordly estate, and whose wealth is beyond vulgar calculation. Why is the night so clear and still, whilst the tempest of passion rages thus violently in the human breast? The skies are resplendent with bright orbs; oh, that they were glittering gold, and mine! then, indeed would I triumph over potentates and nations, and crowned heads would sue for the honour of an alliance with my house! House? aye, I who, in my days of infancy, was the tenant of a workhouse—but what am I now? Princes and nobles come to me for money—they beg, they entreat the old man to aid them in the pursuit of pleasure, or preserve them from ruinous disgrace. I do both the one and the other, and am I blameable to demand my due at fitting opportunity? No! it is my own, and if they cannot satisfy the bond, it is no fault of mine if the law proceeds to judgment; the crime, if any be committed, lies with the legislature, not with me. And this same high and mighty duke, who scorning the old money-lender, would yet become his son;" a scowl of contempt passed across his features—"oh, a golden key will fit the wards of every heart, and unlock its dearest

interests; this duke despises my mean origin, whilst he covets the wealth which makes me what I am—he must have his hounds, his mistresses, his splendid establishments, to vie with brother dukes, and excite their envy; but it is with my money that he does this, and my daughter's children will be ennobled through my means."

He reached the portal of his grace's residence, and already swelling with fancied importance, he was about to make the door rattle beneath the ponderous weight of the knocker, when his usual sudden revival of caution induced him to let it fall gently with a single tap. Several minutes elapsed, and he was about to repeat the operation, when his grace's carriage drove up, and the footmen, in hurrying to announce the duke's presence, nearly overturned the usurer, as they commanded him to "stand out of the way."

But, by the light of the blazing flambeaux, the noble instantly recognised the visitor, and, hurrying himself from the carriage, he rebuked his servants for that very incivility which, on any other occasion, he would have encouraged; and, taking Mr. Elwester by the arm, they walked into the brilliant drawing-room together. The old man glanced his eyes around upon that magnificent apartment; he gloated on the richness of its furniture and decorations—the gorgeous hangings, the inestimable paintings, and a thousand other things that everywhere met the gaze; and a thrill of delight warmed up his cold and narrow heart, as he mentally uttered, "These are all mine—my own."

"Believe me, I am most delighted to see you, my dear sir," uttered his grace, as, with his own hands, he placed a chair for the man he despised. "To what event am I indebted for this unexpected pleasure?"

"My zeal for your grace's future happiness has prompted me to break in thus unseasonably upon you," responded the usurer, with much seriousness of manner.

"Indeed!" returned the noble. "I hope no evil or mischief has befallen your amiable and lovely daughter. Oh, would that she were implanted hither, to grace my poor abode!" and the duke glanced proudly round the splendidly adorned drawing-room, which Mr. Elwester had, only a minute before, mentally marked down as his own.

"She is, I trust, safe and well, my lord," obsequiously replied the usurer; "but none, except a parent, can imagine the bitter pangs caused by disobedience and ingratitude in the offspring that has been tenderly cherished."

"I deeply regret the distress you must have experienced in this affair," responded the wily noble; "it has been to me a source of grief and pain. But, my dear sir, may I offer you refreshments?"—the old man bending low, declined, and the duke went on—"I was about to say, my dear sir, that once exalted—that is, I mean—once deigning to accept my hand, the lady will thank us for our exertions; aye, even for our seeming harshness and severity—for will she not be ranked amongst the highest subjects of the realm? the pride of her husband, and the envy of every lady in the court? But I crave your pardon; I fear something must have

occurred of an unpleasant nature, and my devotion to the charming Amelia must plead my best excuse for impatience—you have some communication to make; let me entreat you not to keep me longer in torturing suspense.”

Thus urged, Mr. Elwester looked cautiously around, to see if any one was near enough to listen to what was said, and finding that he might safely proceed, he commenced, in a low tone, to state to his grace that having his happiness in view, he had removed Amelia to the country; and he then unfolded his plan, the result of which shall be given in another chapter.

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

“This is a world of frolic and fun—  
 Of sickness, and sorrow, and pain;  
 Some play with a rattle—some shoulder the gun—  
 Some rush into battle, whilst others off run,  
 As governed by prospects of gain—  
 Like the chapter that follows—as well as its head,  
 A medley, at best, and is very soon read.”—MS.

WHEN the convivial party broke up in the corporal's room it was morning, and Bill Breezy was carried to a comfortable bed in one of the spare chambers, for recollections of Amelia had induced the baronet to give directions that he should be well taken care of. The boatswain's mate and the coxswain took possession of the same “hammocks” (as they called them) in which they had slept the night before. The postillion was accommodated with a “shake-down,” as he pugnaciously rejected every attempt to raise him up; and Jem was creeping off to his mattress and blankets, in a snug corner, on the floor, for he could not reconcile himself to a bedstead—and the lad who recklessly and fearlessly cut all sorts of capers on the dizzy summit of a chimney-pot, was alarmed at the probability of rolling out of bed! What funny and unaccountable creatures we all are! I have said, Jem was creeping off to his snug corner, elate with dignity and strong beer, when the whim seized hold of his mind to have another interview with Sir Mulberry's huge cocked-up hat and tremendous sword; and, for this purpose, he slowly and stealthily, on his hands and knees, made his approaches towards the parlour in which he had first of all made their acquaintance. The handle of the door was in his hand, to be turned, when it was suddenly and forcibly torn from his grasp, by the door itself being thrown open—and out bounced some one or other of corpulent proportions, who, not seeing the lad, tumbled over him, and came heavily to the ground.

“Fire and furies!” exclaimed a rough stentorian voice, which Jem immediately recognised as being the exclusive property of the gallant



admiral. "Fire and furies!" &c. &c.—for I cannot pen all the terrible denunciations that he uttered. "Fire and furies!—what is all this?" Jem squatted in the attitude of an ape, and, grinning horribly at the veteran, uttered sounds somewhat similar to the noise made by that animal; he then skipped away to a distance, but having swallowed too much of the heavy, he rolled over and over, which, though performed involuntarily, more naturally resembled the real antics of the monkey tribe than the attempts he had previously made. "A baboon—by all that's abominable!" exclaimed the veteran, who had fallen asleep in the parlour, and had his rest disturbed by an exciting vision; "I was dreaming of some such lubber—and here he is in reality. It is he, I suppose, that has been dancing upon me, and kicking up the devil's delight, hammering away upon my head-piece, and burying me bows under, whilst every timber in my hull is battered with shot." He raised himself upright to a seat upon the floor, and rubbing his legs, looked most ruefully; whilst Jem, who had recovered from his evolutions, ascended a step or two of the stairs, and turning round, uttered—"Coo—coo—coo!" as he scratched his side, turned his head over his shoulder coaxingly, and gathered his limbs up, all ready for a momentary start.

"Confound your 'coo—coo—coo!'" exclaimed the enraged admiral; "only let me grapple with you, and you wont 'coo—coo—coo' again in a hurry. But where the deuce can he have come from? Broke his chain, I suppose. Ah! you're grinning, you son of a sea-cook; it isn't much you'd grin, if I could get hold of you."

At this moment the corporal made his appearance, descending the stairs, and Jem, who saw that detection was unavoidable, bounded up, almost upsetting the soldier, as he had but shortly before the admiral. "Rest quiet from your tricks, young devil's-kin, do," grumbled the corporal; "if you don't mend your manners, and arn't drilled into somut like discipline, we shall have a mutiny in the camp."

"And in the fleet too, I'm thinking," uttered the admiral. "Why it's past all human bearing. And so, it's no monkey after all, but the young imp that treated my emblems of dignity and rank so disrespectfully this evening. Clap hold of him corporal, and tow him down alongside of me here; I'll teach the rascal a little subordination."

But Jem was not exactly prepared to take the admiral's lessons so readily, for, springing on to the banisters he soon distanced the corporal, and, bolting into his own sleeping-room, he bolted everybody else out, and was very soon in as sound a sleep as if he had been taking his accustomed half-way rest in a chimney.

The corporal descended, and rendered his aid in setting the veteran seaman on his legs again. "A precious monkey-faced young rascal," growled the admiral, as, leaning upon Senhouse's arm, he hobbled back into the parlour, "to capsize a British officer of my rank and long standing in the service—one who has seen more banyan days, and fought more battles, than the scamp has had weeks pass over his head, from the hour of his being launched. But who is the boy, Senhouse?—who is he?"





Now this was a question rather *mal à propos* to the old soldier, for his attachment to his master deterred him from entering into minute explanations, whilst his habitual sense of duty to a superior officer prompted him to speak the truth. Between the two, he replied by putting another inquiry,—‘Does your honour mean the lad’s birth, parentage, and edecation?’

“No!” testily returned the veteran, as he reseated himself on the sofa; “I care nothing about his birth and parentage—where he was born is no matter—he’s a spawn of Satan, and takes after his father; and as for his edecation, he has given me a specimen of it to-night as will be logged down upon my body for the next six weeks, at least. Who does he belong to?”

“To a chimney-sweep at Camber—,” responded the corporal, in strict obedience to the question; but, instantly recollecting his duty to his master, he stopped short, and drawled out a long—“Oh!—who does he belong to, did your honour say? Why, yer honour, he’s in the service of Sir Edward; and, though a precious mischievous young urchin”—he paused for an instant, and then proceeded—“yet he’s a well-behaved and good lad too, upon the whole.”

“Why, what do you mean, old man, by backing and filling in your speech after this lubberly fashion?” demanded the admiral, warmly. “First he belongs to a chimney-sweep; and then he’s in the service of your master—he’s next a mischievous young dog, but a very nice lad—why, what the devil do you mean, and how can you reconcile such contradictions?”

But the corporal was relieved from further embarrassment by the entrance of Sir Edward, who, having patiently listened to the full detail of his uncle’s distresses, feelingly condoled with him, and soothed his irritability by assurances that the offending youngster should be corrected for his daring presumption. The admiral was somewhat appeased, and, his own man being summoned, he retired to his apartment, where, stretched at his ease, and in deep repose, he soon forgot all mishaps. The fact was, the veteran had been giving a snug dinner-party to three or four old messmates in that very parlour. A fat turkey was his favourite dish, and a remarkably fine one had graced the festive table, which he cut up, or, to use his own expression, “boarded in grand style,” and fared most sumptuously. After this, by way of perpetuating his enjoyment of turkey, nothing could be more natural than to make repeated attacks on the sublime port, which he did, with but little intermission till his friends departed—nor did he miss them for some time—and at last he fell fast asleep upon the sofa, and then began his misery. The fragments of the dismembered bird mustered by divisions round his head, and, seizing the two drumsticks, beat to quarters on the drums of his ears, whilst a fearful array of empty decanters, their stoppers performing endless gyrations and toppling in all directions, danced Scotch reels upon his chest, to the reverberating sound of the hollow-toned music. From this he had been suddenly aroused by a supposed broadside of corks, from the muzzles of a dozen of champagne, and, springing from the sofa with more alacrity than



usual, he was hurrying to call the boarders to repel the assault, when he tumbled over the sprawling lad at the room door.

After seeing his uncle safe to bed, Sir Edward once more took up his station by the side of his restless and suffering brother, and, as there was now no concealments between them, the baronet frankly related all that had occurred, and he declared his intention to send Jem off in the succeeding forenoon, by the return chaise, to trace out, by means of the several post-boys, the rout of road Mr. Elwester had taken, and, if possible, to discover the retreat of Amelia. He also proposed to despatch Hardover to Portsmouth, to make every inquiry relative to Molly Boyd, and to gather what particulars he could concerning Miss Mowbray. To this the captain assented, as he was well aware that he could confide in the coxswain's discretion; and, whilst he himself was rendered incapable of prosecuting a search in person, it was some satisfaction to his wounded mind to be enabled to institute any proceedings that had discovery for their object.

Notwithstanding the hour at which Jem had tumbled into his nest, he was true to old practised habits, and awoke at his accustomed time, when, calling to remembrance the untoward occurrences that excited the wrathful ire of Sir Mulberry Boreas, he arose, noiselessly dressed himself, and, creeping silently down stairs, he quitted the house, determined to use all the expedition he could, and seek counsel of his friend, Pat Donovan; with this intent he proceeded, with hasty steps to St. Giles's, and, as the working classes are generally early risers, he found the warm-hearted Irishman busily engaged admiring the green and growing potatoe-tops in his garden on the roof.

"Good morning to you, Muster Dunnywon!" saluted Jem, out of the attic window; "I hopes your taturs has thruv well since I saw 'em last."

"Arrah, Jem, my sowl, and it's meself is glad to see yez!" returned Pat, with energy, really pleased at the boy's visit; "an as for the praties—well, then, I cant say much for their ilegance, when compared with the raal fruit from the daar land where Sir Walther Rally first planted 'em. You've heard of Sir Walther Rally, may be, Jem?"

"Vy, not as I recollects," responded the lad, with a knowing toss of his head. "Does he live about Peckham or Cambervell, or that vay?"

Pat looked at the boy earnestly. "Arrah, no, Jem," said he; "no—it's many the long years since he lived at all, and he's dead enough now. But Sir Walter Rally was a thrue Milesian, and the first man as invented pratees and bacey—two of the greatest comforts, barring the ouisky, that iver delighted an Irishman's heart."

"But how could he inwent taturs?" demanded Jem, who never failed to question his friend upon any doubtful topic that might be started; "how could he inwent taturs, seeing as they grows in the yaarth?"

"Well, and what of that?" remarked the undismayed Irishman, as he laughed at the lad's seeming ignorance; "and does'nt bacey grow, too?—a beautiful harb."

Now, the only tobacco Jem had ever seen was the manufactured article, as it is sold, and may be purchased in the shops. He had no conception whatever of its original state; and to suppose that the fine downy threads of short-cut, shag, or returns, grew amongst the flowers from the ground was, to his view, perfectly ridiculous, and it can be no wonder that he should utter, with evident symptoms of doubt—"Vot, bacca grow like a wegetable?—vell, that's a good 'un, any how!"

"Och, it's but a small power o' larning you're after getting among the quality there, Jem, and myself not to the fore to tache you!" exclaimed Donovan, with a commiserating shake of the head. "It's money as they'll give yez, and it's fine clothes as they'll dthress you in, but it's the larning, Jem—it's the edecation as you wants—it's the abrecumdabra of the sciences as makes a scholar and a gintleman—success to it."

"Vell, Muster Dunnywon, and it's somut o' that kind, as vell as the pleasure o' seeing on you again, as brought me here this morning," exclaimed the lad; "I've made up my mind to go to sea, and fight the French, and so I've comed to ax your advice about it."

"Small blame to you for that, Jem," returned the laughing Pat, "like the north Cork, you may become the terror o' the world—and faith they made every body run, but, by me sowl, it was afther them, though. Not as I would wish to disparage your nathral courage and abilities, Jem—and no one is to be despised for his years or size. Arrah, didn't the lion let the mouse out of the cabbage-net? and long life to yez, Jem, and more power to your elbow, who can tell but what you may become a great sea-gineral?"

"Vot, like Sir Mulberry Bolus?" demanded the sanguine lad, in great delight that his friend Donovan should encourage his ambitious aspirings; "but he aint a general, he's a great navy officer, as they calls an admirable."

"An admiral, you mane, Jem?" said the Irishman; "but, by his name, I should have taken him to be potticary to the fleet—an it's a round-about name is Bolus to go to bed with."

Pat Donovan now entered his apartment through the window, and Jem at once gave him a succinct account of all that had transpired since their last interview, particularly his rencontre with the veteran admiral, whose terrible vengeance he greatly feared. The Hibernian listened with patient attention, and then advised the lad to return as quick as possible, for it was plain to be seen that Sir Wentworth had not withdrawn his patronage, but would probably feel himself bound in honour to do something handsome for a boy who had rendered him such service.

"And Jem, ma vourneen," added Patrick, "let the worst come to the worst—an it's yourself knows where my family estate lies up here in the sky parlour, an how proud I'd be to have yez intirely under my own tuthoration—divel a haperth shall you go back to swapeing again."

They parted; and the lad returned without delay to — square.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"All the world 's a *stage*,  
And all the men and women merely players."

"I told ye all,  
When ye first put this dangerous stone a rolling,  
'Twould fall upon yourselves."

"You called me Jew,  
And spat upon my Jewish gaberdine." SHAKESPEARE.

IN accordance with the proposed plan, arranged between the baronet and the captain, Jem Hardover, the coxswain, was directed to get himself ready to go down to Portsmouth, in order to make enquiries relative to Miss Mowbray, and for this purpose he was furnished with letters to various respectable individuals, but with instructions not to make use of them unless there was a necessity for so doing. A seaman's baggage is soon prepared, and, as the boatswain's mate was extremely desirous of learning every particular that could throw a light on the disappearance of his wife, he earnestly solicited permission to accompany his messmate, which, after some admonitory advice, was granted; but, as Captain Weatherall had no actual command, and must necessarily undergo the investigation of a court martial for the loss of his ship, the two seamen were taken by Sir Edward to the Admiralty, where liberty-tickets were procured for them from authority there could be no questioning, and thus they would enjoy protection from all official annoyances—of press-gangs, and marine guards, and serjeants of foot, looking out for detention money.

When they returned to Charing-cross the Portsmouth coach was just starting, and the two seamen had only time to berth themselves aloft amongst some brother tars, who were going back to their ships, (leave of absence having expired,) when smack went the whip, round went the wheels, and off they set upon their journey, cheering as they drove rapidly along; though it must be owned that some of them felt very much like school-boys whose holidays were over. However they had spent their cash to "the honour of ould England," and they were bound on board again to get more.

Amongst the passengers who sat in the dickey, was a jolly, red-faced, tradesman-looking sort of man, and by his side was a young officer in the undress uniform of mate of an East Indiaman; but never were there any two countenances in the whole world that better evinced thorough good temper; the coxswain and boatswain's mate occupied places facing them, and on one side was Nathan, a Jew crimp, going

thorough good temper; the coxswain and boatswain's mate occupied places facing them, and on one side was Nathan, a Jew crimp, going down to look after "bishness" amongst the Indiamen that were waiting for convoy at the Mother Bank; whilst on the other side was one of Africa's contented though degraded race, who belonged to a frigate then lying at Spithead. The other parts were covered with liberty-men and their bags. But we must not omit the guard, a clever, humorous fellow, full of frolic and fun, who squeezed himself in between the iron railing of the dicky and the tradesman. As for the coachman—a race now becoming extinct—he was of the old school—his chin buried in neckcloth, though the height of summer, and a bunch of flowers as big as a moderate-sized cabbage graced his breast.

Away they rattled merrily along, and freshening the nip occasionally, as they stopped to change horses, the young officer invariably offering refreshment to the tradesman by his side, who for his part seemed totally ignorant of maritime concerns, and all matters connected with the sea.

"Your life must be a jovial one," said the tradesman good-humoredly, "if you are always as happy as you appear to be now."

"Always as happy! why, to be sure we are," responded Jem, with a look of merriment and glee. "What ud make us otherwise? Not but what we meets with rubs and chafes in working ship as well as you do ashore. But when a seaman gets a good ship, a good captain, and good officers, he arn't never got no right to be onhappy, as long as he does his duty like a man."

"Well, it is strange to me you can love a service in which you are kept under so much restraint, and undergo so many hardships," remarked the tradesman.

"Ah, you are speaking of the man-of-war's men," rejoined the India officer; "it is different with us to what it is under the pennant."

"And what difference is there, sir?" asked Jem, respectfully. "You makes long voyages out and home, and we are kept on a station for years—you gets money by marchandize, and we gets it by fighting."

"Vell, ma tear, dat is all de differensh in de vurld," said Nathan, fixing his keen eyes on the coxswain; "but de monish is de monish arter all, vether you gets it by de fighting or by de trading."

"All in a fair way, Nathan," returned the officer, laughing; "there's no cheating either in the one or the other."

"No, ma tear—no sheating in de Ingieman's," responded the chuckling Jew, as he shook his head. "You only make mishtake mid de coshtom housh—dat's all."

The laugh went against the officer, as the well-known smuggling propensities of the Indiamen rose to the remembrances of the seamen, and even the tradesman joined in it, though he did not seem well to know why. At last the officer replied, "At all events, Nathan, our pockets are not lined with poor men's groans, like yours."

"Oh, ma tear, dat would be noting," uttered the Jew; "dey very soon vears out mid de guineas inside, vether Chew or chrestien—all's von for dat."



"Why aye, Muster Nathan," said the guard, "there's something to be picked up everywhere, if folks don't go for to stand over nice about the way of doing it. I've some idea of turning Israelite myself, for I thinks there's more to be made on it than being guard of a cutch—it's too honest a calling to make much on."

"Not in de down journeys, I dareshay," remarked the Jew; "de shailors have shpent all deir monish den. But it ish de up journeys, mid de pay and de prize monish in deir pocketsh—dat's de time o' day for you—oh, I vill change de places mid you den."

"No doubt on it," uttered Joe Blatherwick, assentingly, "there'd be but a Flemish account of cash by the time we got to London. Oh, I've had some 'sperience with your tribe, and I means to have a little more, afore I've done—there's an agent in Portsea as I've a long reck'ning to work out on, and a matter of lee-way to fetch up. At what rate do you vally a man's life among the Jews?"

"Vell, a great deal vill depend upon de circumstanshes," answered Nathan, with a business-like toss of his head; "but do you mean de value to himself, or to anoder?"

"Why, what difference does it make?" inquired Joe; "a man's life is his life, and ought to be as much prized by a shipmate as hisself."

"But dat ish folly," responded the Jew contemptuously; "you are ignoramush not to know de differensh. If a man is rish, he vill like to live long in de land, dat he may enjoy de comforts and blessinghs; but dat, ma tear, is de very reashon his relashions vill vish him dead, dat dey may get vot he cannot take away mid him."

"Well, I saved a Jew's life, and not many days ago, either," said Joe; "and I means him to come down handsomely for it, too; so I jist thought I'd ax you the wallyation o' the thing."

"Vos he rish Chew?" demanded the Israelite.

"Yes, I've no doubt on it," replied the boatswain's mate; "and he would have been drowned if I hadn't gone overboard and picked him up."

"Did you make de barginsh mid him?" asked the Jew, throwing a searching glance upon the seaman's countenance.

"Make a bargain with him!" repeated Joe in amazement; "why, what the devil do you mean?"

"Mean!" responded Nathan! "mean! vot should I mean but de barginsh—de barginsh to shave his life?"

"What! calkelate upon the matter o' money when a man's sinking?" indignantly exclaimed the coxswain. "Well, I'm bless'd, Nathan, but you're a biggerer scamp than I thought you was."

"Not in de leasht, ma tear—not in de leasht," returned the Jew; "it's alwaysh besht to have de barginsh—for de barginsh is de barginsh—and ven ve make de barginsh, there can be no mistake, you know—oh, I alwaysh shtiek to de barginsh."

"And so, because I didn't make a reg'lar bargain with him, you think I sha'n't get anything, I suppose," said the boatswain's mate, warmly.

"Vell, I tink it ish very doubtful," resumed the Jew, shrugging up





Robert D. Enuikshand

his shoulders; "it's alwaysh besht to have de barginsh mid my peoples."

Thus conversing, they journeyed along till the coach stopped at Godalming, and the passengers were allowed twenty minutes to get their dinner. On entering the room, however, there did not appear to be anything prepared—the cloth was laid, it is true; but the essentials to appease hunger were wanting, and nearly one-half of the allotted time was expired before the edibles were placed upon the board—in fact, they had done but little more than get comfortably seated, when the horn of the guard announced that the horses were put to, and they were again ready for a start; nor was it long before a waiter entered the room and declared that the coachman was determined to proceed without them, unless they immediately departed.

"Have you all dined, gentlemen?" inquired the tradesman; and a general grumble was the response. "I, for one, am resolved not to go without my dinner. Waiter, you will expect us to pay the full price, I suppose?"

"Am very sorry, sir—very sorry," bowed the waiter, obsequiously; "it is no fault of ours—not in the least, sir—the coachman, sir."

"Oh, aye; I understand all those things," said the tradesman; "and what do you charge for the dinner?"

"Five shillings each, sir," replied the master of the inn, who, having entered at the moment, had heard the question. "I have been speaking to the coachman, sir—he says his time is up, and he dare not stop."

"Five shillings," remarked the tradesman; "most extortionate—my fellow-passengers, I perceive, are making the most of it; I have scarcely had anything—however, this will do," he took out a capacious silk handkerchief, perfectly clean, and, putting a cold fowl and some bread in it, quitted the table. In an instant his example was followed—every one seized something—a general scramble ensued, and throwing down the money demanded, the whole made a quick passage through the waiters; and were very soon berthed upon the coach, where Nathan, who had not joined the party, had already resumed his seat; but rising, to let the others pass, the young India officer dexterously conveyed a a knuckle of ham into the capacious coat-pocket of the Jew.

The landlord called loudly for the way-bill, that he might ascertain the name of the leader of this affair; but the guard was up, the coachman smacked his whip, and off they went, leaving "mine host" to bluster as much as he pleased. At starting, however, the tradesman took a card from a small case, and threw it towards the waiters, one of whom picked it up, and handed it to his master.

"You did that amazingly well, sir," said the India officer, approvingly; "a thorough seaman couldn't have done it better, and we are all very much your debtors."

"They are a rapacious set—those landlords," replied the person addressed; "I have travelled the same road before, as our friend will remember, when he sees my name."

"We've weathered the purser on this here tack, howsomever," said



the coxswain, as he waved the leg of a turkey over his head. "What have you got, Joe?"

"Why, not the matter of any great deal," responded the boatswain's mate, as he produced a fair-sized pigeon-pie, dish and all; "here's a mere trifle, jist in regard of keeping my teeth in active service."

"Come, my lads, let's club together," said the tradesman; "I have got a cold fowl—"

"And I a tongue," added the India officer, producing the article he had named.

"Ve all know dat as you've got a tongue, ma tear," said the Jew smartly; and then looking at the beautiful reality, "Ha—vot you have got two, eh? Vell, vell."

"And what have you got, Nathan," demanded the officer, as he winked at the coxswain; "surely you'll add something to the general mess."

"I am but a poor Chew," responded Nathan, shrugging up his shoulders, and looking ruefully sad. "Beshides, to-day ish my fasht-day."

"Jist have the goodness to rig in your ring-tel boom, Muster Nathan," said Jem Hardover, pressing his hand against the Jew's coat-pocket; or, mayhap, its a starn chaser, though it feels a good deal like a bottle of brandy."

"De brandy—oh, de brandy—no, no; I have not got de brandy," uttered the Israelite quickly; "I'm sober mansh."

"Well, but this here what-you-may-call-it ull punch daylight through my quarter, if you don't onship it," urged Jem, again fumbling at the pocket of the Jew.

"Oh, dere ish noting dere," insisted Nathan; "no more as my handkerchie; " but, willing to content the seaman, he pulled the tail of his coat round nearly in front, "you are velcome to satsishfy yourself."

Jem, who had seen the deposit made, promptly took the Jew at his word, and, thrusting his hard horny hand into the pocket, drew forth with a "Heave of all," but sounding more like "Ho eah yeo," the knuckle of ham. Roars of laughter followed this palpable exhibition, in which every one who witnessed it heartily joined, and the grinning negro showing nearly the whole extent of his white teeth, exclaimed—

"Ha-ha, Massa Rattan—ye nebber tink for dat, eh, boy?—I'll tank you for littlee bit, you please—to nyam wid de turkey—no?"

But it would be utterly impossible to describe the countenance of the Jew when he beheld the abomination—a combination of scorn, rage, and loathing—his swarthy complexion changed to a livid hue, he gnashed his teeth as he looked from one to another, and perceived that all were indulging in ridicule, with the single exception of the tradesman, who, though he could not at first refrain from laughing, yet, conjecturing, by the earnestness of his fellow-traveller, that a trick had been played off upon him, he subdued his mirth and became serious.

"A nice tit-bit, Muster Nathan, for the fag-eend of a banyan-day," said the boatswain's mate.

"Vich of you has done dis?" demanded the Jew, as soon as his

wrath would admit of utterance; "I vill have de law—I vill have de law upon you all. Fadther of my peoples, I am de poor pershe-cuted Chew." He paused a moment, and then uttered a malediction in Hebrew.

"If this has been nothing more than a practical joke," said the tradesman seriously, "and I am induced to believe that such is the case, I hope it will never be repeated. We should respect religious scruples, however unworthy the object may be who cherishes them."

"De choke," repeated Nathan, with great bitterness of spirit, "ah, de choke you call it, eh? vell, vell, it ish de choke; but by my fadther Abrahams dey shall pay for de choke if I finds out who it vos."

This little affair, or perhaps it might be the eating, caused a cessation of merriment, and for nearly a quarter of an hour scarcely a word was uttered, though but few mouths were idle, nor indeed was good humour thoroughly restored till they reached the next place to change horses. Here the India officer purchased a bottle of sherry and a couple of wine glasses, and insisted upon the tradesman sharing the wine. The boatswain's mate laid in a stock of rum and tobacco, and all hands very soon got jovial again; even Nathan disguised his mortification and anger, for observing that Joe Blatherwick and the coxswain were plentifully supplied with cash, he indulged a hope that he should be able to transfer some of it to his own pocket.

The sun was descending in the north-western quarter as they passed over Postdown hill, and Portsmouth, Spithead, the Isle of Wight, the glistening ocean, all laid in beautiful panorama before them. And perhaps there is no part of the kingdom that displays scenery of a similar description, so various in its nature, and so truly picturesque in its display, especially to the eye of the mariner who loves his profession, his wooden cradle, and the nurse that has so often rocked him to sleep.

"Ah! there they are, Jem," said the boatswain's mate, pointing to the glorious wooden walls of old England, as they laid slumbering on the bosom of the tide; "there they are; but where is the ould hooker as was among 'em a few days ago? She's gone, Jem, she's gone, and the tother too," and he gave a mournful shake with his head.

"Why, ay, Joe," assented the coxswain, as old remembrances came across his mind, "there's a somut moloncholy about it; but keep your luff, messmate, we shall weather upon all mishaps before long; the ould craft might have had a worse end than she's got, for I should'nt like her to have been laid up to linger away plank by plank, and, mayhap, at last be broken up for firewood."

"Of what ship are you speaking?" inquired the tradesman, who had been listening to the conversation of the seamen.

"We were only overhauling a bit of reckoning about the ould Never-flinch, sir," responded Jem; "she was a frigate as left there five or six days ago, and after some bad weather in the channel, she went down near the Kentish Knock, off the North Foreland."

"Ay, I saw something about it in the papers," remarked the tradesman, "and there was an account of one gallant fellow who saved the life of his captain."

"What!" exclaimed Joe, in anger, "saw it in the papers? Well, I'm blow'd, but it's a devilish hard case as a man can't do his duty without their logging it down again him in the lubberly papers."

"But the papers spoke very highly of the act, my man," asserted the tradesman with warmth; "they gave a long account of it, and praised the worthy seaman for his gallant conduct."

"To my thinking, sir," answered the boatswain's mate, "to my thinking, it 'ud be better for 'em to be minding their own business; what else had they got logged again me—anything in the regard of Poll?"

"Were you the man, then, my friend?" inquired the tradesman, his eyes glistening with pleased surprise.

"And if I am," returned Joe, "I did no more than my duty, as any seaman would have done over and over again for so good a captain. Here's my messmate here as has been his coxsun for years would have been glad of the chance."

"I honour you, my man, both for your conduct and your feelings," uttered the tradesman; "thus it is that good commanders gain the devotion of their people, and the flag of England reigns triumphant on the ocean."

"I tought you said 'twas Chew you shaved," observed Nathan, looking earnestly at the boatswain's mate.

"And so I did save a Jew," returned the tar, "one of your own tribe too; but that was two or three days before I puekalowed the skipper out of the water."

Our friend Joe now became an object of much interest, and the tradesman expressed an earnest desire to make his future acquaintance, if he would call at No. —, in High-street, and inquire for Peter Thompson. This Joe very good-humoredly promised to do, thinking as "mayhap he might lend him a hand in his cruise arter Poll."

They landed at Portsmouth during a glorious sunset, and the two seamen shouldering their bags, gave their fellow-passengers a parting salute, and made sail for the Duncan's Head, where, having deposited their burthens, and hailed an old shipmate or two, they commenced operations, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. They first directed their course to Portsea, to the house in which Mrs. Blatherwick had lodged; but it had often changed its tenants, and those who now resided in it knew nothing of the boatswain's mate or his wife. A neighbour, however, had an indistinct recollection of a woman who lived there some seven years back, that on hearing of the death of her husband, went away, and took a young child with her; but memory failed in recording any circumstance more intimately connected with the subject, so as to identify the individual as Mrs. Blatherwick.

No further intelligence could be obtained, and the gallant tars were on their way back to the Duncan's Head, when they were stopped by a lieutenant commanding a press-gang, who demanded what ship they belonged to.

"We belongs to none, your honour, jist yet," answered Jem Hardover, touching his hat, "we have been wrecked."

"Ha, ha," grinned the lieutenant, "the old story; but I must take you along with me, my men."

"But we have protections, sir," said the boatswain's mate; "protections from the Admiralty."

"Oh! very good, my men, very good," responded the officer; "of course you can have no objection to show them to me."

"None in life, your honour," returned Joe, "in regard of its being all ship-shape and proper with respect to duty."

"Well, where are they?" inquired the lieutenant; "you seem very slack in stays with your protections; it is but showing them, and a little overhauling, and you will both be at liberty."

Such a contingency as being stopped by a press-gang had never entered the minds of the two seamen when they left the Duncan's Head; they felt they were thorough men-of-war's men, in the service of their king, and as they had the most honourable intentions themselves, they did not think it possible that others would suspect them, and consequently they had thoughtlessly left their protections in their bags. The moment this crossed the mind of the boatswain's mate, he looked first at the lieutenant, then at the coxswain, and then at the gang which surrounded them, for he was aware that the officer would disbelieve his assertions, and consequently there was no avoiding being detained.

"Well, your protections, my men," demanded the lieutenant, laughing. "Aye, aye, I see how it is, you belong to one of the Indiamen at the Mother Bank, deserters, perhaps, from one of his majesty's ships." He turned round, and called to a person who stood at a little distance, "come here, my friend, and see if these are the men you informed of."

The man who had been hailed advanced, and the two seamen instantly recognised their fellow-passenger by the coach—the Jew. "Yesh, yesh, dem are de men, they come down mid de mate of an Ingeeman to-day, and vash to go off in de pilot-boat to-night."

"Why you onconscionable ould scamp," exclaimed Hardover, "to go for to spin such a rotten yarn as that ere; why, yer honour, he never doesn't mean it."

"Oh no, ma tear," returned the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, and holding up his hands, "tish all choke, tish all choke," and then turning to the officer, "dem are de men, saar, you may do as you pleash."

"Why the truth is, yer honour, that not expecting to be run aboard of, we left our protections at the Duncan's Head," explained Joe Blatherwick, somewhat confused by the incidents that had occurred, "but this ould lubber," pointing to the Jew, "knows as we had them in our bags; it's all a bit of revenge on his part—"

"No, no, ma tear, only choke, noting more dan choke," interrupted Nathan; "as for your proteckshuns, bah! tish all choke."

"The ould filbricating villyan!" uttered the coxswain. "We belonged to the Neverflinch frigate, sir, as went down the other day, which no doubt your honour knows on, and we are comed here with special purtections on pertickler business for Captain Weatherall, whose coxsun I am—that is, was when the hooker kept afloat. This here is my shipmate and messmate—that is, was my shipmate, and is my mess-



mate still; his name on the books—I believes you was born with it, wasn't you, Joe?" The other nodded assent. "Well, your honour, his name on the ship's books, by natral birth and by muster, is Joe Blatherwick, with the rating of chief boatswain's mate, and—"

"All very fine, my man," said the lieutenant, "and you spin a yarn like a chaplain, but it won't do with me. You must produce your documents, or come along with me."

"Dockyments, your honour," uttered Joe, "them's hard words to men as doesn't deserve them." A light seemed to break in upon him, "Oh, I ax pardon, mayhap your honour means the purtections. Oh! they are easily got, and so if so be as you'll jist let us go and bring em to you—"

"No, no, my man, we'll have no step-and-fetch-it to-night, if you please," answered the lieutenant, laughing at the perplexity of the poor fellows, and firmly believing he had picked up a couple of prime hands, for there was no mistaking the character of the two seamen. "Come, my lads, it won't do; make sail quietly, and you shall have good usage, a smart ship, and capital cruising ground, plenty of prize money, and Greenwich for a full due when you're brought up all standing."

"I see there's no help for it, Jem," said the boatswain's mate, in a tone half mirthful, "but it does tickle my fancy, for two ould men-of-war's men to be ramshackled in this here no man's land sort of a fashion. Why, your honour, I'm 'titled to Grinnage now if I likes to have it; but the sarvice arn't worked all the stuff out o' me yet; and if I could ounly diskiver Poll—but it's of no use argifyng fore and aft, nor backing and filling in regard of making you believe us, though that ould moonshee," pointing to the Jew, "knows it's all true enough." He laid hold of Nathan by the coat, "Come, come, jist pay out the slack of what you never paid out afore in your life; tell this officer the truth, and make a clear conscience. We had nothing whatsomever to do with the bit of pork in your pocket."

"Go as you vays, ma tear," exclaimed the Jew, freeing himself from the seaman, and all his evil passions rising together at the allusion to the knuckle-bone of ham, "it vas all choke, you knows, blessed Abrahams, it vas all choke to the poor pershecuted Chew; and now, ma tear, tish all choke mid you. I musht go—"

"Not just yet, my friend," said the lieutenant, "I must trouble you to accompany me back to the rendezvous; a little investigation is requisite before we part."

To this arrangement the Jew objected, and even made use of threats if it should be persisted in; but the lieutenant was firm, and, in fact, began to suspect Nathan was practising some artifice to defraud the seamen of money due, by getting them impressed, a practice which had become very prevalent, and which he determined, if possible, to detect and punish, and so he marched them all three off together.

"You have de monish," said the Jew, in an under tone, to the coxswain, as they walked side by side, "vot vill you give me to shvear it ish all a mishtake, and so get you free?"

"Why I don't mind coming down handsomely as soon as I am clear," answered Jem, who was vexed at being detained.

"But I musht have de monish now," responded the Jew, in a dogged manner, "de barginsh ish de barginsh,—oh, deresh noting like de barginsh."

"Then you'll not get a scurraugh, you ould sinner," exclaimed Jem, and turning to the officer, uttered—"here's Nathan here wants me to shell out, and he says he'll get me off."

"Just what I suspected," remarked the lieutenant hastily; "here, Johnson and Innis, have the politeness to wait upon this old gentleman here," directing the attention of two of the gang to the Israelite, and they immediately drew their pistols from their belts and clapped him alongside. "He is aged and feeble," continued the officer, "so each take an arm, and give him your best support, lest he should stumble." The men obeyed, and in this manner they reached the rendezvous.

"Your bags, you say, are at the Duncan's Head, my men," observed the lieutenant to the two seamen, who answered in the affirmative. "Well, you shall send any one you may choose for them; but I shall be much mistaken if they are found there. As for the mate of the Indianman, do you know where I can catch him? for if he has been encouraging deserters—but perhaps the information of Nathan may be correct upon that score too."

At this moment another part of the gang, officered by a greyheaded midshipman, arrived, bringing with them the identical individual whom the lieutenant had named. He immediately, to the great discomfiture of the seamen, claimed acquaintance with them, which more strongly confirmed the suspicions of the lieutenant. The India officer then complained bitterly of the treatment he had received, in being forcibly dragged from his inn, notwithstanding his having shown his protection. But in this instance a peace officer was united to the gang, and the charge against the mate was—"having encouraged desertion," for such the lieutenant, on the information of the vindictive Jew, made sure it would be found to be. The mate of the Indianman again produced his protection; but as he was now in the hands of the civil power, under a serious accusation, he was retained in custody along with Nathan, who began to feel very uncomfortable, and earnestly implored to be released.

"And now, my men, for your bags," said the lieutenant, again addressing the two seamen; "I know that it is of no use sending, yet still you shall have fair play, so say the word."

"Oh, it's all right, your honour, if we gets our bags," responded the boatswain's mate, much gratified at the prospect of getting off so easily; "but mayhap your honour wouldn't mind the begrudging of sending a boarding party with one on us to the Duncan's Head, for I shouldn't like to lose my traps, seeing as they are all new."

"No doubt of it," said the lieutenant; "new for the voyage. Well, I don't mind complying with your request; and you, my man," turning to the coxswain, "shall go. Here, Mr. Ivemay," addressing the midshipman, "take three hands, and accompany this good fellow to the Duncan's Head at the Sallyport, to fetch his own and his shipmate's bags." The midshipman touched his hat with "Aye, aye, sir;" and

the lieutenant continued, "Remember, Mr. Ivemay, he is in your charge, and lose him at your peril."

Joe made himself quite comfortable during the absence of the coxswain: he was supplied with a pipe and some grog. The mate of the Indianman was furnished with wine, of which the lieutenant partook, whilst the revengeful old Jew shrunk himself up in a corner, sometimes bemoaning his hard fate, and then, casting a malignant glance of triumph at his late fellow-passengers, he muttered in Hebrew to himself. Jem was away about an hour, and when he returned Joe cordially greeted him, but his friendly hail met with no response.

"Well, and where's the bags, Mr. Ivemay?" inquired the lieutenant, with a grin upon his countenance, whilst the eyes of the Jew were lighted up with triumph.

"The landlord, sir," responded the midshipman, "reports that he saw two men come in with bags, but every place has been searched, and they are nowhere to be found."

"I thought so," exclaimed the lieutenant, laughing, as he glanced at the seamen, who looked at each other in astonishment mingled with dismay.

"Well, then, I'm bless'd if there ar'n't bedevilment in all this, your honour," uttered the boatswain's mate, looking with pious horror at the Jew; "and Nathan there is at the bottom of it."

"I know that too," said the lieutenant, "but deep as he may be, we shall fathom his tricks."

The sallow complexion of the Israelite became ashy pale; his eyes grew dim, and seemed to be almost sinking; but rallying a little he forced out—"Oh, no, no, no, it ish all choke, noting more den as choke, ma tear," and fell prostrate on the ground in a fit.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the public plague of many mo?  
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
 Let guilty souls be freed from guilty wo:  
 For one's offence, why should so many fall,  
 To plague a private sin in general?"

SHAKESPEARE.

Soon after Jem Burnit's return from the visit of his friend, Pat Donovan, he was summoned to the library, where he found the baronet, who, after mildly reproving him for the trick he had played his uncle, explained to him the course of proceeding he was to adopt in going down the road with the postboy, so as to discover into what part of

Kent Miss Elwester had been conveyed. Much, however, was left to his own discretion, and he was plentifully supplied with money, so as to be enabled to pay well for intelligence. As soon as the desired information was obtained, he was to endeavour to steal an interview with the lady, and then meet the baronet (who purposed travelling down the same evening) at Gravesend, or on the road; and if anything should occur to prevent his coming, then an express was to be forwarded by one of the postboys.

Highly elated with his embassy, Jem started with his new confederate, Isaac, whom he consulted on the desire he had to change his dress for a jacket and trowsers. The latter approved of the design, for he expected to make something by taking him to a clothier's, who would not fail to charge the uninitiated lad half as much again as the articles were worth, and one-third of the profits would be no bad morning's work. A "ready-made" shop near Westminster-bridge was visited in the course of their journey—a sailor's habiliments were procured—Jem equipped himself, and proudly reseating his small body in the vehicle, with "Zikey" on the bar, they drove off towards Shooter's Hill, where the first change took place, and so on to Dartford.

Jem had never travelled so far before; the beauty of the country and the fineness of the summer weather quite enchanted him; besides, he was now possessed of what he considered unbounded wealth, and yet, though burning to display it to his companion, he had prudence enough to keep it secret, merely contenting himself with showing that which Zikey was already sensible of, in more ways than one—he was not destitute. At Dartford they were fortunate enough to find the lad who had carried Miss Elwester forward; fresh horses were ordered, and, at Jem's request, Zikey accompanied him down the road; he treated them handsomely, and they progressed joyfully along towards Rochester. By the assistance of Isaac, the whole route was cleverly ascertained, the self-same lad who had driven Mr. Elwester and his daughter to the ancient building the day before now performing the same office for our hero. But he did not go up at once to the house, as he was not aware of the strength and number of its inmates, who might, perhaps, on suspicion, prevent his seeing the lady, and perhaps detain him so that he should not be able to meet his patron at the time appointed. Still, as he felt satisfied his person must be unknown, he felt a strong inclination to stroll about the grounds and reconnoitre, especially as he indulged a hope that he should get to see the lady; he therefore directed Isaac to return to the roadside inn and wait for his coming, promising to rejoin them again in about an hour.

It was a delightful ramble to the lad as he strode through the long grass, and listened to the melodious warblings of the lark, as, diminished to a mere speck, it hovered above its nest; the hedges, too, were filled with wild flowers, mingling their lovely hues with the various shades of verdant foliage that everywhere met the sight. Jem was elated, almost to ecstasy, but he did not forget his duty, and therefore, striking into the avenue that led to the building, he boldly walked forward.



When the truly wretched Amelia had, on the day previous, slowly returned to consciousness, she felt relieved when informed that her father was gone and left no directions that she should be under restraint, but yet she feared that the dreaded anathema had been uttered, and for several hours her mind was dreadfully tortured by the apprehension that a parent's curse was upon her head. At length, however, she grew more calm; and as the evening advanced, she went out into the garden, that was still beautiful, though in wild disorder, and from thence she viewed the surrounding scenery, smiled upon as it was by a delightful sunset.

There is nothing so well calculated to soothe and tranquillize a distressed spirit as watching the gradual deepening of shade on a still summer's evening. The early morning is delicious,—refreshing and invigorating the relaxed frame, and preparing it for the endurance of fatigue during the coming day; but it is in the evening hour that the heart feels softened down to devotion and love.

Such, then, were the feelings of Amelia, and when she retired to her room a pleasant calm had allayed her agitation, and she slept soundly. The glorious and unobstructed rays of the sun on the following morning awoke her from a slumber that had been sweet and composing; and it was not long before she was again in the garden enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, refreshed as they were by the night dews. Thus passed away the forenoon, when, on walking down the avenue beneath the umbrageous branches of the thick-spreading walnut trees, she beheld a sailor-boy approach. Desirous of relieving the monotony of the moment, she advanced towards him, and, in the pleased and smiling countenance of the lad, recognised an acquaintance. At first, however, there was some little doubt—his face was so bright and clean; but this vanished on the instant that she heard his voice uttering, "Vell, Miss—here I is again."

"Hush!" said Amelia, looking round to see if any one was observing them, and a flush of crimson spreading over her cheeks with gratification that her lover had so readily discovered her.

"Oh! there's not never nobody votsomever about, Miss," answered Jem, taking off his hat and showing a letter that had been deposited inside. "It's from Sir Ventworth; and he's on the way down his self; as you'll see all about it in the writing, Miss. Vell, I am so happy to see you—you can't think. But stop, Miss; there's old sly-boots looking out at the door. I'll hold out my hat to you, jist as if I vos begging—and do you take out the letter jist as if you vos a going to put half-a-crown in the hat—but feel in your pockets first, and go through all the motions."

The young lady obeyed her instructions—she felt in her pocket—for ladies wore pockets in those days—and drawing out her purse, dropped a coin into the boy's hat, and secured the letter. "You are a good lad," said she with a smile; "now go and remain outside the great gates, and I will come to you presently."

"Vont I then, Miss!" responded Jem, who had removed the token from his hat, and discovered it to be a guinea; "vont I, that's all! only

you're too kind to me, and I vos as rich as a Jew before this. Sir Wentworth gives me lots of money, and I'm as happy as a king; only that Sir Mulberry Bolus, with his great sword and hat, and his red nose—my crikey, vot a nose he's got! it is a mulberry nose—his'n is."

"We are observed, Jem," said the lady, as she perceived both the old female and the young one looking towards them. "Go, now, and wait as I tell you."

"I vill, Miss—I vill," responded the boy, making several low bows, as if in grateful acknowledgment of charity, and turning round, he proceeded towards the gates; whilst Amelia returned at once to the house, and retiring to her apartment, perused and reperused the fervent but respectful declarations of the baronet; shedding tears of pleasure that she should be so affectionately remembered, and strengthening her resolves to remain firm and faithful to the choice of her heart.

In the midst of the lady's reveries the juvenile messenger was almost forgotten; but at length calling to mind that he would be waiting to rejoin his master, she again walked out. Sir Wentworth's letter had apprised her of his intended visit—appointing time, &c., therefore she had only to inform Jem of the place, and request him to bring the baronet to the avenue at a certain hour. On reaching the gates (which were panelled up like folding doors) she did not open them, but going close, spoke loud enough for any one on the other side to hear. No response was made—she called "Jem," but still there was no reply—she raised her voice still louder, but all was silent; and fancying that the lad, overcome by the heat, might have fallen asleep, she opened the wicket and looked forth—not a soul was there—then hastily closing it she strolled up the path, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, once more was at the entrance, uttering the name of "Jem," but no one answered—again she looked out, but the place was clear. This was repeated several times, and as often attended with the same result; till after the lapse of an hour, passed in much agitation, the lady finding that Jem did not make his appearance, went back to the house and watched from an upper window that commanded a distant view of the road by which she expected Sir Wentworth would come.

Evening was throwing its misty vapours over the landscape, and she was again enjoying the coolness of the air, when the noise of carriage wheels caused her heart to throb tumultuously as the thoughts of the approach of her lover took possession of her mind. Then, again, other ideas were suggested—the baronet would hardly venture to drive up in his carriage, and it probably might be her father, whose caprice she had so often experienced, come to convey her back to the metropolis, or to remove her to some other place by which her interview with Sir Wentworth would be prevented. After all, it probably was some traveller, wholly unconscious of her existence.

Thus mentally arguing the matter, and tremulous with expectation, she stood in the avenue awaiting the issue. The sounds grew louder and louder, and as the vehicle advanced, her pulses throbbed with greater violence; but when the carriage drove past the gates, a sickening sensation of disappointment produced a faintness that almost overwhelmed

her, and she leaned against the bole of a large tree for support. Suddenly a cessation of the noise evidenced that either the carriage had stopped or was moving at a very slow pace, and a reaction ensued in her bosom as the imagination became busy with conjecture.

At this moment she was joined by the young female from the house, with whose company she could have well dispensed; but the girl spoke so respectfully when advising the lady to "come in from the chilling damp of the night dew," that Amelia could not be angry.

"The dew will not affect me," said the lady; "I love its refreshing coolness, and the evening is so delightfully fine."

"But there may be danger to you, ma'am, from other quarters," uttered the girl with earnestness; "and it would break my heart to think any harm should happen to you."

"Harm!—harm to me!" repeated the lady, rather startled at the intimation, and fancying that the young female knew more than she had spoken. "Who is there that I have to fear in this lone place?"

"Ah! that is it," returned the girl mournfully; "it is a lone place, and therefore the more dangerous. But pray come home with me—grandmother is angry at your staying out."

"Indeed!—angry!" repeated Amelia, somewhat haughtily. "Am I not her mistress, and the mistress of my own actions?"

"Oh, do not be offended, ma'am," rejoined the girl imploringly; "it is with me that she is angry—as she always is when anything displeases her."

"Ah, well, Maria, she is aged," considerably urged the lady, "and we must endeavour to bear with the tempers of people in years. Go in now, I will follow you presently."

"Oh, come—come directly, dear miss," entreated the girl; "there are gypsies, and poachers, and bad people in this neighbourhood. That boy who came begging of you to-day may belong to some of them, and seeing you so beautifully dressed, he may bring some of his gang to rob and perhaps murder us—oh, do pray come in."

"No—no, Maria—that boy—" Amelia stopped, for in her eagerness to defend Jem. she had almost betrayed her knowledge of him, she therefore added—"could not be connected with thieves."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am, you must not go by looks," argued the girl; "them folks always pick out the most innocent-looking amongst the children on purpose to deceive you." The voice of the grandmother was heard calling "Maria." "I must run," continued she, "or perhaps I shall be beat—oh, if you would but go with me—do come, and I'll lock and bolt the doors."

The earnestness of the girl awakened suspicions in the mind of Amelia that she was acquainted with something that militated against her safety; and in the first moment of alarm she was about to comply with Maria's request, but the hazard of missing her lover detained her, and she merely remarked, "Your grandmother and yourself have lived here unmolested for several years: why should you apprehend any danger just now? what can all this mean?"

"Oh, ma'am, I overheard their scheming," replied the apparently

distressed girl, taking the lady by the hand. "But I dare not tell you—indeed I dare not—grandmother would kill me if she knew I had said as much as I have; but do come in and let me fasten the doors."

The manners and language of the girl plainly evinced that she was labouring under alarm, and Amelia could not repress the anxious fears which began to rise in her own mind, but careful not to betray them, she soothed Maria; and the grandmother again calling, the girl uttered, "Remember, I have warned you," and ran off towards the house, followed by Amelia at a more deliberate pace. She had not, however, taken many steps when three men burst from the dark shadow of the hedge, and whilst two of them secured an arm each, the third bound a handkerchief over her eyes, and then the whole raising her from the ground, rapidly bore her along. At first, surprise rendered her speechless, but it was not long before she was enabled to shriek out and call loudly for help; and her cries were answered by those of the young girl. The men hurried faster, but terror had given her fresh energies, and her struggles to get free retarded their progress. Hitherto they had used no more force than was necessary to carry her, but now a powerful restraint was offered, and one of them swore that unless she was quiet they would compel her to silence by gagging her. For this he was rebuked by some one of the party, who urged the fellows to greater speed; but Amelia's shrieks were redoubled, nor were they unheard, for just as the bearers had reached within a few yards of a travelling carriage and four horses, several persons rushed forward and commanded them to stop.

"It is a deranged woman," exclaimed a voice, which Amelia thought she recognized. "Do not attempt to detain us—as for resistance, it is folly to think of it."

"Avast, you lubberly know nothings" answered a sturdy seaman, placing himself between the carriage, and the persons who held Amelia. "Cast off your grappling-hooks, you piratical rascals, or I'm blowed if I don't capsize every man jack on you, or my name's not Bill Breezy."

"Oh, William—William, save me—save me," cried the lady, as the men set her down, but still retained their hold.

"Ha—what! cousin Meley!" shouted the tar; "mad, eh! ware hawse, you lubbers," and flourishing his club stick, one of the fellows was struck to the earth; the others, however, still tried to urge her on towards the carriage, but fresh forces coming up they were compelled to relinquish their hold; and when the bandage was removed from her eyes, Amelia found herself in the arms of Sir Wentworth Weatherall. Still the cowardly assailants of the lady would not tamely relinquish their prize: they were prompted by a tall man, whose person and features were concealed by the wrappings of a large cloak; but Sir Wentworth, resigning the lady to the charge of her cousin, stepped forward and demanded "by what right such a dastardly outrage had been perpetrated upon an unprotected female?"

"And pray who are you that are bold enough to put so impertinent a question?" asked the tall individual fiercely; and Amelia instantly recognised the voice of the Duke of Q—.



"It can be but of small consequence who I am," answered the baronet, "though my name is not unknown to your grace. And is this the occupation of a noble of the land—an hereditary legislator—one who ought by the force of example to deter from crime? Hasten to your carriage, and as you drive to the metropolis, reflect upon your conduct—the assaulter of innocence and beauty—the—"

"Peace, scoundrel," vociferated the duke, as almost bursting with rage he exposed a pistol and cocked it. "I have sanction for what I do, and unless you yield up the lady—"

"Never—never," exclaimed the baronet eagerly, for he also presented a similar weapon. "Fool, do you think that I am unarmed?" He approached nearer to the duke, and uttered in a lower tone, "This, my lord, must be settled elsewhere—my name is Sir Wentworth Weatherall."

"It shall be settled here—here upon the spot," answered the enraged noble; and turning to his servants, he exclaimed, "Cowards—you are two to one in number against them—and do you hang back?" The servants, stung by the reproach, advanced.

"Stop," shouted the baronet; "you, who have only obeyed your master, I shall leave to the grasp of the law, unless you attempt to offer personal violence, and then I will defend myself and that lady whilst I have life."

"Oh, never fear the lubbers," vociferated Bill Breezy, whom Amelia had entreated to render all the assistance in his power to the baronet. "Here am I—and here's another or two ready to back us—so come on and I'll jist give your honor's disgraceship a rub down, with an oak towel. You go for to run away with cousin Meley!"

Baffled in his object, and maddened by resentment, the duke lost sight of discretion and reason. He called upon his men to follow him, and rushing at the rescuers, a desperate fray ensued, in the midst of which fire-arms were used, and more than one or two fell. Bill and the baronet, with his servants, stoutly contested the ground; and Amelia, wrought up to a pitch of desperation lest her lover should be sacrificed, approached the combatants as the old woman and her granddaughter joined her. In advancing, however, she had to pass close to the spot where one of the wounded lay extended on the earth—he pronounced her name—she uttered a piercing thrilling shriek, and dropped senseless by his side. It was her father.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Life is but a changing scene,  
 Now tempestuous, now serene;  
 Grief to-day, and joy to-morrow,  
 Followed up by pain and sorrow:  
 Sun and showers, smiles and tears,  
 Doubts and cares, and hopes and fears;  
 But to life we still hold fast,  
 And enjoy it to the last."—MS.

WHEN Jem, acting agreeably to the lady's directions, took his station outside the gates, he wished for some means of passing his time away. A small hole near one of the gate-posts attracted his attention; this was speedily enlarged, and the lad amused himself by pitching gold and silver into it, as boys are accustomed to play with dumps. So eagerly was he engaged in this pursuit, that he did not observe the approach of a sergeant and three marines, who were close upon him before he could gather up the glittering coin. Such a spectacle very naturally excited the curiosity of the sergeant, who with his party had been taking a deserter from the infantry to the depot at Maidstone, and he accosted Jem, inquiring "Who and what he was."

"It aint of much matter votsomever who I am," answered the lad, "I aint not nevver doing any harm."

"But where did you get all this money?" asked the serjeant, as he glanced at it with an avaricious longing in his eyes.

"Oh, it's all come'd honestly by," replied Jem, filling his pockets as quickly as he could; "vot a thing it is that a genelman carn't have a bob or two in his pursession but every body axes him vereabouts he got it."

"A gentleman, eh!" remarked the sergeant, smiling as he winked at his comrades; "but what ship do you bolong to?"

Jem was gratified at being taken for a sailor, forgetting that it was his dress that had caused the mistake. However, he felt no inclination either to undeceive the marine, or to tell him who he really was. "I don't ezactly know," said he, "vether it's any perticular consekence to you vot ship I belongs to."

The sergeant looked at the lad with offended dignity as he replied, "Oh, but it is of consekence to me; I am an officer, and a representative of his majesty the king."

"My criekey! are you?" interrupted the boy, to the great amuse-

ment of the privates; "vot, a biggerer man nor Sir Mulberry Bolus 't vell, the king must be a rum cove if he's like you."

Now the sergeant was a tall lanky man, with a very repulsive cast of countenance, and a squint of one of his eyes; but he himself believed there was not a better-looking soldier in the whole Chatham division, so that Jem's remarks wounded his self-esteem. "Yes, you young scamp," pronounced he, "I am in my official capacity, the representative of the sovereign, and it will be my duty, unless you can give a better account of yourself, to apprehend you as a deserter."

"Hookey!" ejaculated the grinning lad, whose mind reverted to the exhibitions he had seen in the public streets when an armed guard with fixed bayonets was escorting a deserter to the head-quarters of his regiment, "Do I look like a sodger?"

"No; but you have deserted from one of his majesty's ships," answered the sergeant, "and I have every reason to believe you have, or perhaps run away from your master."

"Vich on 'em?" asked the boy archly. "Muster Fluevellin arn't never got no right to my sarvices now I'm with a barrow-night."

"Aye, aye, I suspect I'm right," said the sergeant, though he was rather doubtful on the subject. "Do you belong to the house up yonder?"

"Vy, no—I means, yes," answered Jem, not a little perplexed what to say, but determined not to betray his patron.

"Oh, then, you can have no objection to go up there with me," urged the sergeant, "and then I shall be satisfied."

"Satisfied!" repeated Jem; "vy, vot's put you out? I arn't going to trouble you; vy's the matter as you can't let me alone?"

"Come, come, this won't do," uttered the sergeant haughtily, "you must go with me. There, Jones and Humphreys, lay hold of the boy; bring him along."

"Ah, you jist do," said Jem, trying to dodge out of the way of the two marines, who, however, soon caught him. "Vell, I don't care; it 'ull be all your faults, you know, and see vot Sir Mulberry Bolus 'ull say to it ven he comes to larn how you've used a friend of his nevy's."

The sergeant gave a scrutinizing glance at the lad, when he heard a title repeated; but judging that it was a mere subterfuge, he turned away, gave the word of command—"March," and Jem found himself borne along against his will between the two marines, who had grasped each an arm. He went silently at first, hoping that they would have to pass the road-side inn where the post-chaise was waiting, and being there identified, might obtain his release; but in this he was disappointed, for the party struck across a succession of meadows that led them wide of the inn, and Jem was compelled to abandon this hope. The boy, however, did not cry, or give way to distress; he imagined that his detention would be only temporary, as no doubt they should meet the baronet, and every thing would be well. But night drew nigh—they saw no baronet, and the sergeant having stopped at a public-house, refreshments were provided for the party at the youngster's expense, and he was urged to drink, till, overcome with weariness and

revelation, the liquor took full effect, and Jem was completely intoxicated. What became of him for several hours afterwards he did not know; but when consciousness returned, he found himself in a wretched condition from mud and filth, lying upon a coil of rope in a dark place, where the smell was horrible, and the noise perfectly confounding, whilst the incessant motion rendered him giddy and sick, and he fancied he was dying. He felt his pockets, his money was all gone; he thought of the disappointment of his patron, and numerous other things crowded on his mind, till he burst into tears and wept bitterly. From this state he was aroused by some one near him, who exclaimed, "Holloa, young shiver-the-mizen, what, piping your eye? Ah, well! a little of that won't do you any harm, seeing how groggy you was when they brought you aboard."

"Aboard!" uttered Jem, in a plaintive voice, "aboard of vot? were am I?"

"Oh, it's all snug you are, my boy," responded the same voice; "you're aboard the Tender, bound out to the Great Nore, and perhaps may be sent round to the Downs, or to Portsmouth, if they're in want of hands."

Now Jem knew just as much what was meant by the Tender as he did about the Great Nore; but the pitching of the vessel, and the sickness caused by it, so unusual to anything he had ever before experienced, perfectly satisfied him that he was on the water; but in what place, or how he came there, were complete riddles to him; nor had he altogether got rid of the effects the debauch of the previous night had produced upon his intellect; he had some confused notions of what had taken place, but there was nothing clear and definite. He tried to compose himself to sleep, but found it impossible. It is true, that he now and then fell into a dose, but was almost immediately disturbed, and his horror and dismay seemed to increase; in fact, this was the first time in his life that he had been truly wretched.

The hold of the Tender (a small cutter) was crowded with men and lads, who had either been pressed, or were sent away by the civil power for misdemeanors—a mingling of all sorts and sizes. Some were sober and sorrowful, others were drunk and noisy, and incessantly trying to annoy the rest; it was a scene of dreadful confusion, for all who had money were enabled to procure liquor clandestinely, and the stench and heat were scarcely endurable. Every now and then a quarrel took place, and severe blows were exchanged, so that there were bruised and bleeding features, and even fractured limbs; but no one in authority interfered, or took the slightest notice of their proceedings: they were left entirely to themselves; and, as the number of the intoxicated kept increasing, they rolled over or trod upon the unhappy creatures who did not or could not give way to the indulgence of drunkenness. Not unfrequently a lurch of the vessel would throw some who could not preserve their balance with violence against the timbers, and contusions and wounds were the consequences.

Such a spectacle as this—with his heart sick and his head aching ready to split—could not give Jem a very favourable opinion of the life



of a sailor, or that profession which he had so earnestly wished to follow; in truth, he was heartily disgusted, and earnestly wished himself ashore. But if the occurrences of the day — although but a dim twilight in the hold — could thus affect him, how proportionably greater were his sufferings increased when night came on, and all was utter darkness, whilst the same debauchery, noise, and fighting continued, and the grating being placed over the hatchway, scarcely a breath of air could be felt by those below. As the man had said, the Tender had been ordered round to the Downs, and they were standing with a stiff breeze down the Five Fathom Channel. Dreadful indeed was that night to Jem, and great was his relief on the following morning, when the whole were called up to go on board the guard-ship, alongside of which the cutter lay. The cool breeze came delightfully to the parched and fevered cheeks of the lad, who, though he found it difficult to stand, even when holding on, was offered no assistance, but served as a sort of laughing-stock and a butt for nautical wit amongst his late companions in durance.

On the deck of the guard-ship, however, he had a mere firm footing, and was able to walk; the whole were arranged for inspection, and one by one were summoned into the office to give their several names and occupations. When it came to our hero's turn, and the question as to his appellation being put, he shortly answered "Jem Bunt."

"Ho! ho! Jem Bunt," said the clerk, affecting to laugh; "quite ship-shape and nautical!" and down went the name as pronounced.

"And where have you done 'your duty, Jem?' demanded the clerk, as he poised his pen and looked at the haggard and distressed countenance of the lad.

"Vot, sir?" asked Jem, who did not exactly comprehend the question; "did you ax me vere I had done my duty?"

"Yes, responded the clerk, in a tone of banter, as he mimicked the lad's manner; "that's vot I axed you."

"Vell, then, I've done it at Cambervell and that vay, and in the city and the subbubs," answered the lad; "but I hopes you are not going to keep me here."

"Oh no," rejoined the clerk, with mock respect; "your services are too valuable to be confined to a guard; in fact I shouldn't be surprised if they make you an admiral at once."

"Vot, like Sir Mulberry Bolus?" uttered Jem, in revived spirits, as the vision of the cocked-hat and sword rose before him. "Vell, then, I'll do my duty anyvere and everyvere."

A roar of laughter greeted the boy from the clerk and his subordinates, and Jem, having declared that he had never yet been to sea, was entered accordingly in the muster-books, and ordered to go below. It was a hard trial for the poor fellow—he knew nobody, and not a soul either knew or cared for him; but still his admiration was excited by all he beheld and witnessed, and he found ample food for contemplation. The next day he was drafted, with several others, into a seventy-four, that sailed in a few hours afterwards to Portsmouth; and if his admiration had been raised by a ship at anchor, how greatly was it increased when,

with the canvass spread, the beautiful craft glided rapidly down channel, and every evolution was performed with the precision of clock-work.

The line-of-battle ship was new from the river, and destined for the Mediteranean, so that her stay at Spithead was of very short duration, and in the course of a few days Jem was upon the open ocean; but he had reconciled his mind to his circumstances—he was now a sailor, and his readiness to learn induced the captain of the mizen top (under whom he was placed) to take great pains with him; so that, in a month or two, he became a tolerably smart topman. It is true, he discovered that he was not privileged to wear a cocked-hat and a sword; but, nevertheless, he was contented, and hope and ambition whispered that the day might come when he should be elevated to distinction. And now it was that Jem's good qualities did him infinite service—the old seamen took notice of him, and, finding him apt to learn, very cheerfully afforded him the best instruction. With the younger seamen he was a favourite, on account of his humour and readiness to oblige; and though many a practical joke was played off upon him, yet he took them all in good part—smoked his pipe in the galley, and drank his allowance of grog with much enjoyment.

The duty in the Mediteranean was rather arduous; but they had the satisfaction of capturing several prizes, one of which was valuable, and though the share which would come to Jem was but small, yet the prospect of receiving it gave additional stimulus to his exertions. From his having been accustomed to elevated situations, from whence he had indulged himself in looking at the surrounding scenery, his eye was quick to detect anything that appeared, and particularly in misty weather. Now it so happened that, whilst aloft one hazy morning, soon after day-break, he saw something which appeared to him like a dark pillar of smoke moving along upon the waters, and he immediately communicated the circumstance to the officer of the watch. Nothing, however, could be seen from the deck, and though a midshipman was sent up the rigging, yet he reported that the haze was too thick to make anything out, and he believed the unpractised eyes of the lad had been deceived. Jem, however still persisted that he had beheld “sommot like a floating chimbley, vith the smoke rising straight up;” and he got laughed at by officers and men. One of the quarter-masters, however, was a great patron of Jem, and he respectfully suggested to the lieutenant, that “mayhap the lad was right, arter all, and they might lose a good prize—as probably it was an enemy's marchantman.”

This made a suitable impression on the officer's mind so as to induce him to go aloft himself to where the lad still continued, and a freshening breeze causing a partial break in the mist, he became sensible that what the boy had called smoke was a strange sail under a heavy press of canvass, standing away from them. In an instant all was bustle—the line-of-battle ship's head was put towards the stranger—the captain was informed, and soon made his appearance upon the deck—the hands were turned up, and at the lapse of a few minutes they were in the full excitement and eagerness of chase. Jem was sent to the fore-topmast head, to keep the vessel in sight—the drum beat to quarters,

and conjectures and anticipations ran high as to what the stranger could be.

The glorious sun rose higher in the heavens and dispelled the mists, and then they clearly discerned from the deck a ship of the line under a press of sail, standing for Toulon. At first it was supposed that she was one of their own squadron—the private signal was hoisted, but it remained unanswered—the colours were displayed from the peak, when up rose from the stranger's stern the revolutionary flag of France. The announcement of this fact ran like wild-fire through the men at quarters and a loud cheer of defiance burst forth from the daring tars, who were immediately summoned from their guns, to try every means to come up with the enemy. But this was no easy task—the stranger had the superiority in sailing; although it was but trifling, yet, if her advantage continued, there certainly was no chance of catching her. When first seen, she could not have been at any very great distance, and, had Jem's report been instantly attended to, everything was in favour of their getting alongside; but now fears prevailed that she would escape. The lad was rewarded by the commendations of his captain, and the first lieutenant was directed to have an eye upon him in future, to ascertain whether he was worthy of greater favour.

A tantalizing thing is a chase, when first one ship and then the other draws ahead: it was evident the Frenchman was employing every manœuvre to get away, and equally active were the British in striving to get up to her. But the wind died away as the day advanced—the sails no longer slept in the breeze—a perfect calm ensued, and the boats were immediately hoisted out and lowered to tow. It was a gratifying spectacle to witness the arduous exertions of the worthy tars whilst labouring and cheering each other at the oars and sweeps; and though no very great progress was made, yet it shortened the distance between the two ships, till the Frenchman followed the example of the English, and also got out his boats. Thus they continued till the afternoon—when a light breeze sprung up off the land, which gave the enemy the weather-gage; but it soon became apparent that the British had decidedly the best of it upon a bowline.

Not a moment was lost in taking advantage of the wind—the boats were hoisted in (the Frenchman passed his astern, and thus impeded his progress)—the sails were nicely trimmed—one of the best hands was at the weather wheel, watching to luff at each increase of the breeze, and every heart was clate at the renewed prospect of bringing the enemy to action.

Jem narrowly observed what was going forward, and his friend of the mizen-top had enough to do to reply to the lad's questions, and to explain why and wherefore everything was done. At last, after two or three boards to windward, they got their opponent within reach of shot, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon. The breeze freshened; there was a certainty of coming up with the chase, for she was now nearly a head—the drum again beat to quarters, and the sail-trimmers alone were ordered to remain at their stations, ready to shorten sail should it be deemed necessary. The British had ceased firing, for it

lulled the wind ; but the Frenchman served his stern-chasers with good effect, as the sails of the pursuer amply testified.

Our hero was powder-monkey to two of the quarter-deck-guns, and had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the havoc made in the canvass as the shot rent through it. His patron, the quarter-master was at the con, and Jem would have liked to have gleaned some information from him, but the veteran was too busily engaged in attending to the steering to take much notice of the lad, though he now and then dropped a word of encouragement and advice as he paced athwart the deck on his important duty.

"We are nearing her fast," said the captain, addressing the master : "and, as the breeze is light, we will get close upon his weather quarter, leaving just distance enough to bear up under his stern and rake him—"

"Very well, sir," responded the master ; "and I don't care how soon, for she's cutting up the canvass terribly—we shall only want a liek of tar, and there'll be parcelling enough for a whole fleet. However, she has not yet made us any chips."

Here was food for Jem's contemplation—he knew what a chimney rake was, and he had seen a garden rake ; and how either of them was to act upon a large ship surpassed his comprehension. Then, again, the allusion to chips puzzled him exceedingly ; but on this latter, it was not many minutes before it was explained to him, for two or three shot from the enemy successively hulled them, the splinters began to fly about, and caused severe contusions to several of the crew.

"There's chips enough now, master," remarked the captain ; and Jem instantly took the hint with respect to "chip" making. "Vell, this here is comical," thought he ; "and I wonder vot it's all about—how them balls vissels, and then comes thudding through the vood—my crikey ! but I don't half like it. I vish Muster Dunnywon vos here—"

At this moment the old quarter-master touched him, and in an under tone said, "Keep your weather eye up, my lad—you begins to look a little greenish—lould your head stiff and steady when the shots come, and don't be drawing it down atwizt your two shoulders, like a tortoise bobbing his snout under the shell." He turned to the steersman, "There, luff you may, boy—luff—that puff ull do it." Again he addressed the lad, who had had time to amend his manners, "Ah ! now you looks more nat'rally fit for his majesty's quarter-deck—don't let your box rest upon the breech of the gun, but hold it by a taut laniard, to show that you're rough and ready, the moment as they vonta a cartridge." Again he spoke to the helmsman, "Near, boy—near—the wind's lulling again—don't go for to shake a cloth—full and by, my boy—full and by." Once more Jem had his counsel—"We shall have warm work presently, youngster ; but all as you have got to do is—ounly to look at the captain of the gun, and see when he wants a charge—don't you go for to be staring about you, like a stuck-pig or a jolly on a topsel-yard, when his kit's adrift in the lee scuppers ; but you just mind your own duty, and keep yourself cool and steady. You



knows what smoke is, Jem, and so there'll be nothing in that—luff, you may—luff—ah, there's the breeze that ull soon blow the smoke off—but I'm saying, Jem, don't you be looking out for squalls; but mind and look smart, and fetch up the cartridges—and if so be as I'm sent away in the prize—why—”

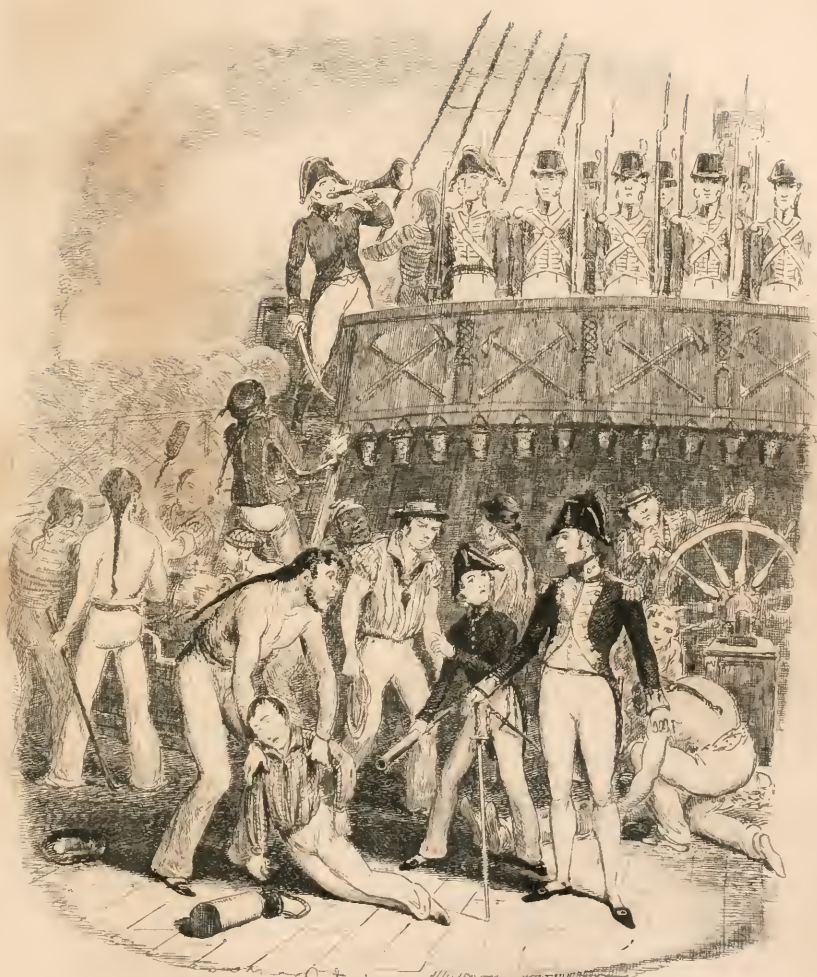
He said no more—Jem heard a rustling, whizzing noise in his ears that almost stunned him; and a suffocating sensation, from a stoppage of breath, made him gasp for air. Still he was sensible that he had been forced from the place where he had been standing and thrown to some distance; but there was a dimness over his sight that prevented him from seeing what had caused this sudden change. The captain of the gun raised him up and spoke to the lad, but his hearing seemed to be gone, or rather he could hear nothing but a hissing singing sound that drowned all others.

“Is he hurt?” inquired the captain, kindly taking hold of the lad's arm. “Relieve him from the laniard,” for Jem still firmly clung to his box, “and take him below to the surgeon.”

“It was only the wind of the shot, your honour,” responded the captain of the gun, “and the fresh air 'ull revive him sooner than going down into the cockpit. There, he's coming to—halloo, Jem;—rouse, my boy—we shall want you presently;” and then he muttered in a lower tone, “for if I don't pay them there fellows back in their own coin for poor Ben's death—then there's no snakes in Virginny—that's all.”

The stunning effects of the shot began to wear off, and the first thing that Jem beheld, on recovering his sight, was three or four men raising the mangled body of his adviser and patron, the gallant quarter-master, who had been struck down by the twenty-four pounder that had passed so close to the lad's head as to cause the mishap that befel him. It had struck the quarter-master on the breast, crushing all his chest and upper part into one horrible and misshapen mass, and life was instantly extinct. Mingling sensations of horror and terror convulsed the poor boy, but, at the same time, producing a reaction in his system almost as sudden as the shock he had received. He sprang forward, and clasped the hand of his humble, but always generous friend, just as they were launching the body out at the port; and so strong was his grasp, that he would probably have been drawn overboard after him, but that the first lieutenant caught him by the shoulders—the weight of the dead man was more than he could support, his hold relaxed, and the corpse dropped almost noiselessly into the ocean—a few swabs cleaned the deck of blood, and in a minute or two every thing was as tranquil as if no such event had happened. Jem, though still suffering from the effects of his violent prostration, felt gratified at having been the last to bid the quarter-master farewell; he felt his energies revive, and calling to mind the counsel of him who was now no more, he stood rigidly with his box—grieved, and sad, and hurt, but determined to devote himself, as far as he knew how, to the full performance of his duty.

“There's mettle in that youngster,” remarked the captain to the



Robert Cruikshank.

to my dear friend of the day your friend



master, as they witnessed the transaction. "If he continues to behave well—" what more he would have uttered must be left for the sequel, as shown in his conduct. It was at this instant that they had attained the position on the weather-quarter of the enemy which had been decided upon for bearing up and raking her.

---

## CHAPTER XXV.

"In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, (whose honesty, the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,)  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE close of Chapter XXII. left Joe Blatherwick and Jem Hardover in custody of the press-gang; and the Jew, Nathan, in a fit, from which, however, he was recovered by fresh air and a copious supply of cold water thrown over him, which brought on severe shivering and ague; and he sat in the rendezvous groaning and complaining, sometimes in English, and at other times in Hebrew, a melancholy picture of human misery.

"You see how the matter stands, Nathan," said the boatswain's mate, argumentatively. "If so be as you'd done the right thing, and squared your conscience by the lifts and braces of truth, why, in course, you might now have been comfortably stowed away in your hammock bottling off sleep; but as you thought fit to scandalize all aloft, and make a mockery of honesty, why, you see, you jist gits a black dog for a blue monkey, and, mayhap, may slip your hould on life afore you can fulfil the catechiz commandment as says, 'Thou shalt love thyself as well as thy neighbour.'"

"Avast there, shipmate," exclaimed the young officer of the Indiaman; "you haven't got the proper reading of the thing. It runs, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

"Mayhap so, sir—mayhap so," responded the boatswain's mate, assentingly; "but, I take it, it is much about the same meaning arter all; for a man as doesn't vally hisself can't have any very great regard for a messmate, or for a shipmate. And in good case why—there's Nathan there, if so be as he'd loved his own self, why he wouldn't now be hanging in the doldrums out of spite to Jem and me; and you, sir, would have been none the worse for it."

"It certainly is very provoking," said the officer; "but I trust the morning will set all matters to rights; and if I lose my ship by this detention, I will make Nathan pay for it, and pretty smartly too;"—the Jew groaned,—“and you, my men, have good ground of action against



him for giving false information, by which you have lost your bags."

"All this is very clever," remarked the lieutenant, who still believed that Nathan was correct in what he had said about the seamen. "You carry the farce on admirably, but you haven't the marines to deal with. Make your lives happy, my lads. I'll try and find your bags, if they're not already sent off to the Mother-bank—in fact, I have already got a clue." The shivering Jew started, and turned his keen gaze upon the speaker, who continued, "Aye, aye, I see I'm not far from the right bearings of the concern—I've known the trick played before, but I'm a little older now."

What he meant he did not explain; but it was evident that his language produced considerable excitement in the feelings of the Israelite, whose tremor and suffering seemed to increase. As for the seamen, they were well aware that if their bags were produced in the same state in which they had left them, their immediate release would be the result; they consequently made themselves contented, under the assurance of the lieutenant, that there was a probability of their being found. The mate of the Indiaman also enjoyed a confidence that his confinement would not endure very long, as he trusted to an early development of the affair, which would entirely exonerate him from the charge which had been trumped up.

During the night the gang was not idle, and almost every hour brought in parties of seamen, who had either overstaid their liberty from the men-of-war, or had stolen ashore from the transports and merchant vessels for a land cruise, and henceforth were destined to serve in his Majesty's navy. Some of them were intoxicated and noisy, but great forbearance was manifested towards them, and no particular harshness was inflicted upon any—the lieutenant did his duty, but he performed it humanely.

Morning came, but no bags were forthcoming, and the two seamen, with the Jew, and the officer of the Indiaman, were taken before the mayor to substantiate the accusation against the prisoners. The rest of the *détenus* were sent on board the guard-ship in the harbour. When in the justice-room, the lieutenant briefly related, that "he had received information from Nathan, that two deserters from a frigate at Chatham had come down by the same coach with him, and were going, with the mate of an Indiaman, on board one of the outward-bound convoy then at the Mother-bank; in consequence of this he had been enabled to take the deserters, and deeming it right to secure the person of the officer for thus decoying away men from the service of his Majesty, he had procured the aid of the civil power, and, with some of his gang, had taken him into safe custody, and he was now brought before his worship to examine into the case."

"This is a very serious charge, young man," said the mayor, with solemnity, "and entails a heavy penalty by way of punishment."

"I shall meet it fearlessly, your worship," returned the mate, "and make no doubt that I shall convince you of my perfect innocence in the matter. I never saw the men till they got upon the coach in London, and I was coming down to join my ship."

"That may be," rejoined the mayor; "but I know these things are so adroitly managed, that it is with great difficulty they can be detected. But what has your accuser to say?"—addressing the Jew—"speak man."

"Vell then, yer vurship, I vill tell all," answered Nathan, more emboldened by the presence of the magistrate. "One of my peoples did tell me he had crimped two men who vere deserters, and he vos to meet de mate of de Ingieman at Charing cross mid de sailors, and they vos all to come down here to Portshmouth together. Vell, your vorship, ven I gets upon de coach, I sees my friend mid de two mens come up, and dis officer speaks to 'em, and den dey all gets upon de coach too; and my friend saysh to me, 'Nathan, vill you look arter de monish? I vill do good turn for you some oder day—dere's no use in two going down.' So, your vurship, I promish'd my friend; but ven ve got down dey wouldn't give me de monish, and so I goes to the rendezshvough and informs on top of 'em, and here dey are."

"And now, young sir, what answer have you to make to this?" inquired the mayor.

"That there is not one word of truth in it from beginning to end, except that Nathan did certainly speak to a brother Jew at Charing-cross, and we all came down by the same coach together: the rest is fabrication. I had no knowledge whatever of the men; nor did I utter one word to either of the Jews till I spoke to Nathan, after we had commenced our journey. I do not believe that the seamen are deserters."

"Deserters, your honour!" said the boatswain's mate with energy, "Lord love yer heart, we've sarved his Majesty too long to play a trick like that. As for my shipmate, he was coxun to Captain Weatherall, of the ould Neverflinch, as went down the other day, and he's comed here with letters on business for the skipper, who is hove down in his cot, through the damage he got in his hull; and as for me, why, the long and the short of it is, yer honour, that I've joined him company in the cruise, as I hoped to gain some intelligence of Poll, who has been missing from her anchorage, in regard of a letter I sent." And Joe told the story which has already been narrated.

"Well, my men, you must have some proofs of this to produce," observed the mayor. "Where are your tickets, and the letters you speak of?"

"Why, that's it, yer honour," answered Jem, touching the forelock of his hair with his finger and thumb; "whilst we were away from the Duncan's Head last night, some pirate walked off with our bags and all the despatches, and so, in course, we arn't never got nothing to show."

"That's unfortunate, too," remarked the mayor; "but is there no one in Portsmouth who can say who you are?"

"Oh yes, yer honour," answered the coxswain, cheerfully; "there's ould Jenny, at Sallyport—there's the landlord of the Duncan's Head—there's Sal Wesson, of Capstan Square—there's—"

The mayor shook his head. "Such evidence would avail you nothing, for I could not rely upon it. I fear there is no alternative but to remand you. Is there no respectable tradesman that could speak to your identity?"

"Speak to what, yer honour?" demanded the coxswain respectfully. "Mayhap the dentity is in the bags along with the rest of the gear."

"I meant to ask whether there is no respectable tradesman that you are acquainted with, who could speak to your character?" rejoined the mayor.

"I have it, your worship's honour!" responded the boatswain's mate, giving a whistle, and then slapping his hand upon his thigh. "I have it!—there was a genelman as came down with us, one Muster Peter Thompson, as lives in High-street, and he gave me his direction on this here card," and Joe fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket, and produced the card which had been given him on the coach by the seeming tradesman. "If yer honour will only jist be good enough to send for him, he'll put you on the right tack directly, and prove that this here is all a bamboozle by that unconscionable ould scamp, because somebody put a ham bone in his pocket."

The countenance of the Jew assumed a marked expression of mingled abhorrence and malignity at the mention of the insult that had been offered to him. "Blessed Abrahams," said he, as he clasped his hands, "I am but a poor chew;" but on the instant his look became more tranquil, and a smile enlivened his features as he uttered, "Oh, de ham bone—dat vash noting, ma tear, noting at all—it vash only de choke, you know,—only de choke," and his frame quivered with rage, which he vainly endeavoured to quell.

The mayor looked at the card which had been handed to him by the boatswain's mate, and then said, "I will send for Mr. Peter Thompson—at least, make inquiry who or what he is."

"Bah!" scornfully uttered the Jew, "your vorship may shave your-shelf de troubles—dere is no such person as Peter Thompshon dere—it ish all sham—but shend if you like—shend if you like—it vill turn out all de shame as de bagsh."

The seamen stared, but again reiterated their request that inquiry should be made at the house in High-street, that they might be satisfied that it was as Nathan had said. To this very reasonable solicitation the mayor consented, and a constable was dispatched to make the necessary investigation. During his absence the accused party stood on one side, and another case was called on. This was the quarter-master of a seventy-four, who was found lying intoxicated in the kennel, which he swore was his hammock; and on being raised up, he fought with the officers for turning him out in his watch below.

"What have you to say to this, my man?" demanded the mayor, who could not help smiling at the tar's appearance.

The quarter-master was a fine tall athletic man, one of those perfect models of a thorough seaman which some of our line-of-battle ships presented during the last war. His clothes still showed marked proofs







Robert Cruikshank

of his drunken frolic, and the effects of the liquor had not yet evaporated. His tarpaulin hat was crushed between his hands, till its shape was very questionable: and when he heard the interrogation, he turned his quid, and answered, "Well, yer honour, all as I've got to say is, that it's precious hard if a poor fellow on liberty can't spend his prize-money and enjoy hisself jist as he likes, without them there chokewallers grabbing hould on him. If I gets drunk aboard, then there's them Articles of War, and 'Boatswain's mate, give him a dozen;' but now I'm ashore, it's quite unconscionable that I aint allowed to be groggy without being boarded and man-handled by yer 'long-shore ship's corporals, and sich like."

"But the constables were taking care of you, my man," said the mayor; "and you acted most ungratefully towards them, by breaking the peace."

"Any piece as Bob as broke he's ready to pay for, yer worship," responded the quarter-master, putting his hand into his trowsers' pocket, and pulling forth a number of guineas; "only say what's the damage, ould chap, and Bob 'ull make all that square."

"You must talk to the constables, my man," said the mayor; "you have assaulted and beat them, yet I should be loth to send you to the sessions."

"Send me where, yer honour?" asked the quarter-master, with a broad grin. "I'm thinking you must ax the skipper first."

The constables pulled him away, and he paid pretty smartly for the encounter; thus encouraging similar attacks upon the unguarded seamen on liberty, for the purpose of extorting money. As soon as it was arranged—

"It's all right now, yer honour," said the quarter-master; "and if so be as you'd like a drop of summut, only say the word, and Bob 'ull send for the best directly."

The mayor laughingly declined the offer; and this case being disposed of, the next was called; but before it was proceeded with, a bustle at the entrance of the court attracted attention in that direction. The magistrate, being elevated, saw in a moment what it was that caused the stir, and, rising from his seat, he directed the constables to "make way." A passage was immediately cleared to the bench, and the port admiral, who had entered, made his way through the court, and placed himself in front of the mayor, who bowed, and requested him to take a seat by his side.

The sight of the admiral's uniform was, to the worthy seamen, like the warm rays of the sun in a cold climate—delightfully cheering to the heart; and Jem whispered to the boatswain's mate, "It 'ull be all right now, messmate, if his honour will only wait to hear our grievousness. He'll never see an honest tar bamboxtered by a rascally Jew. Who is his honour, Joe?"

The admiral had walked forward to the bench, so that his back was towards the seamen during this inquiry; but when he turned to sit down, and his face became perfectly conspicuous, the two shipmates gazed, first at the admiral and then at each other, with the most

intense eagerness, doubt, and astonishment, playing upon their bronzed features.

"Who—is—he?" drawled out the boatswain's mate; "who is he?—well then, I'm blessed—that is, I'm blowed—that is, I'm bothered—only look yerself, Jem—there's no mistaking that 'ere figure-head—and a pretty mess of lobsouse we've made of it, my boyo."

"Why, aye," whispered the coxwain in reply; "my mind musgives me—sich a hearty phisog arn't to be overhauled every day—but he doesn't never mean us any harm, messmate—he's too good a soul for that."

But if surprise was pictured on the faces of the seamen, that of the Jew was perfectly livid with consternation, as he bent his keen eyes on the admiral; and in a suppressed tone, though overheard by those who were near him, he uttered in agony, "S'help me Abrahamsh—tish Peter Thompson—tish Peter Thompson!"

The mate of the Indiaman also recognised his fellow-passenger of the previous day, and bowed with great politeness, which was returned by the admiral—now no longer Peter Thompson, but Sir Henry ———. The gallant officer whispered to the mayor, and the two held a conversation together, apparently of a humorous kind, as their frequent smiling evinced. At the close, the accused parties were again called forward, when a fresh stir was made at the entrance, and two or three constables appeared, dragging in a Jew boy, whilst others carried a couple of bags, which the coxwain and the boatswain's mate instantly knew as their own, and eagerly sprang forward to take possession of their property. The constables refused to deliver them up, and violence might have been the consequence, but for the voice of the admiral, who commanded the seamen to remain quiet, and everything should be restored to them—an order which not only long custom, but inclination, induced them to obey.

"God bless your honour," said Joe Blatherwick; "I know your honour 'ud see us righted—and in regard of being shipmates in that 'ere coach, I hopes your honour 'ull not take any offence in regard of—"

"Rest easy, my man," returned the admiral, interrupting him; "you shall have justice done you, never fear—and I am glad that I can render any service to so brave a fellow.—May I request the favour, Mr. Mayor, that they, as well as the young officer, may be at once discharged from custody?" He looked at the lieutenant of the gang. "I will be responsible, Mr. Lawrence—these men are not deserters, nor can any charge be substantiated against the mate of the Indiaman. As for the Jew,"—he glanced at him with anger, and then added, "but he had provocation; and though revenge is a deadly guest to cherish—yet—however, we shall hear what he has to say."

But Nathan had nothing to utter: he saw in the apprehending of his accomplice, the Jew boy, that the whole of his nefarious and malicious scheme was frustrated; terror took possession of his faculties, and he stood muttering to himself like an idiot. The Jew boy was placed at the bar, and the constables narrated the manner in which

they had traced him to the lodgings of Nathan, where he was found, with the bags, concealed under the bed. The lad himself at once confessed that he had been engaged by the elder Israelite to steal the bags from the Duncan's Head; for which purpose he had watched the seamen out, and taken the things during their absence; but his employer not coming home, the bags had never been opened. This was however done in the court, and the liberty tickets, with all the other documents displayed, to the great delight of the tars and the disappointment of the press lieutenant.

This ended the matter; Nathan and the boy were consigned to the custody of the constables for re-examination. The admiral withdrew, followed by the mate of the Indiaman and the worthy tars; and when in the outer hall he stopped, and told the latter to proceed at once to the performance of their duty, and in the evening to call upon Peter Thompson, in High-street. To the mate he said, "I hope, sir, this will be a lesson to you never to do anything to offend the religious scruples of any man, whatever his creed may be. It was done in a thoughtless moment, and perhaps I set the example. However, as we were messmates yesterday, so let us be to-day. I shall expect to see you at dinner—never mind dress—at six o'clock; and to-morrow morning my boat shall convey you aboard your ship—the convoy will not sail for several days to come."

Jem and Joe were once more at liberty to pursue their researches; and, slinging each a bag over his shoulder, they returned to the Duncan's Head; and having washed and put on clean rigging, they comforted the inner man, and then set out on their exploring expedition. The coxswain went over to Molly Boyd's cottage, and made every inquiry in the neighbourhood; but he could gain no intelligence, nor obtain a clue to guide him for the future. The letters were delivered to the agent, who suggested an examination of the parish records, to ascertain whether the names of poor Molly, or Miss Mowbray, could be found in the register. This he himself undertook to do; and, after many hours' inspection, that of Molly Boyd was found; but there was no reference as to who she was, except the fact of pauperism, or where she came from. The parish accounts of the same date were examined, and the supply of a coffin discovered, for the burial of Molly Boyd, of — street, Portsea, the very street in which Mrs. Blatherwick had lodged; and thither they again went and instituted inquiry. But it was almost ineffective. It is true that the neighbour before spoken of remembered "a sailor's wife being confined, and also the death of old Molly; but what became of the mother or the infant she could not recollect. Her faculties were much impaired through old age; but she fancied there was something strange about the matter; either the child died, or the mother ran away and left it, or something of the kind; but what it really was she had no memorial."

This was all they could learn, and its ambiguity only served to increase the mystery. As for Joe, sanguine in his expectations of finding Poll and the baby, he never relaxed, but visited all his old haunts; sought out former acquaintances; chased almost every woman



he saw, particularly if she had an infant in her arms, forgetting in his eagerness that the child must be now grown a great boy; but, like many others, his mind only dwelt upon ideas of scenes and circumstances as he had left or last heard of them.

The coxswain, having executed his commission, prepared to return to his commander; but he had yet one mournful duty to perform, and that was to pay a visit to the widow of his old messmate, who had been drowned in Madras roads. The worthy fellow felt the awkwardness of the task, especially as his regards were somewhat inclined to the widow, and his messmate's tobacco-box, which he had promised to bring her, had gone down in the frigate. At last he mustered courage to repair to the neat little cottage of her mother, with whom she resided; but it was some time before he ventured near the door; and the probability is that he would have remained much longer, but for a soft hand that was put into his; and on looking down, he saw the child of her whom he loved. The little fellow had recognised the friend of his mother—one who had spoken softly and kindly to her—and he noiselessly took that mode of renewing an acquaintance.

"What cheer—what cheer, my lad?" exclaimed the coxswain, rather abashed at being detected sauntering about as if upon the lookout. "And so you knew me again, eh?"

"O yes, sir," responded the boy, "I remembered you directly; for you was good to mother, and she is often talking about you, and wishing to see you."

"That's in regard of the 'bacca-box," thought Jem, though he felt gratified that he should be borne in memory on any account.

"And how is your mother, my boy? aye, and your grandmother too? Are all hands well and hearty?"

"You must come and see," said the boy, pulling the seaman towards the door; "they will be so glad—mother has been expecting you ever so long."

At this moment the door opened, and the widow herself came forth to look for her son. A glow of pleasure brightened up her wan cheeks when she beheld by whom he was accompanied; and Jem—all the warm feelings of his heart gaining the ascendancy—boldly stepped forward, and extended his hand, which the widow received, and pressed with the fervour of unexpected joy and long-felt gratitude. He was welcomed to the cottage, where he talked over times that were gone, and spoke with energy and affection of his old messmate, and declared how happy it would make him if he could but be a father to his child. This certainly was an indirect way of courting the widow; and it had more effect than all the high-flown language that could have been employed, even had Jem been a perfect master in the art of flattery. To love her child was to love herself; and she treasured the saying in her bosom. The coxswain passed a delightful three hours: the unfortunate tobacco-box was forgotten, for it was no fault of his that it had been lost; and when he took his departure, the widow and her son accompanied him on part of his way. It was then—whilst the fair hand of the female reclined upon his arm, and he led the boy by his side—it was then that Jem's honest eloquence found utterance.

"Well, my precious," said he, as he drew her closer to his side, "a craft upon the ocean is but a lonesome thing without a consort; nothing but blue waters all round, and a dark sky above; and this is bad enough if there's only days in the reek'ning, but it's sad and dispirited indeed when it lasts for months, and you run short of provisions and water—here away, buffeted by gales of wind that makes every timber sneer again—there away, scorched up in a dead calm that melts the seams atwixt the planks and the blacking on the bends; and the heart sickens, and faints, and longs, without the least help for it."

"That must be trying, indeed," assented the widow;—"but seamen undergo great hardships, my friend, and yet they do not always last long."

"But suppose, my precious, there was a look-out for its lasting as long as life holds together," responded the coxswain, quickly; "wouldn't you hail the sight of a friendly sail with three cheers?"

"Certainly," replied the widow, somewhat provokingly; "but then, you know, the cause of grief and distress would terminate."

"Why, that's jist it!" exclaimed the seaman, hurriedly and firmly, as if he had gained an important point. "Here are you, my precious, beating to wind'ard under storm gear, and noboddy whatsomever to cheer you up with a kindly hail, or to take you in tow when you can't make headway again the breeze. And here am I, Jem Hardover, ready to be a parent to your boy, and to clap you alongside—sailing under the same colours, with a parson's licence for keeping you company—not for a day or two, nor a month or two, but till the voyage of life is up, and then mayhap we may bear away for heaven together."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand your meaning, my excellent friend," replied the widow, with much feeling; "and I unreservedly own that your kindness and generosity has not been lost upon me; but—" and she paused.

"Heave ahead, my precious," uttered the coxswain, with eager delight; "roll away the butt, and let's have a clear gangway to your thoughts—only say the word, and I'll be a dutiful and loving husband—and the poor youngster there shall find a protector and a friend. What am I to do with all my prize-money and my pay, without you'll say, 'Yes?' And if Tom—rest his soul—could hear me now, he'd smile upon us both, and bless us when we're spliced. You know the thing's onpossible for him to come hisself, seeing he's safely moored in Glory Bay; and so, my precious, take an honest tar for better or worser, and then—" he stopped, and gave her a look mingling entreaty with affection.

"For both our sakes," returned the widow, "such an engagement ought not to be hastily concluded upon. I know my boy wants a kind and prudent guardian to promote his future welfare—I have not been able to provide him with suitable instruction: and for myself—" she paused, and then added, "it requires consideration."

"Oh, take your time, my precious," said the seaman, generously "I don't want to hurry you, not by no manner of means—only say a you'll have the pay and the prize-money, jist to make the cottage snug

for the ould lady, and to put the boy out to school—that's all—and then I shall be happy."

"You have already supplied my parent most liberally," returned the widow, warm with grateful emotions: "she will now be able to pay her back rent, and we shall both enjoy comforts that have long been denied to us. I feel it, my friend—deeply feel it. But do not urge me further at present—I will write to you; and pray let me know at all times whereabouts you may be found—do not leave me to think that you are unhappy—I would do anything to serve you; and if ever I should change my name again, I know no one in existence that I should desire but yours—God bless and keep you."

"Then it 'ull be all right?" exclaimed the gladdened tar, as he caught the boy up in his arms and kissed him, for they had reached the place of parting. There was no one to witness the scene as he took the widow's hand, "You'll be mine," said he, as he drew her gently towards him; and then suddenly throwing one arm round her neck, he pressed a kiss upon her lips, and hurried away.

That night the seamen returned to the metropolis to make their report.

---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"Reason with the fellow  
Before you punish him,  
Lest you should chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger, who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded."

SHAKESPEARE.

So earnest had been the desire of Mr. Elwester to see his daughter a duchess, that he had meanly degraded himself, by proposing to the duke that he should carry Amelia off to Scotland, as if by her own consent, at the same time he himself would secretly accompany them, to prevent the scandal of the world, should the affair become known. This he hoped would have the twofold effect of providing for his child and disgusting the baronet, for he trusted that Amelia's delicacy, after travelling so far with his Grace, would induce her to accept his hand. But the usurer had not calculated upon his plots being thwarted or undermined; he entertained no idea that the place to which he had taken the lady was discovered; and he determined that a bold stroke should be struck at once. It was this that had brought the hostile parties into collision; for his Grace had acceded to the old man's design, which he was carrying into execution; and the baronet missing Jem upon the road, had hurried on with Bill Breezy, and meeting the return chaise which the postillion would detain no longer, as the boy did not come, "Zikey"

informed Sir Edward of all particulars, and conducted him to the spot where the unfortunate *rencontre* took place.

The announcement that Mr. Elwester had fallen, and that his daughter was extended senseless, if not lifeless, by the side of her father, at once terminated the contest; and the duke, as if sensible that he should cut a ridiculous figure by remaining, ordered the wounded of his suite to be gathered up, and ascending his carriage he drove off, cursing his folly in having undertaken a scheme that had proved so detrimental to his interests, and dreading the scorn and laughter of the world at his failure. Already his imagination began to picture the affair in the caricature shops; and when he entered his splendid mansion at the West-end, he was out of humour with himself and all the world.

The baronet, on the suspension of hostilities, had instantly run to the assistance of Amelia, whom he raised from the ground, and placing his hand above the heart, ascertained that it still beat, and terror alone had deprived her of animation. The usurer had received a pistol ball in the breast—by whose hand fired, none could tell except himself; he was conveyed to the dwelling, and Isaac Haxted was instantly despatched for a surgeon, with directions to bring proper instruments for extracting the ball. The old man's sufferings were very great, both mentally and bodily; he frequently inquired for his child, but his language was extremely incoherent—sometimes speaking of her as “My lady duchess,” and then muttering the half-uttered malediction upon her head for disobedience. Nor were his worldly affairs forgotten, as in broken and unconnected sentences he spoke of his cash, and bonds, and mortgages—now in soft accents, as if engaged in tendering a loan, and then with harshness insisting on repayment: his mind was constantly wandering.

Sir Edward carried Amelia to her apartment, where, with the aid of the young girl—for the aged woman had concealed herself, and could not be found—he tried restoratives, till he had the satisfaction of seeing the beloved of his heart awakened to consciousness; and in his delight, he imprinted a kiss upon her fair forehead, as she reclined backward on his arm. Her first inquiry was for her father; and on being informed that he still lived, and a surgeon had been sent for, she insisted upon going to him. The baronet, fearing that she was yet too weak, would have dissuaded her from her purpose; but she was so earnest and determined that he at length supported her to the room where Mr. Elwester laid extended on an ancient couch, and it was apprehended he was “breathing the slow remains of life away.” She spoke to him,—he seemed to recognise her voice; but reason no longer held sway over his understanding—visions of future worldly grandeur occupied the thoughts of the man who laid tremblingly on the sloping verge of eternity, and his desires were grasping at increased wealth, at the moment when existence was apparently passing away. Oh, how many are there endowed with the full enjoyment of their faculties, who are hourly doing the same!

The surgeon arrived, and after examining the wound, gave but small encouragement to hope that life would be saved; the ball had taken a



slanting direction, shattered the breast bone, and was extracted from the cavity under the arm. A composing draught was administered, and the professional gentleman consented to remain with his patient through the night. Neither Amelia nor the baronet would quit the wounded man ; and they sat side by side, watching with the most intense anxiety the effects of the medicine. Bill Breezy at length discovered the old woman in the wine cellar, which contained some choice old stuff, and he and "Zikey," soaked their clay to the health of cousin "Meley," and the recovery of uncle "Grampus."

The usurer slept soundly whilst the narcotic operated ; but as its effects began to subside, he again became restless and disturbed, though not so bewildered in his imagination. At times he fancied he was holding converse with Lankrib, and more than once he charged the old man with robbing him. What ground there was for such an accusation it was impossible to tell, for Amelia had been kept profoundly ignorant of her father's affairs ; yet she could not but feel uneasy at the conviction that a great portion of his master's property was at the mercy of the old wretch who had been her jailor. The baronet, when informed of it, partook of the feeling, but both considered that it would be indelicate at that precise time to take any decided step. After some consultation, however, they deemed it desirable to despatch Bill Breezy to watch proceedings ; at the same time cautioning him to be silent on the melancholy catastrophe that had occurred ; and, above all, for the sake of the cousin whom he loved, to keep from indulging in his easily besetting sin.

By the seaman the baronet sent a hasty sketch of events to his brother, and expressed a hope that he should be with him on the following day, as by that time it was more than probable a marked change would occur in the usurer, either through favourable symptoms, that might enable them to bring him to town, or unfavourable symptoms that must shortly terminate in dissolution. He also sent to Corporal Senhouse, directing that if Jem had come back, every indulgence might be extended towards him.

That evening Mr. Elwester awoke from a deamy and uneasy slumber to perfect consciousness : he looked round the room at first with a wild and vacant stare ; but when he saw his daughter, as she drew near to administer to his wants, recollection resumed its functions. "Where is the Right Honourable—I mean his grace the duke of Q——?" said he inquiringly : "yet, why do I ask?—Amelia, your hand ;—oh that I could see the coronet encircling your brow, I should die content ! Die ?—I will not die ; there is too much to be done to quit this world hastily, and yet I fear I have got my death."

"Compose yourself, my dear father," said the affectionate daughter, as she laid her hand upon his cold and clammy forehead ; "I trust you will long survive to be happy in your home."

"Happy?" repeated the old man, "aye, happy ; have I not gold, and jewels, and lands enough to make me so ? No, no, my child no. From boyhood your father's sole happiness was to accumulate wealth, and to increase his possessions. This feeling grew with my growth ; and when

After life I saw my daughter, it was coupled with a desire to see her amongst the noblest of the land—it has been my daily thought, my nightly dream—the food that nourished my ambition; and think you I can find any other happiness now?”

“Oh, do not thus distress yourself, my father,” entreated the afflicted girl, as with tears streaming down her cheeks she bent over the aged man; “Providence is bountiful in its dispensations.”

“Will it make you a duchess, girl?” uttered the obdurate man, with harshness; “will it place you high in the scale of British peeresses? if not, it can do nothing for me. No, no, it can do no good to me.”

Amelia shuddered as she listened; but she said no more, for she was fearful that his danger might be increased should angry passions be aroused; and the surgeon coming in at the time, enjoined strict silence upon him, unless he was determined upon hastening his departure from the world. The wound was examined and pronounced favourable; and the old man’s mind dwelling with intense anxiety upon getting to London, the surgeon said that if he remained tranquil through the night, he might be removed by short and easy stages on the following day.

Bill Breezy got safe to his destination, and was strict to his charge; he delivered the baronet’s letters; not, it is true, to the right person, for he was not aware that captain Weatherall was confined to his bed; and having by accident stumbled in the twilight upon the admiral, who was in an undress suit, they were given to him, and he retiring into his room without examining the direction, saw enough to excite alarm in his mind that his nephew was about to perpetrate some foolish action. This prompted him to peruse the whole; and he became horrified, when he ascertained that such indignities had been heaped upon so exalted a nobleman as the duke of Q—, for the veteran still cherished high notions of rank, and considered it equal to sacrilege to insult a duke. At first he was puzzled how to act; one minute he determined to wait upon his Grace, and offer him a manly apology; then he thought it would be best previously to have an interview with his nephew, and learn at once how matters stood. At length he ordered four post-horses to his carriage, and it actually was driven up to the door before he recollected that he was wholly unacquainted with the place from which Sir Edward had written. He inquired for the seaman who had brought the letter, but he was gone; and there the veteran ranged about the hall and parlour, fretting and fuming and condemning to perdition everything an inch high. He did not like to disturb the captain; besides, he felt somewhat mortified that a sort of intrigue should be carried on under his very nose, without his being informed of it, or having wit enough to discover it; and he was about to order his carriage away, when Bill again made his appearance, in order, as he said, “to have a drop of comfort with the corporal.”

The admiral at once grappled hold of him, exclaiming, “Halloo, my man; from whence did you bring these despatches?”

“That, your honour, is more than I can tell you by word of

mouth," replied the tar, unshipping his hat; "but I think I could find it out."

"You do, do you?" responded the admiral with warmth; "then my man, jump into my carriage, and let us make sail as if the devil was in chase."

"Axing your honour's pardon, I can't never do that," said the seaman firmly, but respectfully; "cousin Meley has put me in charge of the craft—that's the house, I mean, and I 'm sartin your honour would not wish a tar to neglect his duty."

"What the deuce do I care for your cousin Meley!" exclaimed the admiral, with impatience in his voice and gesture; "it is to me, sirrah, you owe obedience. Bear a hand aboard the carriage directly."

"Hopes your honour will excuse," respectfully answered the seaman; "there's as much money as 'ud fill the chest of Chatham alongside, and ould Landerab wants a good look-out kept upon him."

"D—old Landerab," vociferated the veteran in a rage; "what supernannuated fumbler is old Landerab? Sounds, sirrah! do you know who you are speaking to?"

"Why, yes, your honour," returned Bill; "and I hopes no offence. You're Captain Weatherall, as I take it."

"Captain who?" demanded the indignant old seaman. "Harkye, fellow—look at me—ay, at me, sirrah; is that gold lace," and he pointed to the two broad bands that surrounded his arm just above the cuffs of his dress-coat, which he had put on, "is that the uniform of a captain? No, sir, I am not a captain, but vice-admiral Sir Mulberry Boreas."

"And the letter, your honour," said Bill boldly; I guv' him to your honour under a wrong reckoning, but it is no matter; I know your honour 'ud deliver him safe to the right owner."

"And suppose I have not delivered it," replied the admiral; "and further, suppose I have read it myself; what then, sirrah?"

"What then, your honour?" repeated the seaman undauntedly; "why then, I should say as your honour had done a dishonourable thing; and if you was the lord high admiral I would tell him the same, though I should go through the fleet for it to-morrow. But it's only a bit of gammon—Sir Mulberry Boreas arn't never done that which a foremast man ud scorn to do."

"A pretty pass the service has come to at last!" exclaimed the veteran, stung by the remarks of the seaman, and proudly admitting and admiring the justice of them; "a pretty pass, indeed! why, zounds, sirrah! if you had presumed to say as much to me, when my flag was hoisted, I would have tried you by a court-martial for mutiny, and hung you."

"No, you would'nt, your honour," responded the bold tar, carelessly hitching up his trowsers; "for though I never sarved under you, yet I've been messmate with those as have; and there warn't never a soul but spoke of you as the seaman's friend, and ud always see 'em righted when thy were not in fault; and your honour knows as I'm not in fault now."

"Confound the fellow!" mumbled the self-accusing admiral, highly gratified, however, at what his men had said of him. "Confound the fellow! and so, because I've done a silly thing, my nevey must go and make a fool of himself, and I cannot find out where he is."

"Oh, if that's all your honour wants, there's Zikey there 'ull pilot you down in no time," answered Bill.

"Zikey!—and pray who is Zikey?" demanded the admiral, vexed with himself and everything else.

This brought on an explanation. Isaac Haxted, the postillion, was introduced, and soon found himself mounted on the box of the admiral's carriage, which, with the veteran inside, started off for the journey to Rochester. Previous, however, to entering the vehicle, he put a handsome present into the hand of Bill Breezy, saying, "Act with the same honesty, through life, my man—only a little more respectful to your superiors. I shall not lose sight of you, depend upon it." He waited for no reply, and the seaman promptly returned to his post.

Day was breaking as the carriage of Sir Mulberry drove up the avenue and stopped at the door of the building. Amelia had, through the earnest persuasion of Sir Edward, retired to rest, and the baronet was watching by the side of her father, when the sound of the wheels aroused him, and he instantly rushed down to the entrance, so that when the admiral alighted the first individual he beheld was his nephew.

"Well, young sir, and pray what am I to think of all this?" demanded the veteran, fiercely. "Pretty usage for a kind uncle as never denied you anything, truly! But the world's full of deceit now-a-days; there's no telling a friend from a foe—nothing but false colours and forged papers."

"You are irritated, uncle," said Sir Edward, in reply. "I trust you will not think so meanly of me when all the particulars are laid before you."

"Irritated, sir! well then, I am irritated, to find that you have deceived me, sir," responded the admiral with warmth. "But there, it's only what may be expected when a man shoves his head into the bight of an apron string—the women take him in tow, and in nine cases out of ten turn out to be pirates."

"In this instance you will be mistaken, sir," returned the baronet, proudly. "The lady is a superior—"

"Fiddlestick! superior!" uttered the admiral, peevishly interrupting him; "when a man's in love, it's always the same song at the windlass."

"Do you speak from experience, uncle?" inquired Sir Edward, his good-humour returning. "But how did you find the place out?"

"Oh, I did that, Sir Edward," shouted Zikey; for which the baronet wished him at the bottom of the Red Sea. However, as there appeared to be some mystery attending it, he thought it best to say but little; and, therefore, offering Sir Mulberry his arm, he courteously invited him to enter. The admiral declined assistance, but he followed his nephew into the house. Here the tale of affection was frankly



told; nor was a single occurrence concealed, not even the mode of communication down the chimuey, at which the admiral could not refrain from smiling, though his anger kindled when he thought of the tricks the young sweep had played him. The circumstance which induced Sir Edward to quit London, as well as the results, were also narrated; and ultimately the admiral was introduced to Miss Elwester, and was, for him, much pleased with her appearance. Whatever feeling of vexation and disapproval the veteran might cherish against the concealment practised by his nephew, it became absorbed in one of greater magnitude, and that was caused by the usurer's rejection of the baronet's suit. This he felt to be a gross indignity, and all the blood of the Boreases rushed into his already crimsoned face. "It is true," thought he, "a duke is a duke, and his rank ought to be respected—but here, where the girl is as good as engaged, and prefers my nevey, who is only a baronet, to a prouder title—Zounds and fury! if it wasn't for his being hove down, I'd clap the old money-lender alongside, and teach him that a British vice-admiral is inferior to none but his king and those who carry a flag at the main. Well, after all, the boy is not so much to blame; and I've seen enough in my younger days of the consequence of running athwart hawse of a love affair to stand over nice in my sailing now. He ought to have signalled me upon the subject, though; and if so be as I'd found the match all shipshape, why my cousent shouldn't have been wanting. But then, it isn't possible to clap old heads upon young shoulders; and so he shall have the girl—and a decent clean-going craft she seems to be. Ay, he shall have this Miss Elwester, and be made a lord too, if money and long services can do it." He went up to Sir Edward: "You have done wrong, nevey, in not apprising me before how matters stood. However, I suppose you have overhauled the whole consarn now. I like the looks of the lady, though I don't much fancy her name—but that, you will say, can be easily amended. There's my hand, nevey," and he extended the member that had so often been raised against the enemies of his country, which the baronet immediately grasped with fervour—"there's my hand, I say—the hand of a seaman as has fought his way to honourable distinction, and never broke his word. The girl, that is I mean Miss Elwester, shall be yours; and as for the consent of her father—leave me alone to hoist that out of him! By what title should you like to be made a lord on? Let's have none of your wishy-washy concerns, but a regular manly title as will speak for itself. I hate your Lord Titmantops and your Lord Trufflebags, all moonshine and sea-froth—think of one as will be a good mouthfull, and be no disparagement to him as bears it. Now, my Lord Sheetanchor, or my Lord Eighteen-pounder, sounds well—though for the matter o' that, Weatherall's not so very bad either, and serves to remind you that you must keep a good luff and get to windard. So, mind me, nevey, and make your mind easy; I'll have you rated a lord upon his Majesty's muster-books, and then you'll go to Parleyment in your own right, and sarve your king on shore, whilst the captain is sarving him at sea. Yes, I'll make a lord of you."

The baronet stared with astonishment, and for a minute or two gazed upon the countenance of his uncle, whose faculties he feared had become somewhat impaired; but the truth flashed upon his mind, and with much gratitude he acknowledged the veteran's intended kindness. The usurer was informed of the admiral's arrival, and his desire to see him. The honour was at first declined, but Sir Mulberry was not to be so easily put off—he went uninvited to the room of the wounded money-lender, upon whom the gorgeous uniform of the naval officer made a due and desired impression, and the two old men were left alone.

What passed at this interview has never transpired—certain it is, that, at its close, the admiral announced that Mr. Elwester had gratefully accepted the offer of the veteran's carriage to convey him to the metropolis; and the lovers augured well, that this commencement of acquaintance between the two was favourable to their several and joint interests. In his communication with Sir Edward, however, the admiral unhesitatingly expressed his contempt and disgust for the character of the usurer, and swore that it was “only out of regard for his nevey, that he had suffered the vehicle to be polluted by such a blood-sucker;” and he actually had it entirely new lined before he would enter it again.

Mr. Elwester, accompanied by his daughter, reached London, where the affray was making some noise in the fashionable world; and the duke found it necessary to visit his country residence till the scandal had blown over. The baronet was unrestrained in his visits to Amelia, and everything assumed a pleasing aspect for their future happiness. Rigid inquiries were made after poor Jem. Advertisements were published and rewards offered to any one who could render an account of him; but as they did not happen to meet the eye of the sergeant-of-marines, the cause of his absence, as well as his whereabouts, remained undiscovered. But more of this in another chapter.

The coxswain and the boatswain's mate returned from their exploring excursion; and the former made his report to Captain Weatherall, who resolved, as soon as he could get about, to investigate the matter in person. The register of Molly Boyd's death gave him hopes that he should be able to make further discoveries, and therefore he longed to begin his search. In a fortnight from that time he was convalescent; in another week he waited upon the First Lord of the Admiralty, who received him very graciously, and he was directed to go down to Portsmouth to attend the court-martial, that had been ordered to try him and his officers for the loss of the frigate.

Eager to commence his search after Eleanor, he did not waste a single moment in unnecessary delay; and the admiral's travelling-carriage being newly done up, he proposed conveying his nephew down in a style suited to the rank and wealth of a rich old admiral. The captain would have excused himself, but he could not bear to wound the feelings of his uncle, and the proposition was acceded to with many thanks. The gallant officer bade farewell to his brother, and Sir Mulberry attributing his haste to a desire to meet the charge,

and once more be serving his country, hurried away, assuring Sir Elward that he would neither forget nor neglect his future prospects. The two seamen followed in a chaise with the luggage, and that night all hands were once more snug in Portsmouth.

The court-martial was held—Captain Weatherall was not only honourably acquitted, but when the president returned him his sword, it was given with a handsome eulogy on his coolness and intrepidity in the hour of peril, and his general gallantry and officer-like conduct on every occasion. The boatswain's mate was also highly commended for saving his commander, and a gold medal presented to him, which had been subscribed for by a number of officers. Nor was this all the honours that awaited them, for, on returning to the quarter-deck of the guard-ship, the Port Admiral, accompanied by Sir Mulberry Boreas, was waiting for them, and the former put into Captain Weatherall's hands an appointment to a fifty-gun ship, then fitting out; and Joe Blatherwick and Jem Hardover received warrants, one as boatswain and the other as gunner, on board the same ship. This was a joyous moment; but it was rendered still more so when they ascertained that the whole of the remainder of the Neverflinch's crew, both officers and men, were turned over to serve under the much-esteemed chief. This distinguished mark of approval and respect almost overpowered Sir Mulberry Boreas; and the Port Admiral, in addressing the worthy seamen, begged them not to forget their old friend and fellow-traveller Peter Thompson.

It was a ludicrous sight to see the new-made warrant-officers when they first sported their uniforms. Accustomed almost from infancy, to the round jacket, they could not reconcile themselves to the long togs, the tails of which were constantly in their way; but they got over this in the course of time; and though Joe never did nor ever could bend his gear properly, yet Jem became a smart-looking fellow, and did great credit to his class. The coxswain had held no correspondence with the widow of his old messmate, but he took the earliest opportunity of paying her another visit at Gosport; and so earnestly did he press his suit, that the widow at length consented, and became Mrs. Hardover—the pay and prize-money were placed at her disposal, the boy was put to school, and comfort once more abounded where there had been want, and grief, and mourning.

Captain Weatherall, now being on the spot, prosecuted his researches after Miss Mowbray; but as delicacy forbade him to make any public announcement, his individual exertions were unavailing. The rascally waterman to whom he had given his letter on going out to Lisbon, was dead—the acquaintances of Mr. Sykes knew nothing as to what had become of Eleanor—and the surgeon who had accompanied her to the Indiaman, had retired from business, and was located in a distant part of the country; so that the enquiries, which probably might have come to his knowledge had he remained in Portsmouth, were utterly unknown to him.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,  
And I myself see not the bottom of it."

"I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected."

BUT we must again call to remembrance that legalized depository for pulverised ammonia, known by the name of "Nobody's Hole." Since the time that Jem was discovered within its charmed boundaries it still continued the groundwork of perpetual altercation and dispute between the two parishes, but more especially to those profound and important parochial authorities, Mr. Glumbulky and Mr. Macaw. The lapse of years had made no difference in their parochial antipathies—the *ci-devant* rat-catcher never ratted; his brother beadle having been bit once, took especial care not to meddle with trap again. Their hatred to each other was undeviating; and therefore, like old politicians, whose opinions have undergone no change, they might be called "consistent" men. Increased age had not softened the parochial rancour of their stomachs—for it was a matter of doubt whether either of them had a heart, and if they had, it must have been too small to contain the vast accumulation of animosity and spite which they nourished; so that, the stomach being the most capacious part of their person, I think I am correct in using the term)—nor were the asperities of their nature subdued by the weekly exhortations of the several clergymen who officiated at the parochial churches—they had other work to do than to listen to sermons, and though door-keepers in the house of worship, yet they were principally engaged amongst the tents of wickedness.

Nor were the demonstrations of hostility less active between the two rival houses—not of York and Lancaster—but those bearing signs—one "The Clerk and Half-crown," the other, "The Parson and Corkscrew." There the committees sat in conclave, and from thence issued the rectified spirits that kept alive the flame of discord. It is true that some of the members of both parties had taken their departure from the scene of strife, and their names and many virtues were recorded on upright stones that stood in the respective church-yards; but other aspirants started forth—young men emulous of parochial



honour, and desirous of treading in the steps of their fathers in parochial matters, but more especially at parochial feasts and festivals.

Thus stood affairs in the parishes of Saint Puterpot and Saint Leadanhall, when early one morning, about a week after *Jem's* disappearance, a handsome yellow-bodied carriage was seen descending the hill, whose foot was slippered in *Nobody's Hole*. At the bottom the vehicle stopped; a servant in black opened the door, and forth issued a lady in deep mourning, who was accompanied by a masculine-looking female, whose contour of countenance and olive complexion, marked her as belonging to the gipsy tribe. This latter personage entered the area of the outlawed spot, and directed the attention of the lady to a part—in fact, the very place where the beadle had first discovered young *Jem* fast asleep; and they conversed together for several minutes in a very earnest manner, during which the lady was evidently shedding tears.

Now it so happened, that *Mr. Glumbulky* was prowling near the spot, and his parochial curiosity was aroused at witnessing so unusual a spectacle; he, consequently, with a great assumption of parochial dignity, drew nigher to the parties, for, having a good view of the dark-faced female, he suspected that she was the queen of the gipsies, engaged in the unholy vocation of telling fortunes. As a matter of course, the pious horror of the official was aroused, and yet a superstitious awe crept over his mind when he looked at the mysterious expression which characterized the features of the supposed oracle of Fate, that deterred him from promptly interfering. However he still continued to gain a closer approximation to their vicinity, and heard the woman utter, in a deep sepulchral voice, “It is destiny, my lady!—it is destiny!—there is no resisting that!”

“Haugh—ha—hem,” went *Mr. Glumbulky*, now fully satisfied that his surmises were correct; and prompted by impulse, he mustered courage enough to emit sounds that instantly drew attention towards himself. But still mentally shrinking from the consequences of exasperating the olive-coloured woman, whose keen eyes were instantly fixed upon him, he tried, by hitching up the collar of his bottle-green-and-gold coat, and squaring his enormous laced cocked-hat, to manifest a show of bravery he was very far from feeling; nor, did the sense of his undue daring diminish when the woman, after a minute or two's surprise, addressed him in a commanding tone.

“You are the beadle of this parish,” said she, “the man whose tyranny to those in want often urges them into crime, which you are equally rigid in punishing. Speak, man; are you not the beadle of this parish?”

“Why—yes—that is, I means no,” returned *Glumbulky*, fearful of making any admission relative to *Nobody's Hole* that might involve his superiors in difficulties, and dreading still more lest the long-contested point should be set at rest; “I'm the parochial beadle of this here parish,—but that arn't never no parish at all.”

*Mr. Glumbulky* intended to convey the intelligence that he was beadle of the parish on whose ground he then stood, but that *Nobody's*

Hole, very naturally, belonged to nobody; his confused manner of doing it, however, brought upon him a wrathful scowl from the olive lady, who exclaimed, "You are the beadle of a parish, that is no parish!—what is your meaning?"

This Mr. Glumbulky would have found it difficult to explain, though he comprehended it well enough himself; he therefore merely remarked, "Yes, I am the beadle of Saint Puterpot, at your service."

"Have you held the office many years?" enquired the dark female, more complacently.

"I don't know as it matters much to strangers how long I've been in this parochial office," answered the beadle, his confidence returning in proportion as the other assumed a milder manner; "but as I arn't got no cause to be ashamed on it—why, I've no objections to tell you. You must understand, then, I've been beadle here ever since I left off rat-catch—that is, I means, about fourteen years."

"You must remember, then, although 'tis several years since it occurred—you must remember the circumstance of a child being found asleep in this place—a boy—a pretty boy—but he was in tatters then—" said the woman, with emotion; whilst her companion, the lady in black, almost held her breath as she awaited the reply.

"Remember it!—vy to be sure I remembers it!—and good cause vy;" returned the functionary, with animation, the whole occurrence of his proud triumph over his rival rushing with vigour upon his mind. The lady gave a convulsive gasp. "You means young Jem, as ve had the trial about—but I shoved the brat off upon t'other parish." And he raised himself erect in conscious dignity, as having performed a praiseworthy act.

"I could have sworn to the extent of your benevolence by one look—only one look at your face," uttered the female solemnly. "And pray to what parish was the child sent?"

At this moment, a coat of puce and silver was seen advancing, as the armorial bearings of Mr. Macaw; and in two minutes, or less, the parochial staff-holders stood face to face. The first questions that had been put to Glumbulky were now repeated to the new comer, but in the presence of his adversary he would have nothing to do with Nobody's Hole. On the subject of Jem, however, he was more communicative, and desirous of being thought a humane man, he answered their inquiry with "Oh yes, poor little fellow! I took every care of him, and had him nursed, and fed, and clothed, and he grew up to be a fine boy."

"Heaven bless you for that!" uttered the lady fervently, although in an under-tone. "But tell me—tell me what became of him?"

"Vy he vos bound 'prentice to a chimbley-sweep at Cambervell," answered the beadle; "and the parochial authorities bought him new clothes, that he might go decent to his purfession."

Here Mr. Glumbulky was heard muttering something to himself, but the only word that could be distinctly made out was, "Gammon." This stirred up the spirit of contention in Macaw, and the rivals would

soon have got to hard words and bitter language, but for the eagerness of the lady to hear more of the lad; and Mr. Macaw, inviting her to his dwelling, she requested him to get into the carriage and accompany her thither. To this the puce-and-silver clad beadle gratefully acceded; and as he removed his cocked hat to enable him to enter, no language can describe the look of gratified pride and unmeasured contempt which he cast upon bottle-green-and-gold, who, almost struck dumb with surprise and envy, stood gaping at the respect paid to his parochial rival.

Arrived at the residence of Macaw, and clear of interruption, every particular connected with the lad was readily communicated, and, ultimately, the three re-entered the carriage, and were driven to Mr. Fluewellin's at Camberwell. That eminent professional was not at home; but Mrs. Fluewellin, after inveighing against the boy's ingratitude for leaving so kind a master, related many of the incidents which had occurred, and at length informed them that he had run away, and was last seen dressed like a gentleman, though she was very much afraid he had got into bad company, and was little better than a young pickpocket.

The lady in black appeared much distressed at this intelligence, whilst her attendant encouraged her by saying that, "as long as he was alive, and there was every probability of finding him, hopes might be cherished of rescuing him from disgrace." Here, probably, the search for that day would have terminated, but for Macaw calling to remembrance an old acquaintance, Pat Donovan; but he had no knowledge where Pat's family mansion was situated, nor could Mrs. Fluewellin inform them. But the lady, having determined to ascertain everything connected with the boy, expressed her wish to remain till the master-sweep came in; and as this was backed by a handsome donation, it was not refused; nor, indeed, would it have been had nothing been given, for Mrs. Fluewellin was a kind-hearted and feeling woman, though at times somewhat matrimonially dominant. The interval was passed in viewing the sleeping apartment of the boys; and as the visitors seemed deeply interested in all that concerned poor Jem, the place where he had so often passed his nights was pointed out; and the lady, reasoning only from what she herself had always enjoyed, shuddered as she looked upon the blackened walls and the sooty blankets.

At length Mr. Fluewellin arrived, and he readily undertook to guide them to the exalted domicile of Pat Donovan, whom he strongly suspected of knowing something about the lad. Away they drove to the classic purlieus of St. Giles, and, stopping at the house, the master-sweep ascended to the topmost altitude. Paddy was still out of work, and he sat, *sans culottes*, upon a box in his little garret, endeavouring to darn up a rent in his Sunday small-clothes.

"Arrah, then, it's meself as is bothered entirely in regard o' doing it nate; an' the breeches the best I've got," said he to himself, as he drew the stitches; and then commenced singing with much feeling—

"Farewell to ye, Erin; a long sad adieu  
 To your shamrock-spread meadows bespangled with dew;  
 To your goulden-topp'd mountains, all bright in the sun;  
 To your valleys so fair, where the clare sthramlets run;  
 To the banks of your rivers, the green fields that lave,  
 To the smiles of the fair—to the hearts that are brave:  
 Farewell to ye, Erin, farewell!

"Adieu to ye, Erin—farewell to your shores—  
 To the Bryans, Macarthies, O Roukes, and O Morcs!  
 Good luck to the home which my soul fondly loves;  
 Your lakes, and your forests, and sweet shady groves;  
 To the land of the sthranger I sail o'er the main,  
 And may-be shall niver behold yez again:  
 Farewell to ye, Erin, farewell!

"Farewell to ye, Erin! a long, long adieu!  
 And Norah Mavourneen, a farewell to you—  
 Oh the thoughts of my mind, and the throb of my breast,  
 In the hour of my grief in the day of my rest—  
 Sweet Norah Mavourneen—ma cushla machree,  
 All faithful and honest, shall cling unto thee:  
 Farewell to ye, Norah, farewell!"

"Och, bother to the breeches—shure, an' I'm ounly making one hole into two; an' its meself as is mightily bedivelled intirely in regard o' that same' What'll I do at all, an' the widthow Docherty fornent me? Arrah, bad luck to it; but here goes again." He then continued his sewing and his song:—

"Farewell to ye Erin—thou pride of my heart,  
 My thoughts will be wid yez, though now fore'd to part!  
 Oh Norah, farewell!—in the darkness of night  
 I will dthrame of your beauty with fancied delight:  
 Through the toils of the day my affection shall burn  
 And cheer up my heart——"

"Muster Dunnywon!" shouted a voice upon the stairs, as Pat was trying to flourish with a musical shake; "Muster Dunnywon!"

"An' that's meself!" responded Pat, in the same loud tone. "Arrah, what ull I do, and the ondacency o' the breeches not being mended?" And he shuffled into his unmentionables just as Mr. Fluewellin laid his hand upon the latch of the door. "Och, then, shure, an' it's a mighty hurry ye're in, an' meself in dishabill!"

"I hopes you're well, Muster Dunnywon," said the master-sweep, as he opened the door and entered the apartment where Pat was scrambling to clothe his nether man, but by an awkward mistake had turned the back of his garment to the front. "I hopes you're well; and I've brought a lady to see you!"

"Dacency!—dacency, Mr. Fluewellin!" exclaimed Pat. "Arrah, tell the lady to wait a minute!—Don't you see that I've got my behind before?—an' tare-an-ounds, it's bothered I am intirely!—Och, then tell the darlin to wait a little!" And the goodnatured Irishman, embarrassed and confused, was endeavouring to rectify his error, when footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. "Arrah, then, my lady, stop awhile!"



shouted he; but the person continued to ascend. "Oh whirrasthrue! —och hone, an' what'll I do now?—Shut the door, shut the door Muster Fluewellin!—Och, but it bangs nathral history; and what ud the widow Docherty say?—Arrah, stop my lady!" The footsteps approached nearer, and Pat rushed to the door just as the red face of Mr. Macaw appeared above the landing, looking, for all the world, like the rising sun with a cocked-hat on. "Bad manners to ye!" said Pat, as soon as he discovered who the intruder was: "och, bad luck to your janus! an' is it the semblance o' your ugly self, Mither Magaw, and no lady after all?"

The lady's a waiting on you down stairs," mumbled the offended beadle; "she's a sitting in her coach, and vants to speak to you about that 'ere boy Jem."

"Jem!—the cratur!—och, then, it's but small news she'll get from me," returned the Irishman, as he adjusted his garment; "and what ull she want wid him, Mither Magaw?"

"Vy, that I expects she'll tell you herself," answered the beadle, morosely.

"She's a fine lady, and a titled von," said Mr. Fluewellin; "though vot her title is I haven't heard—but she vants sadly to know about the boy."

A new light seemed suddenly to break in upon the Irishman, and with it came a strong suspicion that the beadle and the sweep were practising a ruse upon him for the purpose of discovering where the lad was to be found; and raising himself erect, he looked first at one and then at the other, as he uttered, "Oh, then, honour bright, isn't it ga n-nion ye're pitching about a lady at all?"

"Jist look over your parryput and you may see the coach," answered Fluewellin. "No, no; it's all true enough."

As soon as Pat was arrayed, he descended to the street, and making a bow, "hoped her ladyship was well." He was questioned about the lad, but would only answer in private, for he was fearful of committing Jem with his old master. The address of the lady was given, with a handsome donation to both the beadle and the sweep, who were requested to make inquiry and impart information without delay. The pair went off together, not a little pleased with their presents, but vexed with the Irishman for not considering them worthy of his confidence. Pat was then desired to enter the carriage, which was ordered to the residence of Sir Edward Weatherall.

They found the baronet at home, and the request for an audience was immediately granted. The two females and the Irishman were ushered into the library, where Sir Edward received them; and the matter being explained, he at once admitted that Jem had lived with him, and it was his intention to have promoted his future welfare, but for his sudden and unaccountable disappearance. He declared that no exertions had been spared to discover him, but the whole had been ineffectual.

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

“‘Twere a concealment  
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
 To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
 Would seem but modest.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“HARD a-weather the helm!” said the captain of the Ironsides, seventy-four, in a subdued tone, to the man at the wheel; and then commanded messengers to run down on the main and lower decks, and tell the lieutenants to see that the guns were well pointed as they bore up under the enemy’s stern. The ship promptly payed off from the wind; but the Frenchman, who now displayed a rear-admiral’s flag, was prepared for the manœuvre, and both tillers seemed to be acted upon at the same moment of time. The captain of the Ironsides ran to the wheel, which he shifted hard a-lee; the first lieutenant ordered the head-sheets to be let go, and the lively ship flew up to the wind again before the Frenchman had attempted to follow the example, and which to them was indeed unexpected. The consequence was, that the Ironsides poured a raking broadside into her opponent’s stern; and then throwing the head-sails a-back, bore up and repeated the dose from her other side. The firing deadened the wind, and shortly afterwards the two ships fell aboard of each other, and kept up the deadly strife.

Jem, who had been much shaken by his fall, was almost astounded at the noise of the guns and the havoc caused by the shot. He saw many a brave fellow fall, but still was brisk and alert on his duty.

“And vot’s all this about?” demanded the lad of one of the seamen; “it seems werry silly to me—even shall we leave off fighting?—I don’t half like it.”

“Don’t you, young fly-by-night?” answered the seaman; “there, give me a cartridge—I d advise you to ax the cook to let you step out at the back door.”

“So I vill,” declared the boy, who took the recommendation in its literal sense. “And yet I vont run away nighther. But vot’s all on it about?”

“Do you see that flag up there?” responded the seaman, pointing to the admiral’s flag at the Frenchman’s mast-head; and Jem nodded assent. “Well then, we’re fighting for that; and shall keep hard at it, hammer and tongs, till ve gets it?”

“Vy, that is foolish, to kill von another for such a bit of trumpery

as that," remarked the boy, as he looked up. "And vill they leave off fighting if ve gets it?"

"Yes, they will," returned the man; "but don't you go for to trouble your head about them consarns—see to your cartridges, and bear a hand in bringing 'em up."

But Jem could not get out of his head what he had heard respecting the flag; and as the ships lay grinding together, and several attempts had been made by both to board, he was compelled for some time to remain inactive. At length a shot knocked his box to shatters, and thinking himself exonerated from further cartridge bearing, he disappeared. Again the conflict raged, and both ships were for some considerable time enveloped in smoke. The fire slackened, and a breeze springing up, it cleared partially away, and the Frenchman appeared destitute of both ensign and flag.

"She has struck, sir," shouted the master, as he ran aft to his commander; "her colours are down—hurrah!"

"But she is not silenced," answered the captain, as he looked aloft and satisfied himself of the truth of the master's report respecting the colours; "her ensign has been shot away—but where can the admiral's flag be?"

"Vy, here it is, your honour," said Jem, who had hastened up to his commander, and on hearing the inquiry had pulled forth the identical article from the breast of his shirt. He held it out, "There it is, your honour; so now tell 'em to stop fighting, and let's have no more about it."

The captain took the tri-colour from the lad's hands, and earnestly looking at it, demanded, "Where did you get this, my boy?"

"Vy, I got it from up there, your honour," and he pointed to the Frenchman's mast-head. "I svarmed up the pole for it, and nobody seed me. Jack Hatchet told me it vos vot you vos fighting for, and so, your honour, I vent and got it."

"The enemy has ceased firing, sir," exclaimed the first lieutenant; and this was the fact. The French admiral was wounded and below—the first captain was killed, and the second captain, seeing both flag and ensign down, supposed they had been struck by the admiral's orders, and therefore commanded the people to cease firing.

"Have you surrendered?" hailed the captain of the Ironsides, waving the captured flag over his head.

The Frenchman answered in the affirmative; but becoming instantly apprised of his mistake, he would have retracted. It was, however, too late. The French seamen had left their guns; and the British seamen, headed by their commander, rushed on board the enemy, and her capture was completed. Jem was scarcely aware that he had performed any meritorious act—he had become accustomed to go aloft with great quickness, and he had found no difficulty in passing from ship to ship, and not being observed in the density of the smoke, he gained the mast-head of the Frenchman, and secured the coveted prize, with which he had descended undetected. As soon as he had delivered it to the captain, he went to the seaman from whom he had obtained the informa-

tion, and merely said, "It's done, Jack—the captain has got the flag—don't go for to fire any more—it qvite deafens me."

As soon as possession was taken, Jem was called to the quarter-deck, and, much to his surprise, reseived the thanks of his commander for the gallant action he had performed, and a promise was given that care should be taken for his future welfare.

"But I don't vant to stop here, sir," said Jem; "I'd rather go ashore again, if you please—I can do arout sveeping chimbleys now."

The captain smiled—the gunner was requested to take the lad under his protection and to mess with him, till further orders. The ships bore up for Gibraltar, where they got a rough refit, and then sailed for England. Jem's exploit was highly spoken of amongst the tars; but the midshipmen looked upon him with envy, and he was too frequently subjected to their annoyance. At last they arrived at Plymouth, where the Rubynose was then lying, and Sir Mulberry had been appointed port admiral.

The engagement was loudly and generally talked of, and the worthy and generous commander of the Ironsides took especial care that Jem's feat should not be forgotten. He mentioned the subject warmly in his letters, and the newspapers of the day extolled the boy as a prodigy of valour; and even the grim-visaged port admiral, unconscious that it was the monkey from whose tricks he had formerly suffered, desired to confer some favour upon him, that might be the source of encouragement to others.

Jem, equally ignorant who the port admiral really was, received a summons to attend upon him at his office on shore. The captain of the Ironsides took him in his own boat, and was introducing him into the room where the admiral was, but catching sight of the well-remembered, indeed, once-seen-never-to-be-forgotten countenance of Sir Mulberry Boreas, the lad started off as hard as he could run; but being stopped by some officers and seamen, he was immediately recognised by two of the former, who were no other than Mr. Blatherwick and Mr. Hardover, and they conducted him back to the admiral's office, where he was forced in—the warrants suspecting that Sir Mulberry wished to settle accounts with him for his former mischievous pranks.

"What made you cut and run, my boy?" said the admiral, with kindness in his manner, as Jem hung down his head to conceal his face. "There, don't be ashamed—you have done a brave thing, and I wish to reward you." Jem raised his head, and was instantly recognised by the veteran. "Ha!—eh!—what!—my old tormentor, as I'm alive!—the ape, and what not—and—and—"

"Vell, I hopes your honour 'ull forgive me," uttered Jem, pleadingly. "I never meant no harm votsomever—it vos only in fun."

"You should have chosen other objects for your sport, my lad," returned the veteran, angrily; "but in consideration of what you have since done, why—but stop—stop."

"Oh no, don't you never go for to stop, your honour," uttered Jem, in a tone of entreaty. "Say as you'll drop all about it."



"You have my forgiveness, young man," said the admiral; "it was not that I meant. Pray do you know who your parents were?"

"No, your honour; I didn't never have any," answered the lad. "I was a dissolute deserted orphan, picked up in Nobody's Hole."

A general laugh from all, except the admiral, followed this declaration. The lad looked round in anger, and, regardless that most of the mirthful party were officers, he exclaimed, "Vell, spoonies. and vot are you laughing at? You may come to be misfortunate yourselves some day or other."

This was construed into insolence, and murmurs of disapprobation arose, which were checked by the admiral, who, knowing the lad's history, took him by the hand, and said, "Gentlemen, notwithstanding this youth's present appearance, I must now introduce him as Sir Henry de Harcourt Gregory, and possessing not only one of the oldest baronetages in the kingdom, but standing next in succession to the coronet of an earl."

Looks of doubt and incredulity appeared upon the countenances of most present; but Jem, who did not comprehend more than that Sir Mulberry was very gracious, and which he feared would not last very long, remained without emotion, till the admiral again addressed him as Sir Henry, and, much against the boy's inclination, conducted him into an inner apartment, where he was informed that he had a mother still living, and was, indeed and in truth, a baronet with great wealth and larger expectations.

"Vell, I alays thought I vos somebody," said the boy; "and now von't I make the fortin of Muster Dunnywon, and remember all them as has behaved vell to me. And ven shall I see my mother?"

"Rest easy, my boy," replied the admiral; "I will send you off to London at once, for I know she is grieving at your loss. Your captain is going up, and he will take you with him to my nevy's. You shall go as you are, too, without any further delay. Be a good lad, and don't disgrace yourself or your family."

"Disgrace myself!—vy, I never did, your honour; and I hopes my family 'ull never disgrace me," returned the lad proudly. "But I can't make it out how I can be a barrownight. Howsomever, Muster Dunnywon 'ull let me into the secret."

After further conversation, refreshments were provided, a chaise and four drove up to the office, in which Jem and his captain embarked for the metropolis, where they arrived all safe at the residence of Sir Edward Weatherall, and Jem was warmly greeted by his patron on his return, as well as the good fortune that awaited him. Miss Elwester was delighted to see her little messenger again; the lad was as happy as a prince. In his interview with his mother he manifested but little sensibility; but the lady was almost overcome as she pressed him to her heart and wept tears of gladness.

As soon as he possibly could, Jem made his escape from the constant bustle which surrounded him, and the bowing and deference of servants, to pay a visit to his old friend Pat Donovan, who had been already apprized of the great change that had occurred in favour of his protégé,

whose name he had also heard extolled in the public prints. The heart of the boy beat high with exultation as he ascended the stairs at Saint Giles's; and a gush of old remembrances, mingled with gratitude and generosity swelled in his breast, as he heard the well-known voice of Pat chaunting an Irish ditty in praise of green Erin, interlarding the stave with embellishments of his own. Jem, at any other time, would have boldly entered the room, but now he gently knocked at the door.

"Come in," shouted Pat with vehemence, expecting a fellow-labourer. "Arrah, it's mighty ilegant ye're afther getting Mither Tim; an' it's meself must sport a brass knocker;—" Jem opened the door, and walked forward, and the moment Donovan caught sight of him, he exclaimed, "Oh joy! oh joy!—an' is it yerself, then, Jem, my darling—that is, I mane—me lord?" and from demonstrations of perfect gratification, which were evinced by whistling and snapping his fingers, he bowed with the utmost respect.

"There now, Muster Dunnywon," said Jem, "don't let us go to have any more of that 'ere about my lord—let me be as I alays was—plain Jem. Besides I arn't a lord yet—I am only a barrownight, like Sir Mulberry Bolus."

"An' it's brave and ventersome ye are, Jem," continued the Irishman; "oh thin it's meeself has haared all about your takin the admiral's flag: and it wint to the heart of me with the pride an' the pleasure, Jem, that's Sir Henry, I manes—" Pat bowed. "Och then, to think of the gentry coming to visit the likes o' me—oh, it's mightily honoured I am intirely. And her ladyship there to the fore, in her iligant carriage—and the widthow Docherty seeing me get into the vehicle—long life to it—" "Och love is the sowl of a nate Irishman," continued he, alternately singing and talking,—"an it's meself as is proud to see you, Jem—that's my lord I manes."

"Now do ha done vith all that, I say again," urged the lad: "if you don't give it over, I shall toddle. Vy, I arn't a bit more happy now than I was afore, only summut better in regard of being comfortable. And I vants you to go and live with me, Muster Dunnywon. You must cut the long-tailed Griffin, and have every thing as you vishes for, and enjoy yourself like a genelman. It's all vell enough to be vith knights and barrownights, and such like qvality; but somehow I arn't at home in their company: and they laughs at me—the poor creaturs—because I can't talk flash, as they do. But there's not none on 'em as can go up a chimbley—"

"Or iver made prisoner of an admiral's flag, my darelín," observed the Irishman. "Oh! niver mind them, Jem—an' it's meself is so happy intirely in regard of your luck—it's wild I am with the joy;" and he cut the capers of a jig so high that every bound threatened to send his head through the roof.

After many characteristic demonstrations of Pat's highly excited feelings, Jem, at last, got him to put on his best clothes, as the lad was determined not to part with him again, for his first request to his parent was, that Pat should reside under the same roof, and the lady

acquainted with Donovan's generous kindness to her son when unfriended and destitute, cheerfully complied. Together they sallied forth;—an apartment had already been prepared, but Pat resolved to retain his humble lodgings, at least for the present, till he ascertained how things turned out.

But it is now time to give some explanation relative to the events that brought Jem to his present proud estate, which I shall condense from the detailed narrative which Lady Gregory communicated to her son.

Henry de Harcourt went out to India with his regiment a subaltern, but the climate and the wars so rapidly reduced the number of officers, that in the course of a very few years he had not only attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, but had also amassed considerable wealth, with which he returned to England in command of the regiment, and soon afterwards married a lady of rank, who made a most excellent wife, and they enjoyed much real undisturbed happiness. But this was not destined to continue long—the lady died, leaving three children, two boys and a girl, to the paternal care of her greatly distressed husband, whose feelings were still further agonized by losing in succession, and at a short interval, both of his sons. An active life was the remedy he adopted to combat against his griefs, and he at once embarked for India, with the rank of major-general, leaving his daughter to the care of an aunt, with ample means to provide for her education and wants. Twelve years elapsed before she again saw her father; and when he returned a lieutenant-general with a still larger fortune, she was turned seventeen, well accomplished, and though not beautiful, still there was a pleasing smile upon her countenance, and a polished intelligence in her conversation, which fixed attention when admiration for mere beauty would have become wearied with the sameness. The general's constitution had not escaped the ravages of an eastern clime and the indulgence in eastern luxuries—he had become irritable and pcevish, but was greatly delighted with, and proud of, his daughter, who sought by every means to soften the asperities caused by disease.

The general purchased a handsome country seat at no great distance from Canterbury, where he enjoyed the society of some of his old associates; and the officers of the regiments stationed in the neighbourhood, or at Dover, were always welcome guests at his table. Many were the suitors for Miss de Harcourt's favour, but there was only one to whom she was really attached, and he was a lieutenant of dragoons, the son of a poor baronet, but related to several noble families, who had procured him an official appointment in Canada. Young Gregory was not only handsome in his person, but he also possessed many qualifications in mind and manners, that were powerful recommendations in the estimation of the lady. Very few individuals had the least suspicion of this attachment, for in the presence of others the lieutenant always preserved a respectful distance; and, fully aware of the sentiments of Louisa, his regards were untainted by petty jealousy if she conversed with or smiled upon anybody else. They knew each other's

devoted affection, and, united by the bonds of mutual confidence, their conduct in public was regulated by the strict rules of etiquette ; it was in private that they gave free indulgence to their love.

General de Harcourt almost idolised his daughter ; and he hoped to see her married into some distinguished family of high rank and extensive influence. He was a proud and a determined man ; and as he grew older, and became more and more deadened to the softer emotions of the mind, this hope strengthened into positive resolution, which on several occasions he imparted to Louisa. But the fiat had already gone forth ; young Gregory had become the dear object of her heart's tenderest solicitude, and she constantly framed excuses for declining the overtures that were made to her by others, however high in title or abounding in riches they might be. Whether the general suspected her attachment to the lieutenant of dragoons or not, certain it is that the regiment was ordered to a distant station, and the cause of removal was attributed to De Harcourt. The lovers were much distressed at the prospect of separation ; both dreaded the consequences that might arise from it ;—a secret marriage was proposed by the young officer, and acceded to by the young lady. They were privately united at Canterbury by a clergyman of the cathedral ; and though the hour of parting was one of deep regret, yet they possessed the consolation of knowing that their hands as well as their hearts were irrevocably joined in one sacred and holy bond.

Shortly after his departure, young Gregory received an appointment, with the brevet of captain, as principal aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief in Canada, which he would have gladly declined, but the promises of speedy promotion, and the urgent requests of his father, together with the persuasions of his wife (who hoped that a change in circumstances might reconcile the general to what was now inevitable), all conspired to determine him, and he crossed the ocean to Quebec.

But after he was gone the lady deeply regretted his departure, for she found that it was probable she would become a mother ; and her mind was agonised at the prospect of her father's terrible displeasure, should he be made acquainted with the fact. In the urgency of her distress, she revealed her secret to the aunt with whom she had been brought up, and earnestly besought her assistance and counsel ; nor was it withheld. Mrs. Gregory's accouchment was managed in the most secluded manner in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, when everybody thought she was travelling on the continent ;—the child was put out to nurse, and received at the font the name of Henry de Harcourt Gregory.

Information of this event was sent out to the captain, who, as soon as it was possible, obtained leave of absence, determined to return home, and at all hazards acknowledge and succour his wife. He embarked in a timber-ship, which two months afterwards was discovered water-logged at sea, and abandoned by her crew. What became of the latter was never accurately known ; the long-boat was found bottom-up off the coast of Ireland, and it was conjectured that every soul must have perished.

The state of Mrs. Gregory at the supposed melancholy fate of her



husband cannot be described; but the cup of her calamity was not yet full. The person to whose charge her child had been consigned, had belonged formerly to the tribe of gypsies, and her son was still a member of the community. The infant was stolen from the abode of its nurse; and she, though strongly suspecting the gypsies of the theft, did not dare to inform against them, lest they should visit her with vengeance; and thus Mrs. Gregory's afflictions were immeasurably increased by the loss of her child. Her aunt adopted every means, short of publishing names, for its discovery, and large rewards were offered: but all her efforts were ineffectual; nor was it till the son of the nurse came home to his mother's cottage to die, that the facts of the abduction were fully revealed, as well as that the child was abandoned by one of the women in a particular part of the metropolis, which he not only accurately described, but also gave it its right appellation of "Nobody's Hole." The nurse got a neighbour to note down and witness dates and occurrences as given by the dying man; and as soon as he was beyond the reach of earthly punishment, she communicated the particulars to the aunt of Mrs. Gregory.

Both General de Harcourt and the father of the late captain were now dead, so that further secrecy was unnecessary. The whole was promptly related to Louisa, who lost not a moment in commencing a search after her son; she was accompanied by the nurse, and the result of their inquiries has already been narrated.

One of the lad's early visits was paid to the establishment of Mr. Fluewellin, where Jem dispensed largely his bounty, and gave all the young chummies a handsome feast, Pat Donovan presiding on the occasion. His mother would have checked him, as she considered the association degrading to her child, but Jem declared "he would much rather not be a barrownight, if so be as they wanted to take away his precious liberty;" and the lady finding that it would be impossible to polish his manners all at once, very wisely left it to time and education to produce a change.

Sir Edward Weatherall undertook to be his instructor, for Jem would not submit to be sent to school, and a private tutor at home would only have been an object for mischievous amusement; but with his patron and Miss Amelia he was always tractable and happy, and readily attended to their wishes and advice. Mr. Elwester still lingered in existence, with a wound unhealed in his breast, and the earnest and only desire of his soul ungratified. He was reconciled to Sir Edward, the admiral having promised to spare neither exertions nor money to get his nephew created a peer; but he would not consent to the marriage taking place until the peerage was obtained. To this the baronet was compelled to assent; but he was happy in the society of Amelia, and placed the utmost reliance on the word of his uncle. The Duke of Q—— never troubled them again; he formed another matrimonial connexion, in which the lady had no objection to barter her wealth for the title of duchess, which was all that she ever attained, for she was old and ugly, though immensely rich; but a great portion of her fortune went into the coffers of the old usurer, who gloated over it with an unnatural delight.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Some push along with four-in-hand,  
 Whilst others drive at random,  
 In whiskey, buggy, gig, or dog-cart,  
 Curricie, or tandem. SONG.

"Oh, I have passed a miserable night,  
 So full of ugly sights, and ghastly dreams!"

"I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear a conscience."  
 SHAKESPEARE.

"WELL, Muster Blatherwick," said the gunner of the Rubynose to his old messmate the boatswain, "I don't never know what you may think of things in general, but I'm saying, Muster Blatherwick—"

"Heave and paul there, shipmate," exclaimed the boatswain, interrupting him, "and let's have no more gammon with your Muster Blatherwicks; it's all very ship-shape and proper when you're on duty; but jist stow it all now, as we're ashore on leave—do, there's a good sowl; let us forget our long togs, and be Jem and Joe to each other as we used to be. I arn't quite sure I'm so comfortable and happy, as when I was boasun's mate of the ould craft; for d'ye mind, my boyo, now we're warrants, the other officers dont desociate alongside of us, and it wouldn't do to demean ourselves to the foremast men, for that would clap a stopper upon what they calls suboddynation and dishipline—"

"I'm summut o' your way of thinking, Muster—that is, Joe," answered the gunner; "I don't feel as the warrant makes me more happy; but then, you know, shipmate, it rates Mrs. Hardover as an officer's lady, and, bless her heart, she desarves it; so, d'ye see, its wallyable arter all."

This conversation passed as our old acquaintances were quitting the dock-yard on leave of absence for the day, but were sadly puzzled what to do with themselves. Mrs. Hardover was at Gosport with her mother. Mrs. Blatherwick still continued undiscovered; and her husband had become more resigned, though his affections clung to her, and he would not believe that she was dead. They saw the jolly tars in joyous groups, making the most of their liberty; and whilst they looked back at old times, their hearts longed to join in the unrestrained enjoyments of the jovial souls. They also beheld, and were occasionally addressed by officers; but as Blatherwick had observed, there was no association;

it was merely a friendly hail on passing; and as they did not dare to lower their dignity to the seamen, neither did the midshipmen nor lieutenants consider the worthy warrants as eligible companions for themselves.

"What shall we do, Jem?" asked the boatswain, somewhat mournfully. "Here we are, come on a cruise of pleasure, jist as flat as a pair of soles can well be; do tell us, Jem, what tack we shall stand on?"

"Well, Muster—that is, Joe," returned the other, "there's a warmth in the sun and a brightness in the day that speaks of green fields and meadows, and the like o' that; so if you has nothing to say again it, we'll go in-shore, and have a look at 'em. Not as I'm thinking, shipmate, that any sight on land is to be comparised in the same day with the blue waters as they dance around us, and the goulden sky, as it shines in its glory above our heads. But then, d'ye mind, we wallys things by their opposites, and so in course a bit of a cruise between a couple of hedges 'ull sarve to make us love the open sea more and more. What do you say to it, Joe?"

"With all my heart, Jem—with all my heart," assented the boatswain; "there's nothing like a little change arter all. But how shall we go?"

"Not on horseback, I take it," said Hardover, looking archly and good humouredly at his old friend; "for though there arn't much larning and navigation required in keeping a plain course where it's all laid down for you by marks and bearings, yet some of them coasters are apt to steer precious wild, and then it's as bad as working ship in a narrow channel between rocks, in a craft as won't answer her helm. Let's have a shay, Joe, and a animal as knows the difference atwixt starboard and port; I don't mind his carrying on—that's all the better, for I hates your dull sailers as bobs twice in a sea and stands still to look at it; give me a clean-going ten knotter, as 'ull feel the tiller ropes, and houlds up stiff in a breeze, and then I'm your coxsun."

It was speedily agreed upon; a chaise was hired, and the worthy tars, with Hardover to drive, started forth to take a look at the country. The gunner contrived to manage the affair tolerably well. It is true that he more than once or twice ran foul of different vehicles, and got his wheel locked in that of a waggon; but he soon got clear again; and when spoken to by the boatswain as not minding his helm, Jem declared that he did it on purpose, "jist to show his shipmate how dexterously he could dextricate himself from difficulty." At last they got upon the road, and went on blithe enough, though neither of them could help wishing that their wives were with them.

There is perhaps no place in the world where the beauties of summer scenery are more diversified and conspicuous than in highly-cultivated England. I have seen most parts of the globe, and can with confidence assert, in this particular my native land bears the pre-eminence. There are certainly in other lands objects of greater grandeur—stupendous mountains, whose summits are eternally covered with snow, whilst the valleys beneath are smiling in verdure—interminable forests,

magnificent rivers, and gorgeously splendid cities; but for rural simplicity, that at once delights the heart and fascinates the spirit. England stands unrivalled; and I never yet knew a foreigner that had travelled through my country, but admitted the gratifying fact. Oh, this should be a happy, happy spot, where the ground teems with abundance, and the ingenuity of its inhabitants is incessantly engaged in promoting its prosperity! And yet we see squalid poverty amongst the millions, whilst the few are revelling in wealth and luxury. And why is this? The English are a brave and intelligent people when dealing with an open enemy; but they suffer themselves to be too easily gulled and deluded by pretended friends amongst themselves, and who only use them as tools and instruments to secure their own aggrandisement. The bundle of sticks taken separately are easily broken; but what power could control the united voice and will of a free and determined people?

Pardon digression,—the thoughts were suggested by the rich and delightful views which my native land presents, and where the mind promptly and proudly turns from contemplating the almost perfect labours of agriculture to behold our ports and harbours, filled with the abundance of commerce from almost every nation of the earth; to see our cities of merchandize, and our towns of manufactures;—and yet wretchedness and misery abound.

This latter, however, was not the case with the two warrants, who mightily enjoyed their drive—sang snatches of sea-songs; talked over old cruises, both ashore and afloat; hailed almost every one they passed with joyous glee; hove-to to freshen the nip just where they pleased; and were as happy as school-boys indulged with a holiday. After accomplishing a distance of about fourteen miles, they stopped at an inn to refresh; and as their uniforms would not sanction their “blowing a cloud” on their passage out, they now had their pipes, and, seated in an ancient, but large carved oak apartment that commanded a beautiful prospect of the land, with the Channel in the distance, on which the white sails shone brightly in the sunlight, their enjoyment was complete. And now, finding that the berth was comfortable, the attendance good, the fare excellent, and the respect paid to them unexceptionable, they ordered dinner, and not only invited the landlord to partake of it, but hearing that there were two retired naval veterans in the neighbourhood, they requested the honour of their company; and the five sat down to table, full of good-feeling and harmony; and a jovial day they had of it together, making the panelled walls of that venerable room echo again to their boisterous mirth. Bowl after bowl of steaming punch was brought in and emptied; the fragrant weed sent forth its curling vapours, so as nearly to obscure them from each other; and their visions became more and more indistinct, and less easily to be defined.

But the time for departure came—the reckoning was paid, the chaise was brought out, and the veterans taking their seats, they started off, warmly cheered by those whom they left behind. As it was dusk, and they were in a happy state of forgetfulness as to their rank in the



service, they had each a short pipe in his mouth, and puffed away with hearty good-will. Natural instinct taught the horse that he was on his way to his own stable, and, being well fed and fresh, he stepped out in style; but Blatherwick, whose senses were somewhat erratic, fancied that the animal was not pursuing the straight road. "Mind your helm, Jem," said he, as he held out his pipe before him, and detected it cutting some curious and strange capers: "steer her small, Jem—that 'ere animal arn't to be trusted by no means—he's ondubersome in regard of his course, and yaws about like a gallyot with a starn sea arter her; and to my notion o' things, he's tosticated."

Now Jem, though superlatively happy, was not so far gone as the boatswain; yet still he was sufficiently so to entertain something of a similar opinion, especially as his attention was more immediately directed to the operation of steering. To have endeavoured to create a belief in either of their minds that they were not both perfectly sober, would have been a vain and futile task, and consequently they expressed astonishment at seeing the trees dancing, and jigging, and reeling, in the dusky twilight, as they swept along at considerable speed. The mail coach overtook them, and the horse, being an old stager, took to galloping as soon as he heard the sound of the horn behind him. The guard and driver of the mail very soon discovered how matters stood; and as these gentry were never known to be backward in perpetrating a bit of mischief, they edged on the leaders till their noses were pretty close to the two warrants, who felt their hot breath come steaming over their shoulders.

"Starboard, Jem—starboard—" exclaimed the boatswain; "I'm blessed if everything alive arn't running mad."

"Starboard it is," returned the gunner; and the horse obeyed the reins so as to draw nearer to the side of the road.

"Ship ahoy! shouted Blatherwick, turning half round, so that his face came nearly in contact with the nose of the off leader, who threw up his head, and seemed to enjoy the sport. "Ship ahoy—port your helm—port, or you'll be aboard of us directly."

"Twang-twang," went the guard's horn, which put the chaise horse still more upon his mettle and caused him to accelerate his already quick speed.

"We'll head him now, Joe," said the gunner, delighted at the rate they were carrying on: "go it, my sweet'un!—there she walks, ship-mate, and we're leaving the enemy fast."

But Jem's calculation was wrong; the leaders of the mail were again close to their backs, and the gunner made a nearer approach to the hedge-side, so that one wheel was within a few inches of the ditch that bounded the highway. Thus they kept on for some time, the guard occasionally blowing his horn and pushing them ahead, and the coachman bringing his nags up steadily to resume their position. The punch, the tobacco, and the confusion, wrought powerfully upon the boatswain, whose head dropped upon his shoulder as he muttered, "Mind—your—helm—Jem—them devils are arter us yet."

In this dilemma, Jem repeatedly hailed them to "sheer off," but he received no other reply than roars of laughter and the "twang" of the guard's musical instrument, till, almost maddened and desperate, he determined upon trying a manoeuvre that he hoped would rid him of his tormentors, and that was, as he himself termed it, "to haul right athawt the enemy's bows, and so get clear sea-room on the other side." With this intent, he tugged at the rein with violence, but by mistake he pulled the wrong one; the obedient horse instantly honoured the check, and down he went into the ditch, dragging the chaise "and pair" after him, whilst the mail passed on and left them to their fate. The animal reared, and kicked, and plunged, to extricate himself, and eventually the shafts were snapped short off, the traces were broken, and floundering up the bank, he bounded away for Plymouth. The chaise did not fall quite over, but kept its upright position, a little inclined to the left; but the shock was no more than a sudden heave of the sea would have been to the veteran boatswain, who preserved his seat, and was soon in a deep slumber; whilst the gunner, roused by the occurrence, set off with very erratic movements in chase of the horse, but finding himself very soon distanced, he essayed to return to his old shipmate, and had got pretty near to the wreck, when, overcome by exertion, he rolled into a field, and, laying down under the lee of a hay-stack, fancied he was in his cot; so, calling his boy to "dowse the glim," or in other words, to "extinguish the light," he resigned himself contentedly to sleep.

The boatswain's repose was not of the most tranquil nature: he had slipped down to the bottom of the chaise and laid his head upon the cushion; but every now and then he half unclosed his eyes, and telling Jem to "mind his steering," once more shut them again, and sunk into slumber. Day was opening her crystal portals in the east, when the noise of the birds awoke Blatherwick, but not at first to consciousness as to the exact posture of affairs; he rubbed his nose, and then his eyes, and looking out behind, exclaimed, "Halloo, shipmate—what are you arter—driving starn foremost?"—and then, directing his eyes to the fore part of the vehicle, he demanded, "Where's the horse?—Here's a pretty rig!"—and missing his companion, "What, Jem gone too, and I stowed away here down in the run!—this is a nice sitation for an officer of his Majesty's fleet to be in, anyhow! And how did it all happen, I should like to know?—Oh, Poll! if you could only see me now—cooped up here like a cockroach in an egg-shell—disgracing my uniform, and looking for all the world like one of the babes in the wood—it's a precious clout o' the head as you'd give me—and I only wishes them robin redbreastes would come and kiver my innocent head over with leaves." He shouted, "Jem, where are you, my boyo?" but the gunner was too sound to hear him. He next pulled out his silver call, and was putting it to his lips, but seeming to recollect himself, he returned it to his pocket, saying, "It's of no manner of use, arter all, turning the hands up to clear the wreck, seeing as I've got no hands to turn up. It's a snug place, too, and I'm harboured under the green trees. My coppers are hot and my brain's rather dizzy; but

that's with the noise of the dicky-birds—oh, Poll—Poll!"—he shook his head in maudlin sadness,—“I wish you was alongside of me; I'm blessed if I wouldn't turn out, and tow you into dock—ah, that I would. Howsomer, it's of no use blubbering, and taking things so much to heart. Here I am in the shady bowers, when I ought to be in my own store-room; but this is a novelty, and I'm tired and sleepy, and so here goes for another snooze;” and down he laid his head, and again composed himself to rest.

The ditch into which the vehicle had descended was rather deep, but, as the season was dry, contained very little water. Above, the branches from the edge spread widely over it, so as nearly to conceal it from view, and consequently Joe was almost hidden from sight, as well as comfortably hidden from the night dew. He slept soundly, till the sun had risen pretty high, when he again awoke, and shouted loudly for Jem: but Hardover made no answer. “He's not never desarted me, I'm sartin,” said he, “and must be moored somewhere in the neighbourhood. I'll jist try what this 'ull do,”—and putting his call to his mouth, he blew a loud shrill whistle, which was immediately responded to with, “Aye, aye, shipmate—what's the matter?”

“Where are you, Jem?” asked the boatswain; “I knew you'd never desart me in sich a predickymment as this; haul your wind this way, and lend us a hand, old boy.”

“Aye, aye, Joe—aye, aye,” returned the gunner, without making his appearance. “But I shant turn out without you pipe all hands properly, as you ought to do.”

The boatswain complied: the whistle once more rose, loud and shrill, from beneath the foliage, and was followed by a hoarse voice shouting, “All hands ahoy—come down here, Jem, and clear the wreck.”

The gunner's rest had been undisturbed until the well-known sound of the boatswain's call aroused him as if by instinct, and he instantly replied to it. Staring round, he found that he was in the grounds of a handsome cottage, that stood at no great distance from him, and on the lawn appeared a stout female, attired in widow's weeds, who was calling to a youth to come back, but the lad declaring that he had heard a strange bird in the hedge, pursued his way to the very place beneath which the boatswain was lying, and whose whistle had attracted the youngster's attention. The female finding her requests disregarded, followed after, for the purpose of bringing him back, and Jem, seeing the coast clear, leaped the gate, and got into the road. Joe was still seated in the chaise, looking ruefully, when the cracking of the branches above caused him to raise his head, and amid the green foliage he beheld a lovely little face gazing earnestly below.

“Come away, Edward—come away,” said the female, approaching on the other side; “you'll tumble in, and break your limbs—come away I say.”

“Oh, do let me look for it,” entreated the boy; “I'm sure it's nest must be somewhere here about; and we shall see the old one fly out presently.”







"You're right, my precious," said the boatswain, from his dormitory; "the ould un's in his nest here—but, ah me!—the young un's gone. Oh Poll, Poll!—if I could ounly see you and the babby"—

The boy drew back, alarmed, but the female had heard the veteran's exclamation, and instantly advanced; "Who and what are you?" demanded she, in a tone of command that thrilled through the veteran's whole frame. He looked up, and beheld a face he had never once forgotten—the features and the voice were her's—he could not speak. Run, Edward," continued she; "run and let loose the dog, and send the gardener here to watch the premises, and take the fellow up, if so be as he's hobstropolous."

Joe heard the order; it cut him to the heart—he found the use of his tongue. "What, Poll!" said he; "the blessings on your head!—what, my own Poll!"

"Don't go for to 'Poll' me, fellow," exclaimed the disdainful woman; "it's like your imperence—my name's Whiffintoffle—Mrs. Whiffintoffle!—and that is my willa, and these are my grounds. Poll, indeed!—Whiffintoffle's my name."

"Whiff and what?" asked the sturdy boatswain, scrambling through the hedge; "you're coming it pretty thick and strong, I'm thinking—Whiff-and-what, did she say, Jem?—surely I arn't never fast asleep again;" and bursting through the obstruction, he stood fully revealed to the undaunted woman. A loud shriek escaped her, as she placed her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out some terrible object; "It's false, it's false," screamed she; "he wrote me a letter to say as he was dead—oh Joe, Joe! to come for to go to trouble me with your ghost; and in an officer's uniform too!"

"Ghost, my precious!" roared Joe; "not a bit of it—all flesh and blood, and all your own;"—and he caught her in his arms with an embrace that ought to have satisfied any reasonable woman of his being something more than a mere spirit. But the lady was not to be so readily assured; she still screamed and struggled to get free. "Oh Poll!—my own Poll!—as I've ever been true to, and alays loved—and where's the babby?—oh, I longs to see my child, my own hoffspring!"

"Your what?" demanded the female at once stopping her noise, and looking earnestly at her husband, whom, in spite of all her faults, she had always regarded with affection. "But are you indeed Joe?—Joe Blatherwick? Oh, why did you send me that cruel letter!"

"Lord love you, Poll, it was all a mistake," replied the boatswain, again embracing her, and this time without resistance. "Yes, I am your own Joe Blatherwick; but I'm blessed if you didn't frighten me about that there Whiff-and-tussell consarn as you jist now overhauled. But I'm saying, where's the babby, Poll?—bear a hand, let's see my boy!"

"Your boy! why I don't know what you means, Joe," responded the woman: "but it's no use standing here. Come in, Joe, and let's see if we can't explain matters to one another. This here's my willa,"—and

she pointed to the cottage,—“and you shall be as welcome to it as the flowers in May.”

By this time, the dog and the gardener had been let lose on one side, and the gunner had joined the party on the other; but whilst the former were ordered back again, the latter was very favourably received, as an old acquaintance and shipmate; and together they entered the habitation, which was fitted-up and furnished in a showy style, to the great amazement of the boatswain; but as breakfast was ready, he forbore asking questions, and his newly-found wife had reasons of her own for not saying too much.

After the meal (which had been qualified by sundry attacks upon a large case-bottle) had terminated, mutual explanations ensued, which may be given in few words. Joe's history is already known, and therefore it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Mrs. Blatherwick said that “on the departure of her husband from England, she took lodgings in Portsea, where soon after an old woman and her daughter came to reside—the latter was said to be married to a seaman, but she misdoubted it—however, she gave birth to a child, and suffered great distress. Old Molly died, and on the very day of the funeral, the young one deserted her infant, and was never heard of again.”

“Ould Molly!” repeated Jem once or twice, as if trying to recollect something. “Mayhap you didn't never come for to know what her t'other name was?”

“Oh, but I did though!” answered the narrator; “I remembers it very well—her name was Boyd.”

“What!” exclaimed the two warrants, springing up from their seats; “Boyd! Molly Boyd! here's a diskivery!—here's a land-fall!” “And what,” said Jem, “was the young 'un called?”

“I thinks it was Helen, or somut like that—and a pretty creature to look at she was, too,” replied Poll.

“Well, I'm blessed if this arn't a lucky day, any how,” uttered Jem with delight. “And what became of the babby?”

“Why I couldn't never, never see it want,” responded Mrs. Blatherwick, “and so I took charge of it myself, and nursed it, and—”

“Lord love you, Poll, give us a kiss for that,” exclaimed the gratified boatswain, suiting the action to the word; “you'd always a kind and noble heart of your own. But heave ahead in your yarn, my hearty, and give us another drop of the stuff—it's not my babby, arter all.”

“Well, Joe, when that 'ere cruel letter comed, I could not stop in Portsea,” continued the dame, “and so I went up to London; and as the boy took to loving me as if I was his own mother, why I carried him with me. But I grieved so at losing you, Joe,”—and she wiped her eyes with a stiff muslin apron,—“that to keep up my spirits I went to live housekeeper with a Jarman gentleman, as did a little business in the Flushing trade, and had several craft of his own. But he was a lone gentleman, Joe, and with a good deal of money, and so, as I never expected to see or hear of you again, why Joe, he made me an offer—”

"I'm blessed, but that was kind in him, too," said the boatswain; "but what did he offer you, Poll?"

"Why, Joe—it was all along in regard of that cruel letter," returned Mrs. Blatherwick; "I thought as how you wur dead, or I'm sure I'd never have had him—his name was Whiffintoffle, and—"

"Belay all that!" exclaimed the excited boatswain; "I see it now—blow my toplights, but I see it plain enough. Oh, Poll! Poll!—and so you got spliced to Whiff-and-tussel, and forgot your own wartuous and dutiful husband, as never whopped you but once in your life. Oh, Poll! Poll!"—and he dashed his quid out of the window.

"No, no, Joe," I didn't never forget you," pleaded the wife; "it was that cruel letter; and being a lone woman, and thinking of you, that made me marry Mr. Whiffintoffle—"

"There, Poll, never you go for to whisper that 'ere main-to'-bowlin name again," exclaimed Joe, trying to smother and soothe down his irritated feelings; "and if Mister Whiz-and-snuffle's got any regard for hisself, he'll give me a wide berth, and—"

"Jist give over being angry, Joe," urged the respondent; "the poor gentleman's dead and gone, and left me a fortin to myself—and it's all no fault of mine, Joe. Here's the willa that I bought, and the grounds; and the matter of three hundred a-year, and a pony-chaise, and a pony; and there's cocks and hens in the yard, and ducks and geese in the pond, and a litter of young pigs in the sty, and plenty of wine and good liquors in the cellar;—and they're all your own Joe, now you've come back to me—for I've always thought of you, Joe—and though he was a kind husband was Mr. Whiff—"

"Hush, Poll! hush! dont go for to speak of the dear ould sowl again," said the boatswain, gently placing his hand over his wife's mouth; "we should never harbour animosity again! them that is dead and buried—but never pay out the slack o' his name arter this. I knows it was all in regard o' that 'ere letter; but it shan't never happen any more, for I've axed the purser's steward to larn me to write myself, and I've got as far as making boat-hooks and grappling-irons, only it puzzles me in my edecation when I comes to splice 'em together, or make 'em tail on to one another. And so, Poll, we'll try and forget the past, and I'll come and moor ship here by-and-by; and Jem shall bring his missus, for he's took Harry Yeoman's widow in tow, and we'll be as happy as kings and queens."

"But may I make so bould as to ax you whereabouts is the boy?" inquired Jem with earnestness—"I means the boy as you took to London?"

"Why there he is, looking in at the window at you," replied Mrs. Blatherwick, pointing to the lad they had just seen. "Come in, Edward, and speak to the officers," and the youngster sprang through the open window into the room, and his hand was instantly seized by the worthy gunner, who gazed intently upon his countenance.

"Look, Joe—do jist look," said Jem exultingly, as he turned the lad's face towards the boatswain. "Now, did you ever see two figure-heads more alike? He's the very moral of his father, ounly for the softness in the eyes and the whiteness of the skin."



"They're his mother's eyes, and she was as fair as hallyblaster," remarked Mrs. Blatherwick; "but how do you know anything about his father?"

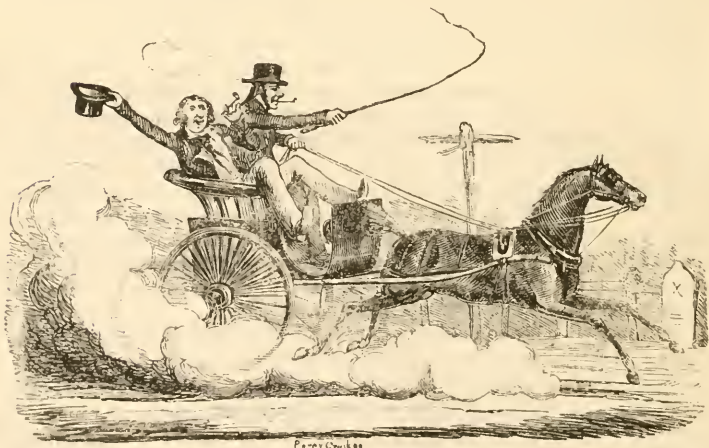
"Do I savvy anything about my own skipper?" argued the gunner. "Ax Joe, there, if this young genelman arn't the son of Captain Weatherall."

"The son of Captain Weatherall!" reiterated Mrs. Blatherwick, looking first at one and then at the other, with strong expressions of doubt upon her countenance—"How can that be?"

"Oh, all right enough," answered Joe, with confidence, "it's as plain to me, Poll, as there's jometry in navigation. Arn't Jem and I been cruising to fall in with the lady—and didn't I hail every beauty as hove in sight, thinking it was you?"

"Well, I don't understand it at all," urged Mrs. Blatherwick. "Let me hear all about it, Joe; and Edward, come and stand by the side of me, and listen."

The whole matter, as the reader may suppose, was fully explained; and it was arranged that they should set out for Plymouth without delay. Mrs. Blatherwick and the lad in the pony-chaise; the two warrants by the coach that was momentarily expected.



## CHAPTER XXX.

"All things that we ordained festival  
Turn from their office to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a burial corse."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

CAPTAIN Weatherall was walking his quarter-deck when the boat-swain and gunner, accompanied by Mrs. Blatherwick and young Edward, came alongside. His mind was dwelling upon past occurrences, and there was an unusual feverish irritation about him which he could not account for—a sort of presentiment that something was likely to happen, but of what nature his mind remained in utter ignorance. He was in this frame when Jem, having reported himself to the first lieutenant, stood, hat in hand, near the after-hatchway, in order to attract his attention.

"Well, gunner," said the captain, "you've come on board again. We're off to sea in a day or two—have you got all your stores from the gun-wharf?"

"Yes, your honour—that is, sir," answered Hardover; "they're all stowed away in the magazine and store-room. But may I be so bold, sir, as to ax to speak a word or two to you in your cabin?"

The captain started, and fixed a keen look upon the gunner, and then threw a rapid glance at Mrs. Blatherwick and the boy, who had just ascended the gangway. "Speak to me in the cabin?" said he, whilst a sickening tumultuous sensation shot through his heart. "Is it anything important?" Jem nodded. "Anything about—" and he stopped short, as he looked inquiringly at Hardover. Jem nodded again. A crimson flush rushed over the captain's cheeks, and he turned and walked aft into his cabin, followed by the gunner.

"And now—what—what is it, my man—that is, Mr. Hardover?" eagerly demanded the commander of the Rubynose, as he stood leaning against the back of a chair, trembling with excitement and emotion. "Speak—speak!"

"I hopes your honour 'ull not be offended at my bringing on 'em aboard," uttered the gunner, smoothing his hair down over his forehead.

"Bringing who on board," repeated the captain, apprehensive that his own sanguine desires had anticipated more than was about to be

realized. "I saw the female and the lad—I suppose they were your wife and her child."

"Not in the least, your honour," responded the gunner; "the lady as you pleased to mention is Mrs. Whiffandbussel—that is, I mean, Mrs. Blatherwick, the boatsun's wife—and the young gentleman, your honour—" and Jem smiled, "I hopes no offence—"

"Go on—go on," hastily exclaimed the agitated officer, vexed with himself at being thus eager about a matter which it appeared did not concern him. "I thought you had some intelligence of—" and he stopped, but he gave the gunner a look full of meaning.

"And so I have, sir," uttered Hardover, with strong feeling. "That young gentleman is no other than your own child, as Joe's wife took to when Molly Boyd died."

"And—Eleanor—Miss Mowbray?" exclaimed the captain. "What—what of her? Has she, too, sunk into the grave? Lost to me for ever? Merciful God, support me in this hour of trial! Sit down—sit down, Hardover—don't heed me, there's a good fellow;" he paced the cabin in violent agitation. "Now, do sit down, and let me hear the whole."

Jem obeyed, and seating himself upon the front bar of one of the chairs, he repeated all that had come to his knowledge that morning; and in a short time afterwards, Mrs. Blatherwick and her charge were sent for into the cabin. It was an affecting interview. At first, Captain Weatherall could hardly articulate a word—the sternness of the man was struggling with the feelings of the father—the energy of maturity strove to master the warm affections of the heart. It was his child that stood before him—his eyes had never beheld him till that moment—nature was gradually claiming the exercise of her privilege—he felt it stealing upon his spirit, but his pride would not submit to the presence of witnesses to his emotion. He waved his hands towards the cabin door, "Leave me—leave me to myself," requested he; and they left him with the lad. "And you are mine!" said he mournfully; "my son—the child of Eleanor Mowbray." He held him at arm's-length, and gazed intently on his features—old remembrances of the female he so ardently loved, the mother of his boy, were revived with overpowering force—his breast swelled almost to bursting—he clasped his offspring in his arms, and bending his head upon the shoulders of the boy, the hardy seaman wept.

As soon as his mind had been somewhat soothed, Mrs. Blatherwick was again summoned and fully questioned as to all she knew relative to Eleanor; and the distressing narrative of that poor girl's privations and sufferings were like coals of fire to the already burning remorse in the captain's soul; and when again alone, the spirit of the strong man was bowed down even to childish weakness, and his agony became almost insupportable as a dread arose, that, overwhelmed with her weight of misery, the wretched girl had, in a moment of delirium, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker. Oh, the horror of such contemplations, without a single hope to cling to—where all is cheerless despondency, and not a glimmering ray of expectation shines through the dreaded future!

Captain Weatherall appeared no more on deck that day, but he would not part with the boy; and when evening came, his boat was manned, and he took him on shore, where he remained till the ship was unmoored, and then Edward accompanied him on board again. The anchor was weighed, and they stood out for sea. Every day brought an accession of affection in the breast of the father towards his child, and they were almost inseparable. The youngster had much of the tenderness of his mother in his composition—he was greatly attached to Mrs. Blatherwick, who had generously, though perhaps not overwisely, supplied the place of a parent to him; but he soon learned to respect and esteem his father, who was a very different sort of a man to Mr. Whiffintoffle; and though at the outset the lad rather spurned at restraint, yet the captain, by judicious means, progressively brought him within proper bounds, and he was infinitely more happy than when in the enjoyment of unrestricted indulgence.

There had been a long continuance of easterly winds, which had prevented the convoys from getting into the channel; and one object which the Rubynose was ordered to accomplish, consisted in supplying the merchant vessels with provisions and water, as it was very naturally supposed they must run short of those essentials to existence after a long voyage. The enemy's cruisers and privateers were also extremely busy, and had been tolerably successful; therefore, Captain Weatherall was directed to look sharp after them.

Great indeed was the distress of many of the vessels he fell in with, and most timely was the succour that he brought; some were reduced to a state bordering on starvation, and others were almost perishing with thirst; but every necessary aid was given to them. Nearly a week was occupied in this way, when one morning, soon after daylight, two large ships were observed close to the Rubynose. The haze had been so extremely dense throughout the night as to prevent any distant object from being seen, so that the vessels had approached to close approximation without any previous intimation of their being near each other. The officer of the watch in the fifty immediately apprized his captain, and at first they were supposed to be two British cruisers; the private signal was shown, and remained unanswered; and, as the light increased, one of the strangers was distinctly made out to be a French frigate, making the best possible use of her legs, and the other it was conjectured was an East Indiaman which she had captured. Sail was instantly made in chase, but the frigate walked two feet to the fifty's one, and very soon distanced her pursuer, to the great regret and annoyance of Captain Weatherall (whose active spirit could not brook the grandmama pace of the old Rubynose), and the vexation of the ship's company, which, from the first lieutenant to the cook's mate's secretary of state, longed to have a slap at the enemy. But even the captured Indiaman sailed well, and it was not till after a forty-eight hours' run that the man-of-war got along-side of her, when she at once surrendered, without firing a shot, and proved to be the *Lady Nelson* from Bombay, with a valuable cargo, taken by the Republican national frigate the day before, having separated from the homeward-bound fleet during



the gale of wind. The captain, most of the officers and crew, with several of the passengers, had been shifted to the *Frenchman*, leaving the lascars, and a few hands to assist the prize-people in navigating the capture into port. Some of the passengers also remained, and the officer who first boarded from the *Rubynose*, on his return reported to his commander that there was a sick lady on board, who was not in a fit state to be removed; the surgeon of the *Indiaman* had been sent to the *Republican*, and consequently there was no medical attendant to administer to her wants under affliction.

Captain Weatherall solicited the surgeon of the *Rubynose* to wait upon the lady, and to offer every accommodation of his ship, should it be deemed advisable to remove her, or to assure her of the best possible attention if her desire was to remain in the *Indiaman*. Mr. Stuart found the lady labouring under general debility, both of body and mind, and apparently fast fading away in the withering embrace of decline. On his return to the *fifty*, he spoke of the female as singularly lovely, but extremely taciturn, with occasional outbreaks of mental delirium. There was nothing in the condition of her disease to prevent the change from the *Indiaman* to the *fifty*, but the surgeon feared it would cause nervous irritation that might hasten dissolution.

"What can we do, then, doctor?" inquired the captain earnestly; "perhaps you can spare one of your assistants, who probably would have no objection to take charge with the prize-master into port."

"On my own part, sir," responded Mr. Stuart, "I am perfectly prepared to enter into any arrangement; it is for Captain Weatherall to give orders."

"I am fully aware of that, my dear sir," answered the captain, "though sending away an assistant surgeon is somewhat novel; but I would wish to make things pleasant to all parties."

"May I be permitted to ask, sir, whether it is your intention to keep company with the re-capture?" respectfully demanded the surgeon.

"That must depend upon circumstances, doctor," replied the captain; "I have pretty well fulfilled my orders, and the heart of this easterly breeze seems to be breaking, so that the probability is that I shall convoy the *Lady Nelson* in."

"In that case, sir, I shall be most happy to attend to the sufferer myself, whenever you can spare me a boat," said the surgeon.

"But the chances are precarious, doctor," remarked the captain; "would there be anything indelicate or improper in my seeing the lady myself?"

"Not in the least, sir," responded the surgeon, "she is dressed, and lays upon a couch in the stern cabin, the whole of which I understand she occupied. I have some idea that she is a widow, who has recently lost her husband, as she is in deep mourning; and now I remember she said something about a child."

"Poor thing," uttered Captain Weatherall, as he endeavoured to restrain a heavy sigh, "perhaps she has sustained the loss of both.

Well, doctor, I will accompany you, and be guided by circumstances when we get on board."

At this moment Captain Weatherall observed, for the first time, that Edward had been listening to the conversation, and now, taking his father's hand, and looking beseechingly in his face, he solicited permission to go with him to the Indianaman.

"Why, what can you do there, my boy?" asked the captain, with a smile, as he gazed intently on the countenance of his child.

"I would do anything I could for the poor lady," responded the lad, as the tears stood trembling in his eyes; "oh, do let me go and see her."

"The attentions and tenderness of childhood are well calculated to soothe affliction," remarked the captain, in an undertone to himself; "at all events the trip can do him no harm." He then addressed his son, "Well, Edward, you may go; but mind how you get down the side, and don't be in a hurry;" for the gratified boy, delighted with his father's assent, had danced off towards the gangway, followed by his anxious parent.

"I've got leave to go, Mr. Hardover," said the boy to the gunner, "will you help me down the steps? not but what I could do it by myself, but the captain would be angry."

The gunner gave a glance at his commander, as his fingers went mechanically to the rim of his hat; a nod of acquiescence was the response; and our old acquaintance, Jem, assisted the lad into the barge, where he was quickly followed by the surgeon and Captain Weatherall.

The Indianaman had stood a smart action with the French frigate, and sustained considerable damage from the enemy's shot before she struck, very little of which had been repaired; the prize-crew were, however, now actively employed in shifting the sails and splicing the gear, and the carpenter's people in stopping shot-holes, &c. The captain gave a rapid glance over their proceedings, and then walked aft to the cuddy. Edward had been beforehand with him, for he could hear the harmonious sound of his voice in the after-cabin as he soothingly addressed the sick lady. The cabin door stood partly open, and he could see a female dressed in black, reclining on a couch, but sufficiently raised up to hold Edward by the arm with one hand, as she parted the curling, clustering locks on each side of his forehead with the other. Her back was to the captain, but the face of his child was distinctly visible as he looked up with tearful tenderness to the countenance of the lady. A turn of his head caused him to catch sight of the captain, and he uttered in a soft tone, while delight sparkled through the rich drops of kindly feeling, "Here is my father; I told you, lady, that he would come to see you;" and withdrawing himself he ran to his parent and led him forward. The female did not at first alter her position; she seemed hardly conscious of what was passing; but, missing the boy, she turned round to look for him at the very moment that Captain Weatherall had advanced towards her. Their eyes met; there was a sudden start, as with the swiftness of lightning they scanned each other's person, and the

next instant Eleanor Mowbray was in the arms of her still fondly-attached lover, to whom she clung with almost supernatural energy, as he pressed her head against his breast. But her hold grew feeble, or only retained its tension by sudden snatches—it relaxed—ceased—and she sank into insensibility.

The surgeon was immediately summoned, but it was long before animation was restored; and during the interval the captain sustained great mental agony, as he feared they had only met to be separated for ever. Gradually, however, consciousness returned.

"Have I been dreaming?" said she, as she strove to raise herself erect. "Could it be—was it Edward Weatherall that I beheld?" The surgeon motioned to the captain to keep out of sight as much as possible, "Ah, no!" she continued faintly, "such visions are but too frequent to my aching heart; the hand—the hand of death is upon me," she uttered wildly, "I shall never see my native land again." Then, as sudden recollections of her deserted child crossed her mind, there came also remembrances of the pretty lad who had recently visited her. "Where is he?" demanded she; "the boy—the—the—ministering angel that—it was true," she shrieked; "he called him father—Edward! Edward! oh, let me not call in vain."

As both the father and the son bore the same name, they each of them eagerly stood forward. "I am here, my Eleanor," uttered the agitated captain, as he sat down by her side, and passed his arm over her shoulders to raise her up.

"And I am here, lady," said the weeping boy, as he took the white and attenuated hand that laid extended on the couch; "let me kiss you, and we will nurse you; wont we, father?"

"Ha!" shrieked the excited Eleanor, and then laughed wildly, "he has spoken again—he has called him father!" She threw her long fair hair back from her brow, as she fixed her keen gaze on the captain's countenance. "Speak, Edward," said she with energy; "speak—is it—oh, merciful heaven! can it be—"

"It is, it is, my Eleanor," answered the captain, with strong emotion, as he vainly strove to repress the overpowering sources of nature's gushing fountain; and then addressing the lad, he added, "Edward, this lady is your mother."

Vain, indeed, would be the endeavour to describe the scene that followed. The mind of the beautiful woman continued at times to wander, but she would not let the lad quit her for an instant; sometimes she would press his head upon her bosom, and in a voice sweetly plaintive sing snatches of those songs with which she had lulled him to sleep when an infant cradled in her arms; and then confused reminiscences of the past would come over her, and she would talk incoherently of her deserted and perishing babe; but no murmur of reproach escaped against her lover, who tried to calm her agitation and remove her fears. Again the conviction that Edward Weatherall and her boy were present with her, burst brightly through the gloomy clouds that had gathered round her darkened faculties, and laying her head upon the breast of the one, as she held the other to her heart, her joy was too vast to admit of utterance.

That evening she was conveyed in the barge to the man-of-war, everything having been duly prepared in the captain's cabin for her reception; and when alone with her lover she declared "there was but one wish more to be gratified, and she should die in peace."

"Nay, dearest, talk not of dying," said the captain encouragingly, "I trust we shall yet have many years of happiness together; and what is there that my Eleanor can require that I will not strive to fulfil?"

"Alas! Edward, no," returned she, "I cannot deceive myself, and I will not delude you; too well I know that my time with you is short. Oh, it will be harder to me now to quit the world, and my spirit clings more eagerly to life as the prospect of its contracting span comes vividly before me; so lately found—so soon to part again. Yet,"—and she pressed her hands together, and raised her eyes in fervent supplication,—“yet grant, O most merciful Father, that ere I depart this vale of sorrow and affliction; oh, grant that the stain may be washed away from my name, and that I may enter thy presence hallowed by the character of wife!”

"Now may God in his mercy hear and answer the prayer, Eleanor!" exclaimed the captain with energy, "that is but a small portion of the reparation I will make; every hour of my existence shall be devoted to exertions for your future tranquillity and comfort. Come, dearest, endeavour to seek repose, you have been much tried this day; to-morrow we will hope for a revival." She pressed his hand, and looked tenderly upon him. "I will be near you, my love;—and here comes one who knew you in adverse times." Mrs. Blatherwick entered. "She will be kind and attentive to your wants, and will not leave you till the morning."

Mrs. Blatherwick was not at first recognized, but a short conversation recalled many past occurrences to remembrance; and grateful, indeed, was the poor mother when she learned that her companion had been the means of saving her child: she occasionally dozed during the night, but even then her dreams were mixed up with the transactions of the previous day, and she was restless and disturbed.

The wind shifted round to the westward, and the Rubynose went away with her yards squared to the breeze, and in three days was again moored in Plymouth Sound. Captain Weatherall reported his arrival to Sir Mulberry Boreas, and then hastened to bring Eleanor ashore. It was evident to all that the tide of existence was fast ebbing away, and that she could not long survive. Suitable apartments were obtained, and the captain lost not a moment in procuring a special license for their union. This, however, occupied some time, and nature was sinking to its last struggle as the clergyman joined their hands in holy matrimony.

"I have now," said she feebly, "but one other earthly duty to perform, and then—" her voice became inarticulate, but she waved her hand to Mrs. Blatherwick, who well understood her meaning, and retired to execute her commands.

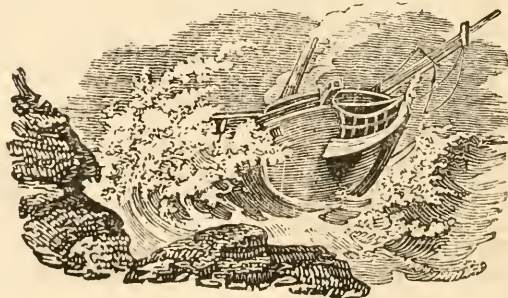
Colonel Mowbray had died at Bombay, bequeathing to his niece the great bulk of his large property; and, in case of her dying intestate,



the whole was to be divided amongst distant relations. During Captain Weatherall's absence on duty, Eleanor had instructed an eminent attorney to draw up a will in favour of her son, by which he was entitled to an immense fortune—under the trusteeship of his father whilst a minor—on his coming of age. This document was already prepared, and the attorney waiting for its execution by the several parties. It was to introduce him that Mrs. Blatherwick had withdrawn, and they now appeared together. The instrument was placed in the hands of Captain Weatherall to peruse, and subsequently signed by the expiring woman and the witnesses.

"And now," said she, presenting it to her husband, "the cares of life with me are over. My passage through existence has been short, but tempestuous—the storms have subsided—happiness is smiling upon me: it is hard to part—but the will of heaven be done! its decrees are wiser than our erring judgment—and," looking tenderly at the captain, "perhaps it is for the best. You will not forget me, Edward," continued she, in a tone of inquiry sweetly plaintive. "Yet, do not grieve; for God is merciful to the penitent; and will receive me to his holy rest. The tongue of reproach will be silenced when I am in the grave. Be a parent to our child, Edward—but I know you will, and therefore upon that score my mind is at ease. I feel, Edward—I feel my breath is failing—a dimness is coming over my sight—and, Edward, I would pass my last moments in imploring the forgiveness of my Maker; kneel, my husband—oh, there is sweet music in that name! kneel, my child—let all kneel, and join with me in prayer—that my spirit may ascend to the throne of Omnipotence with the supplications for pardon and for peace."

There was no other persons present but Captain Weatherall, his son, the surgeon, and Mrs. Blatherwick, and these kneeled around the bed of expiring humanity. The prayers were in secret, but the silence was broken by sobs of anguish, as Eleanor—her pallid face beaming with a heavenly smile—addressed her Maker. One of her hands was clasped between those of her husband, and the other held her boy's; supported by the pillows, she gazed for a moment alternately upon those who were so dear to her—her lips moved, but no utterance could be heard—there was a slight tremor through her frame—her breathing ceased, and the spirit of poor Eleanor took its flight for ever.



## CONCLUSION.

"My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet filed with my abilities."

"The end crowns all;  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it."

SHAKESPEARE.

AND now for a wind-up to this eventful history. Through the powerful interest of Vice-Admiral Sir Mulberry Boreas with the government, added to a well-timed application of a few thousands, Sir Wentworth Weatherall was created a baron and a peer of the realm, under the style and title of Lord Wentworth, of Wentworth Hall; and the scruples of Mr. Elwester being thus in a great measure removed, he no longer withheld his assent to the marriage of his daughter with the newly-made nobleman, especially as he cherished hopes, that through the medium of his great wealth, he should be further enabled to obtain an earldom for him, and he should yet be spared to see his child a countess.

The wedding was sumptuous in the extreme: the ceremony was performed at the house of Amelia's parent,—all that money could procure was put in requisition for the occasion. Both the young lord and his bride had earnestly desired that their union might bear something of a private character, but the father was resolute in insisting upon its being conducted on the most magnificent scale; and his mind gloated on the gorgeous display which he had planned, to give *éclat* to the nuptials of his daughter; his hoards of massive plate were brought forth to decorate the festive board; the servants were arrayed in rich state liveries of dark green, thickly trimmed with broad gold lace and bullion shoulder knots—and looked like generals in the Russian service, whilst Elwester himself was dressed with singular plainness, and old Lankrib wore an elegantly embroidered court suit of earlier times, which made him resemble a living skeleton curiously attired in mockery of death. Numerous and high in rank were the visitors invited. Some went out of curiosity to laugh at the old man's assumption of aristocracy—others were too deeply in his debt to anger him by remaining away; and there were not a few who hoped to gain his favour by compliance, so that they might thereafter profit by his loans. Lady Harecourt and her son attended through attachment

to the young couple; the admiral came up purposely to the metropolis to be present, and Jem, when he beheld the gold-laced uniform and cocked hat, was half tempted to go to sea again that he might be dressed as fine. The old usurer, although still labouring under debility, gave his child away at the altar, and at the close of the ceremony was the first to salute her as "my lady;" nor was the title of "your ladyship," scarcely ever off his lips through the remainder of the time they were together. Captain Weatherall was at sea; but had his ship been in port, he was too much stricken in heart to have joined the festive party. Bill Breezy, however, was there in all his glory, rigged out in a snit of dress-clothes for the occasion; but after the banquet, when the newly-married couple, with a splendid equipage, had taken their departure for a princely mansion in the country, the gift of Mr. Elwester, Bill dowed his long togs, and, resuming his blue jacket and trowsers, mounted aloft to the two-shilling gallery at Drury-lane theatre; but, having already drank pretty freely, he did not remain there long—he wanted more grog, and there was no lack of places to supply him, till, overcome by liquor, he wandered into Covent-garden market, and, falling prostrate among a heap of cabbages, he slept away the night under the protection of a powerful, muscular Irishwoman, who resisted the attempts of everyone to meddle with him; for she declared "the bowld tar was the best defender of his counthry; and musha, bad luck to the sowl as 'ud thrate him with oncivility." When daylight came she aroused Bill from his slumbers, and the effects of intoxication not having evaporated, he was greatly at a loss to comprehend his situation. "Halloo, my hearties," shouted he, as, struggling to rise, he grappled hold of the esculant plants. "By yer leaves, I'll turn out—but how the deuce did I get here?" Mrs. O'Flannigan, with no small degree of circumlocution, informed him of every particular, and the part which she had taken in securing him from molestation: he found his money was untouched, and admiring the honesty and kindness of his friend, he offered to treat her with anything she liked, provided a conveyance could be procured to take them to the nearest grog-shop. Mrs. O'Flannigan proffered her services to carry him thither in her basket—a feat that just suited Bill's notions of fun, and he instantly acceded to it. The basket was placed upon the ground, and down squatted the tar, coiling his lower stancheons underneath him like a tailor; the whole was then steadily raised to the woman's head by some of her colleagues, and she walked off with her burthen amidst the uproarious shouts of the fraternity, most of whom accompanied her to witness the completion of her undertaking.

Mrs. O'Flannigan\* performed her task with great tact and ability. Bill sometimes got a little unsteady, which she at once corrected by shouting, "Arrah, sit aisy, yer sowl, or it's smashed in the kennel

\* A portrait of "this imminent lady" was taken some few years since by Mr. Robert Cruikshank, for the late proprietor of Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden where it is probable it may still be seen.

ye'll be intirely, an small blame to meself for that same." They reached the grog-shop in safety, and here the gallant and eccentric fellow not only paid his conductress handsomely for her trouble, but he also ordered a treat for all hands as far as his cash would go, in honour



of his cousin Meley, which terminated in a general Irish row throughout the market.

This was one of the last of Bill's drinking bouts, and from this time he used his utmost endeavours to keep free from intoxication. As he was an excellent seaman, and a truly brave fellow, it was proposed to purchase him a ship in the merchant employ; but this he declined, being resolved to continue in the service of his king and country. Captain Weatherall gave him the rating of master's mate in the Rubynose, and by carefully watching his failing, he succeeded in checking, and eventually of correcting it altogether, so as to render himself eligible to a lieutenancy, which in the course of time he obtained.

I always feel a degree of cheerless melancholy when bidding farewell



to old acquaintances—particularly when they have become endeared to me by familiar associations in the hours of pleasantry and mirth: even the seasons of affliction and difficulty have sweetened the companionship, and the heart has been beguiled of half its sorrows by the gratifying presence of honest worth. They may be only the creatures of imagination—the peopling of the space in my lone apartment by the visions of fancy, but, if intercourse with them elevates the mind to prize and cherish virtue, whilst it excites abhorrence of and indignation against vice, why they are the friends that should be loved, and it is difficult to part from them.

But this is a world of change, as well for the gorgeous sovereign as the humble tanner; and we soon get through it—from the titled rich, who keep their money in joint-stocks, to the poor washerwoman who relies solely upon her coppers. We make a will, and death brings in his bill; we offer him a check upon a bank of time, but it is dishonoured; we pray for an extension—it is not granted; the inflexible creditor puts in an execution—a seizure takes place—our last note is torn from us, and we ourselves are changed from time into eternity.

And now to finish this eventful history. Captain Weatherall never married again; he attained an elevated rank in his profession, and his son, following in his footsteps and aided by the interest of Sir Mulberry, became a post-captain at twenty-three.

The worthy old admiral lived to hoist red at the main, and was amongst the first promotions on the resumption of that honoured flag.

Mr. Elwester did not long survive the marriage of his daughter, but his ardent wish to see her a countess was gratified, as, through a large loan to government, he stipulated that his son-in-law should be created an earl. This was accomplished, but he was not spared to caress the little lords and honourables that increased the family; he expired, was buried with great pomp—and a marble monument in the parish church of one of his estates records his unexampled virtues and his exemplary piety.

The boatswain and gunner, after a suitable service, retired to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*; but not much liking the cottage, they removed to the neighbourhood of Greenwich Hospital, where they enjoyed the society of old messmates and shipmates, and drank their grog, and spun their tough yarns, till all was blue. The only mark of displeasure Joe ever evinced against Whiffintoffle was to get a sign-painter to daub out the old gentleman's portrait, and paint his own over it.

After the foregoing flourish from an old tar, which would puzzle the boatswain to uncoil, it may be supposed that I am about to announce the place of nativity of my hero, and thereby immortalize it for ever. But no such thing shall I attempt. It is true, that contrary to former precedent, a contention did occur as to which place he belonged, but this happened while he was yet a little child; and the strife was not as to the spot that should claim him, but actually which should get rid of him; and so important was the settling of the point considered, that the records of centuries were searched, and gentleman high in the legal

profession occupied nearly a whole day in discussing the merits of this interesting case, before the dignified judges of the land.

The question in dispute was not as to the child's birth-place, for that was unknown, but touching the right of discordant parishes to exercise their tender mercies in providing for his future wants.

Oh! it was a grand spectacle to witness; the judge upon the bench, listening, when awake, to the *pros* and *cons*; the counsel in the heat of argument, shaking the powder from their curly-tail wigs; and beadles, and overseers of the poor, and fat parishioners, lending their eager ears to the nice distinctions of the law although they could not understand them.

At last after a patient, and of course impartial investigation of many hours' duration, the court came to the decision that the boy was born somewhere, (an axiom which he was at all times ready to demonstrate, but more particularly at his meals) and that he was certainly chargeable to some especial parish unknown.

Lady Harcourt, in the progress of time, had the satisfaction to see her son much polished, but Jem never could wholly eradicate old feelings and old remembrances: he underwent no particular course of studies, but was led by judicious management to gain considerable practical information upon almost every subject, which his own acuteness turned to general advantage, when a seat was purchased for him in the House of Commons. Nor did he ever forget the humble station from which he had arisen, for the industrious poor always found in him a ready and active friend.

Pat Donovan had long paid suit and service to the buxom widow Docherty, who had not smiled altogether favourably upon the worthy Irishman, for—Pat was poor. But when Jem took the honest fellow in his handsome carriage to visit her, and she saw his fine proportions fashionably arrayed in an elegant coat and waistcoat, buck-skin tights, and top-boots, he became irresistible, and she became Mrs. Donovan. Lady Harcourt settled an annuity upon them. Pat enjoyed a sinecure, and a cottage with a “pratee” garden—his wife was created laundress to the family.

Messrs. Glumbulky and Macaw cherished their parochial animosities, for like other public functionaries, each had his own immediate coterie; that of Mr. Glumbulky meeting nightly—Sundays excepted—at the sign of the “Parson and Corkscrew,” and that of Mr. Macaw holding their head quarters at the “Clerk and Halferown.” But, as

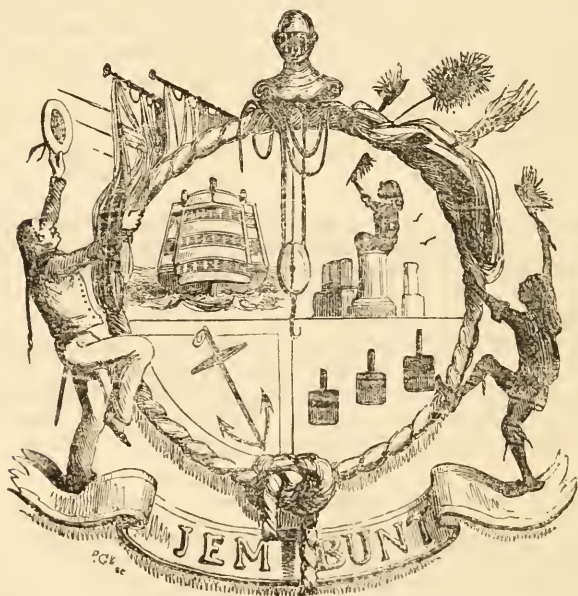
Fleas have other fleas to bite 'em  
And so go on *ad infinitum*.

so did the members individually of these coteries form coteries of their own till war was waged to the very teeth of the boundaries, and an annual fight took place between the rival charity schools on the Saints' day, when the bumps inflicted on the invaders would have sadly puzzled the learned Dr. Spurzheim, from the peculiarity of their situation, and only to be accounted for on a principle of *free-knowledgy* (it is a shocking bad pun—perhaps the last worst—but I cannot help it,) with which

the doctor could have no acquaintance, especially as that talented man was of opinion that education should be infused into the seat of intellect—the brain; whereas, in parochial schools, it was flogged in at a very different seat, (if I may be allowed the term) the antipodes to the head.

At the Clerk and Half-crown, annually, on the first of May, a handsome dinner was provided at Jem's expense, he himself presiding on the occasion, with the emblazonry of puce-and-silver on his right hand; every soul in the poor-house being regaled at the same time—whilst a banquet was spread upon the lawn before Lady Harcourt's mansion for every sweep who chose to partake of it.

The sign then known as "The Clerk and Half-crown" has been changed, but the house is yet standing beneath the benign influence of Saint Leadandall; and to commemorate the remarkable occurrence the subjoined armorial bearings may be seen, richly painted and gilded, over the mantel-piece of the club-room.



# ILLUSTRATED STANDARD WORKS

PUBLISHING BY

## WILLOUGHBY & CO.,

WARWICK LANE, AND 26, SMITHFIELD,  
LONDON.

(EXPORT ORDERS STRICTLY EXECUTED.)

### VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST. By HENRY COCKTON, Esq.

Embellished with Sixty richly humorous Engravings on Steel, by S. ONWHYEN.

Demy 8vo., cloth, gilt back, (640 pp.) price 10s.

This is one of the most amusing and deeply interesting publications of the day. The power of an accomplished Ventriloquist is well known to be unlimited. There is no scene in life in which that power is incapable of being developed: it gives its possessors an absolute command over the actions, the feelings, and the passions of men; while its efficacy in loading with ridicule every prejudice and every project whose tendency is pernicious, cannot fail to be perceived at a glance. The design of this work, although essentially humorous, is not, however, to excite peals of laughter alone; it has a far higher object in view, namely, that of removing the most prominent of our social absurdities and abuses, by means the most peculiarly attractive and pleasing.

"A very humorous and amusing work, detailing the life of a Ventriloquist. It abounds in droll scenes, which will keep the most melancholy reader in a side-aching fit of laughter as long as he has the book in his hands." *Times*.

"This a clever Bozian work, very smartly and shrewdly written. The illustrations, by ONWHYEN, are original and facetious." *Court Journal*.

"A racy production of the class which Mr. Dickens has rendered so popular. Valentine, the hero, is a youth, who having witnessed the performance of a Ventriloquist, finds, after much practice, that he can himself accomplish the feat. It is scarcely necessary to mention the lots of fun of which this may be made the foundation." *Weekly True Sun*.

### STRUGGLES AND ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE, AT HOME AND ABROAD. By ALBERT SMITH. Author of the "Adventures of Mr. Jedbury," "The Overland Mail," "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," &c. &c. Illustrated by JOHN LEECH.

Demy 8vo, cloth, (512 pp.), gilt back, price 8s.

"The real strength of the author is in description. There is often a minute fidelity in his pictures, which render them extremely graphic. He, like Mr. Dickens, is always in the streets of London, or any other venerable city." *Atlas*.

"A very entertaining tale; distinguished by great smartness of style, peculiar happiness in description, and an amusing variety and contrast of character." *Morning Advertiser*.

"Dickens and Albert Smith so assimilate in style, and their vigorous powers of conception are so great, that it would be a very difficult task for the nicest critic to award a preference as to their merits. Let it be said, therefore, that they are stars of great magnitude, shining with equal brilliancy." *Cambridge Independent Press*.

"Abounding with sketches of life and character true to nature, and with that broad caricature which those who are familiar with the literary productions of this author must have so fully appreciated. But Mr. Smith not only deals in burlesque; he can be grave as well as gay, and has made himself acquainted with the workings of the human heart, as well as the surface peculiarities of human character, which bids fair to raise him to the same literary eminence as his contemporary Dickens. He dashes on with

unflinching spirit and good-humoured satire. For vigour, he has never been surpassed by any writer of the same school." *Nottingham Review*.

"Christopher Tadpole is, without doubt, the cleverest and most popular of Albert Smith's works." *Dundee Courier*.

"The early part is not taken up, as is frequently the case with works of this kind, with flat description. Our author is too much of a humorist to prose over very many pages without enlisting our sympathies with something or other; and verily the matter must be small that does not afford some tangible points for his keen observation. We must confess that Mr. Smith does not indulge overmuch in the 'pathetic'; in fact, he seems to have a dread of that tender ground, and prefers to make us cry with laughter, rather than lugubrious with overwrought feeling. In this he is wise. The 'pathetic' is over-done just now; besides, an author may be kindly, and have sympathy with our tender feelings, without drawing out our pocket-handkerchiefs, and making us snivel away our sympathies with mere imaginations. Mr Smith's forte is avowedly 'the comic,' and in this line, with the exception of Dickens, there are none to equal him." *Glasgow Journal*.



**OLD LONDON BRIDGE; An Historical Romance. By GEORGE HERBERT RODWELL.** Illustrated with highly finished steel engravings, by ALFRED ASHLEY.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back, (408 pp.) price 8s.

"The characters are well sustained, and the illustrations are well executed." *Oxford Chronicle*

"'Old London Bridge,' by G. Herbert Rodwell (whose talents, not only in this line, but in music and the drama, have made him popular in all), is the author of this tale, laid to an old date when old pastimes were in vogue. The capital engraving of the Bridge and houses upon it, as in ancient times, is alone sufficient to make a volume welcome."

*Literary Gazette.*

"'Old London Bridge' takes us back to the picturesque days of King Hal, and deals with strong elements of imaginative excitement."

*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

"As ancient history is greedily devoured, so will the numbers of 'Old London Bridge' meet with public patronage from time to time, like the life and times of some old warrior."

*Blackwood's Ladies' Magazine.*

"In addition to a most interesting account, historical and romantic blended, of the dark deeds which were perpetrated by the voluptuous and sanguinary Henry the Eighth, told in easy and flowing language, and giving a vivid picture of atrocities of which London Bridge was the chief scene at that memorable period—there are engravings by Alfred Ashley which well deserve commendation."

*Plymouth Journal.*

"The date of the story is the reign of the wife-murdering Henry; and the main feature is understood to be derived from actual occurrences. Mr. Rodwell has evidently studied closely the localities, manners, circumstances, and customs of the period whence he has derived his materials; and he has worked them up with care and artistic skill."

*Eastern Counties Herald.*

**PICKWICK ABROAD. By G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Esq., Author of the "Mysteries of London," "Robert Macaire in England," &c. &c.** Embellished with steel engravings, designed by ALFRED CROWQUILL and JOHN PHILLIPS, and numerous wood-cuts by BONNER.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (628 pp.), price 8s.

"'Pickwick Abroad' is so well done by G. W. M. REYNOLDS, that we must warn 'Boz' to look to his laurels."

*Age.*

"'Pickwick Abroad' is an admirable continuation of 'Boz's' famous 'Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,' and promises to become equally popular. The characters are sustained with great spirit and tidily; and the scenes and incidents are varied and full of life."

*Glasgow Courier.*

"Monsieur G. W. M. REYNOLDS fait voyager en

France M. Pickwick, au grand amusement de ses lecteurs. Dans cet ouvrage de M. REYNOLDS on remarque avec plaisir que l'auteur tente à accroître les sympathies de l'Angleterre pour la France."

*Revue Britannique, (a French Magazine).*

"'Pickwick Abroad' is presented to us with undiminished spirit; and the variety of character and incident afforded by the sojourn of the Pickwickians at Paris, keeps our attention on a perpetual *qui vive*."

*Weekly Chronicle.*

**ALFRED; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH GENTLEMAN. By G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Esq., Author of "Pickwick Abroad," the "Mysteries of London," &c.** With fourteen steel engravings.

Demy 8vo, gilt back (237 pp.), price 3s. 6d.

**TOM RACQUET AND HIS THREE MAIDEN AUNTS. With a few words about "the Whittleburys." By CHARLES W. MANBY. With Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK.**

Demy 8vo, cloth, emblematical gilt back (204 pp.), price 5s.

**ROBERT MACAIRE IN ENGLAND. (Fifth Edition, revised by the Author.) By G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Author of "Pickwick Abroad," etc.** With 18 Steel Engravings, by PHIZ.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back, 400 pp., price 5s.

**SAMUEL SOWERBY; or, Doings at Ravensdale Priory. By the Author of "Claudius Bolio." With 20 Steel Engravings by PHIZ.**

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back, 320 pp., price 5s.

**CLEMENT LORIMER; or, the Book with the Iron Clasps. A Romance, By ANGUS B. REACH. With Illustrations on Steel by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.**

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back, 286 pp., price 5s.

**THE HISTORIC GALLERY OF PORTRAITS AND PAINTINGS With brief Memoirs of the most Celebrated Men. Embellished with fine Engravings in Outline. Four Volumes bound in Two.**

Demy 8vo. 21s.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE, THE ADVENTURES OF.** By DANIEL DE FOE. Embellished with three hundred Engravings, after designs by J. J. GRANDVILLE. The most extensively illustrated and complete edition of this work yet published.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (508 pp.), price 7s.

A book from which the most luxuriant and fertile of our modern prose writers have drunk inspiration—a book, moreover, to which, from the hardy deeds which it narrates, and the spirit of strange and romantic enterprise which it tends to awaken, England owes many of her astonishing discoveries both by sea and land, and no inconsiderable part of her naval glory.

"Hail to thee, spirit of DE FOE! What does not my own poor self owe to thee? England has better bards than either Greece or Rome, yet I could spare them easier far than DE FOE, 'unabashed DE FOE,' as the hunchbacked rhymist styled him."

George Barrow.

"The most romantic of books: the text and wood-cuts in this edition are exceedingly beautiful."

Morning Advertiser.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE is eagerly read by young people; and there is hardly a child so devoid of imagination, as not to have supposed for himself a solitary island, in which he could act 'ROBINSON

CRUSOE,' were it but in a corner of the nursery. Neither does a re-perusal, at a more advanced age, diminish early impressions. The situation is such as every man may make his own. It has the merit, too, of that species of accurate painting, which can be looked at again and again with new pleasure."

Sir Walter Scott.

"Oh! the delight with which we first devoured the pages of CRUSOE; and oh! how that delight would have been enhanced had we at that day possessed the illustrated book before us! The plates are from engravings on wood, and are extremely well executed."

Britannia.

"The paper and type are of the first quality, and the numerous wood-cuts are admirable."

Era.

"How happy that this, the most moral of romances, is not only the most charming of books, but the most instructive."

A. Chalmers.

"No fiction in any language was ever better supported than these 'Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.'"

Dr. Blair

**GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.** By JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's. Beautifully Illustrated with numerous Engravings, from designs by GRANDVILLE. With a Biographical Sketch. In this edition of the celebrated Travels, care has been taken to follow minutely the text of the original.

Demy 8vo, cloth back (338 pp.), price 5s.

**VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, THE.** By OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B. With a Portrait and Life of the Author, by G. M. BUSSEY. Embellished with two hundred Engravings.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (252 pp.), price 5s.

"This tale is the lasting monument of Goldsmith's genius, his great legacy of pleasure to generations past, present, and to come." *Examiner.*

"If such a work be charming in its simplicity, how much more so must it be when it comes to us in so gay a dress as the present—when the simple-hearted vicar actually stands before us; when every scene, and nearly every character, is

engraved to the physical vision, and all that is most delightful in the language, is rendered still more delightfully visible to the eye. There is to us an added pleasure in every page; and if it be not a new hook, at least we read it with a new zest, and feel that there is an additional charm added to him who was

"In wit, a man—simplicity, a child."

Court Journal.

**TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.** Comprising, ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP; SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINBAD THE SAILOR; ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES; and ALI GOGIA, THE MERCHANT. Without Abridgment, and embellished with one hundred and eighteen Engravings.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

**THE JUVENILE MUSEUM; OR, A CHILD'S LIBRARY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.** By QUIET GEORGE. Illustrated with numerous Engravings.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

"Father, Mother, Sisters, Brothers, Aunts, Uncles, Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Cousins, Godfathers, Godmothers, &c., &c., are informed that the interesting character of the illustrations, and the boldness of the type, together with the especial care devoted to its general getting-up, must make this little book an immense favourite with the children,—for to teach the infant mind through pictures has ever been held an important step in their education; and to guide their minds aright, it is absolutely necessary that only such books may be put into their hands as are free from every thought of evil. Childhood being, of all stages of life, the most important period for the formation

and cultivation of good habits, it behoves all who have the care of youth to look with suspicion of the kind of mental food offered to their acceptance. It is better to form the mind of the child, than to reform the habits of the man.

"Here we have tales, poems, and fables; sketches in history, biography, natural history, manners, and morals, and we know not what beside; with cuts of birds, beasts, and fishes; remarkable men, and remarkable places, head-pieces and tail-piece, and ornamental letters out of number; every page a picture-gallery, and every picture rendered instructive and suggestive of good. A capital book! such a treat for our boys!"

Maidstone Gazette.

**LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.** By COL. J. MONTMORENCY TUCKER. Embellished with a Portrait, and near one hundred and fifty Engravings.  
Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (445 pp.), price 6s.

**LIFE OF NELSON.** Uniform with the *Life of Wellington*; compiled from the most authentic sources. By COL. J. MONTMORENCY TUCKER. Embellished with near two hundred Engravings.  
Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (472 pp.), price 6s.

"Carefully and industriously done; a great variety of materials are collected together; thus forming a very interesting account of the life of NELSON, and an agreeable narrative of all the perils and incidents of his chequered life. The volume is neatly and appropriately illustrated, and the binding both characteristic and beautiful."  
*London Mercury.*

**LIFE OF NAPOLEON.** With five hundred Engravings, after designs by HORACE VERNET, and twenty Portraits, by M. JACQUE, of eminent Generals, Statesmen, and others connected with this eventful History.  
Two vols. in one, cloth, gilt back (972 pp.), price 10s.

**HEADS OF THE PEOPLE; OR PORTRAITS OF THE ENGLISH.** Drawn by KENNY MEADOWS, and engraved by ORRIN SMITH, and elaborately criticised and examined by the most eminent writers, including—

DOUGLAS JERROLD  
MRS. GORE  
LAMAN BLANCHARD  
W. M. THACKERAY  
CAPTAIN GLASCOCK  
SAMUEL LOVER  
LEMAN REDE  
PERCIVAL LEIGH

LEIGH HUNT  
MRS. S. C. HALL  
WILLIAM HOWITT  
R. H. HORNE  
R. B. PEAKE  
ALFRED CROWQUILL  
CHARLES WHITEHEAD  
F. G. TOMLINS, &c. &c.

Elegantly bound in two vols., demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back, price 14s.

**MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS.** With nearly Two Hundred Engravings, by first-rate Artists.  
Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (302 pp.), price 5s.

"A proper as well as an acceptable present to the young. This, we are sure, will be no slight recommendation to those who are in the habit of objecting to works treating of similar subjects, which have less regard to moral purity."  
*Kendal Mercury.*

**ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.** Translated by DR. HAWKESWORTH, embellished with nearly Two Hundred Engravings. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (402 pp.), price 6s.

"The publishers have rendered good services to literature and the public, by presenting, in a cheap and popular form, a work occupying such a proud position in the literature of the world."

*City Chronicle.*

"Who would be without an illustrated Telemachus, when it can be had on such terms? The translation is by Dr. Hawkesworth, and is unexceptionable, both in elegance of style and fidelity to the original."  
*Conservative Journal.*

*Just Published, New Editions, sorted 13 as 12.*

**THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.** By G. P. R. JAMES. Illustrated by JOHN GILBERT.  
Foolscap 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

**THE INUNDATION: or, PARDON AND PEACE.** By MRS. GORE. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.  
Foolscap 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

**THE SNOW STORM.** By MRS. GORE. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.  
Foolscap 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

**THE LITERARY CABINET:** Well stored with choice and instructive reading, forming a pleasing and ever-ready companion. Beautiful Illustrations.  
Super-royal 8vo, fancy cloth, price 5s.

**UNIVERSAL KEEPSAKE:—**With beautiful Illustrations.  
Super-royal 8vo, price 5s.



*Just Published,*

**DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.** From the Spanish of MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Carefully revised and corrected. Embellished with nearly Eight Hundred Engravings, after original designs by TONY JOHANNOT. Printed on fine paper, in two volumes, royal octavo. Handsomely bound in cloth elegant, full gilt back and gilt edges, price 21s.

The same work beautifully bound in one vol., price 18s.

ALSO, A CHEAPER EDITION WITH THE SAME ENGRAVINGS,

Demy 8vo, two vols. bound in one, price 10s. 6d.

"This marvellous production of Cervantes will always be popular, and more particularly if, as in the present case, it be profusely illustrated by

such a master-hand as TONY JOHANNOT. We are at a loss which to admire or laugh at the most, the text or the engravings." *Windsor Express.*

**STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.** With a Memoir of the Author. By E. L. BLANCHARD. With numerous Engravings.

Demy 8vo, elegantly bound, gilt edges, price 7s.

"A more graceful gift book has seldom appeared, than the one in which we here find reprinted not the least charming among the masterpieces of our national literature. LAURENCE STERNE has long been treasured among our classics; and hence any republication of his delightful writings is at all times peculiarly acceptable to the majority of our intelligent and discerning population.... Mr. BLANCHARD'S charming biography is happily associated with the very tasteful and appropriate

embellishments scattered through the volume, from the pencil of TONY JOHANNOT. Altogether the new issue of 'STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY,' will prove, on examination, to be a worthy addition to any library, as well as an elegant work for the table of a drawing-room or a boudoir. The merits of the original text, and of the newly-compiled memoir, have been adequately responded to by the excellence visible both in the illustrations and the typography." *The Sun.*

**ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS.** Translated from the French of LE SAGE. With a Memoir of the Author. With near five hundred Engravings, after designs by GIGOUX.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (760 pp.), price 10s.

"The cleverest picture of real life and manners that has ever been drawn." J. G. LOCKHART.

*Quarterly Review.* (No CXL, p. 167.)

"All the designs are full of spirit, and des-

criptive of the remarkable passages in this fine satire on the policy, drama, literature, and domestic habits of the Spaniards."

*Morning Advertiser.*

**ASMODEUS, THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.** A newly revised Translation by an eminent Author, allowed by critics to be the best edition extant. With two hundred Engravings, after designs by TONY JOHANNOT.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (298 pp.), price 5s.

"It is ASMODEUS who speaks, and the judicious reader will find strokes of the crutches, which he may improve to his advantage and edification."

*Old Preface.*

"The engravings, though worked with the type, are, through care and skill, as clear and distinct as plates intended for separate publication."

*Literary Gazette.*

**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.** From its Discovery by the Northmen to the Present Time. By JOHN FROST, A.M. Embellished with numerous Engravings; which consist of highly-finished Wood-cuts, illustrating the most important and striking events in the annals of that nation, and so numerous as to enable the reader to follow the course of events by simply turning over the leaves, and passing from incident to incident, and from character to character, exciting in the young and un instructed an earnest desire to read the connecting narrative. With a portrait of the Author.

Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (7-8 pp.), price 8s.

"This handsome volume, interspersed with numerous beautiful wood Engravings, contains the history of America from the discovery by the Northmen, in the tenth century, to the present time. We sincerely hope that the work will obtain, as it deserves, a large circulation; and we recommend it to our readers, with confidence in its utility and value."

*Weekly Dispatch.*

"The History of America, from the date of its discovery by Europeans until the present time, is a subject of deep interest to all who attach any value to an acquaintance with the origin, rise, and

progress of great nations. The issue of such a work is, moreover, particularly well-timed.

*Weekly Dispatch.* (2nd Notice)

"As Englishmen, we shall always remember the Americans of the United States are our brethren, and that every triumph achieved by them, if achieved in a good cause, we, to some extent, share the glory of. The two nations are united by ties of blood, and the past history, present state, and the future progress of each, must be interesting to the other."

*Northern Star.*

**THE HISTORY OF SMITHFIELD.** By THOMAS GASPEY, ESQ., Author of "The Lollards," "Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham," &c., &c.

Price one shilling, bound in cloth,



**LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.** Being a Correct and General History of our Glorious Redeemer, from his birth to his ascension into Heaven; with the lives of the Holy Apostles and Evangelists. By the REV. JOHN FLEETWOOD, D.D. Embellished with splendid Engravings, in outline, after the old Masters, and reprinted, without abridgment, from the best edition.  
Demy 8vo, fancy cloth, gilt edges, price 8s.

'The high price at which editions of this work have been published, has prevented many persons of confined incomes from possessing it; the Proprietors feel, therefore, that any apology would be quite superfluous in extenuation of their present

undertaking, to place within the reach of even the humblest classes this truly valuable work, so spiritually useful, and so highly prized by every true Christian."

**WORKS OF JOSEPHUS.** Translated by W. WHISTON, A.M., with a Life of the Author, and numerous Engravings.  
Crown 4to, price 8s.

**PRICELESS PEARLS FOR ALL CHRISTIANS.** Containing the Nativity, The Baptism, The Teachings, The Miracles, The Transfiguration, The Crucifixion, and The Resurrection of Our Glorious Redeemer, with beautiful Engravings in outline.  
Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

"A very delightful Sunday book. It consists of devout meditations on the grand subjects (of such profound and perennial interest to all Christians), which are mentioned above, interspersed with pieces of sacred poetry, selected from the most

celebrated religious poetry of England and America; the whole illustrated with very elegant line engravings, from pictures by some of the greatest masters, ancient and modern."

*Herald of Peace.*

**FABLES; Original and Selected.** With an Introductory Dissertation on the History of Fable, and comprising Biographical Notices of the most eminent Fabulists, by G. MOIR BUSSEY. Embellished with numerous Engravings by J. J. GRANDVILLE.  
Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (336 pp.), price 6s.

"To the lovers of Fables—that is to say, to every one who has imagination and moral sense—this publication ought to be a welcome and grateful offering."

*Atlas.*

"The engravings are superb, both as regards their design and execution. The work is beautifully got up, and is sold remarkably cheap—even for

this age of cheap printing. We cordially recommend it to our readers."

*Satirist.*

"The selection has been made with care and attention; it is characterised by a total absence of everything gross."

*Morning Advertiser.*

"We can confidently recommend this work to our readers, as one of the cheapest and best of its class."

*Court Gazette.*

**THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS:** portrayed in Six Tableaux, from designs by JOHN GILBERT, engraved by THOMAS GILKS; with A Few Words on Peace and War, by ELIHU BURRIT.  
Price One Shilling.

*Also, uniform with THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS,*

**THE SAILOR'S PROGRESS;** in Six Tableaux, by JOHN GILBERT. With a Few Words on Peace and War, by CHARLES SUMNER.

**THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS:** or, the Life of GEORGE POWELL, By SARAH SYMONDS.

"There is nothing more terrible than a victory except a defeat."

*The late Duke of Wellington.*

"This little volume is well-written, deeply interesting, neatly bound and illustrated."

*Critic.*

"It is on the whole a performance quite creditable to the fair authoress."

*Weekly Chronicle.*

"A very cleverly-written story.....The book will make you weep and moralise."

*Era.*

In cloth, gilt edges, with the Engravings coloured, price 3s. 6d.; or handsomely bound, price 2s. 6d.

**THE LIVES AND ACTIONS OF THE MOST NOTED HIGHWAYMEN, STREET-ROBBERS, PIRATES, &c.** By CAPTAIN CHARLES JOHNSON. Illustrated with Steel Engravings by "PHIZ."  
Post 8vo., cloth, gilt back, price 3s. 6d.

"Notwithstanding the many experiments that have been made, the many systems that have been adopted, tried, and abandoned, the theory of crime, its prevention, and its punishment, yet remains rough, rude, and incomplete. To en-

able the opinions of the present day to be formed on that trust of all bases, the experience of the past, no work has been admitted to be so valuable as that to which these lives afford an introduction.

**CLAUDIUS BOLIO:** his Rambles and Surprising Adventures, by the Author of "Samuel Sowerby," &c., with numerous illustrations on Steel.

Bound in cloth, gilt back, price 4s.

**THE STEAM PACKET;** A Tale of the River and the Ocean. By G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Author of "Pickwick Abroad," &c. &c. Embellished with beautiful steel Engravings, designed by J. H. JONES. Demy 8vo, gilt back (311 pp.), price 5s.

**WOMAN'S LOVE; A ROMANCE OF SMILES AND TEARS.** By G. HERBERT RODWELL, Author of "Old London Bridge," &c. With beautiful illustrations by ALFRED CROWQUILL. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (296 pp.), price 5s.

**COOMBE ABBEY: AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST;** wherein all the engrossing incidents which led to the Gunpowder Plot will be found detailed with historical accuracy. By SELINA BUNBURY. Author of "A Visit to my Birthplace," "Recollections of Ireland," &c. &c.; with numerous illustrations on wood, by SARGEANT, HENNING, NEWMAN, &c. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back (591 pp.), price 8s.

DEDICATED TO ROBERT VERNON, ESQ.

**THE UNIVERSAL PICTURE GALLERY.** Being Engravings from the best Masters, both ancient and modern, by LINTON, GILKS, MEASOM, &c.; with letter-press illustrations. Demy 4to, handsomely bound in crimson cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

It is the mission of art to realize and embody the ideal creations of the poet; indeed, the painter must himself be more or less a poet—expressing by form and colour that which the writer educes by words: and to bring both art and literature, in the most attractive guise, to the homes and firesides of the many, is the aim and object of the present work. The engravings are of the first class, from

the burins of LINTON, GILKS, the brothers MEASOM, &c. and printed on tinted drawing paper. While the subjects are systematically chosen from the best works of ancient and modern artists, there is attached to each such attractive information upon its origin, style, history, or feeling, as may be necessary to enable the reader to appreciate its peculiar excellence and value.

**THE FIRESIDE COMPANION.** A Literary, Biographical, and Anecdotal Book for all Seasons; being a Series of Tales, Sketches, Poems, Biographies, Essays, Anecdotes, &c. &c. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

**THE DIVERTING HISTORIE OF RENARD THE FOX.** Illustrated with numerous Engravings, designed by J. J. GRANDVILLE. Demy 16mo, cloth, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d.

**FABLES FOR THE YOUNG.** Illustrated by J. J. GRANDVILLE. Demy 16mo, cloth, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d.

PUBLISHING IN PARTS

**PHELPS'S Edition of the Complete WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.** Revised from the original text. Each Play accompanied by copious Notes, critical, general, and explanatory. Produced under the immediate and personal supervision of SAMUEL PHELPS, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's-Wells. With Beautiful Engravings, designed by T. H. NICHOLSON. TWO HANDSOME VOLUMES, large royal 8vo. Cloth, gut back, price 25s.

"Assuredly the patrons of cheap and elegant standard literature will bestow their patronage on the Messrs. Willoughby for publishing in so spirited a manner this beautiful edition of Shakespeare's Works, which comes recommended to them not by one but by many attractions. There is appended to each play a carefully written historical and analytical introduction, and just a sufficient quantity of critical, general, and explanatory notes;

secondly, the whole is produced under the immediate and personal supervision of the eminent Shakespearian actor, Mr. Phelps; thirdly, it is embellished with wood engravings, executed in the first style of art, and is printed on good paper, and in a clear type; and last, though not least, it is the cheapest edition of Shakespeare's works that has yet been issued to the public."

*Weekly Times.*

**TRAVELLERS AND TRAVELLING.** A Book for Everybody going Anywhere. By E. L. BLANCHARD. Lavishly Illustrated by F. G. DELANOTTE. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt back, price 1s.

"Heads and Tales of Travellers and Travelling" is exactly one of those books that every one ought to read. Open it where you will, you will be safe to find something to amuse you and make you

laugh. Puns and jokes of all kinds, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' are throughout its pages as "plentiful as blackberries."

**THE ADVENTURES OF OLD DAN TUCKER AND HIS SON WALTER.** A Tale of North Carolina. By C. H. WILEY. Illustrated with beautiful Engravings, by FELIX O. C. DARLEY. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

**THE LAMPLIGHTER:** by Miss CUMMING, with illustrations on Steel, by NICHOLSON, ASHLEY, &c.

"It is full of large suggestiveness, and may, with good results, be put into young as well as older hands. It is adventurous, dramatic, moral, and religious, without a touch of polemics, that bane of all that is wise and benign in the universe."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"A story has just issued from the American press, so thrilling and pathetic in its interest, so pure in its more, so natural and easy in its style, so true and forcible in its delineation of character, that it merits a place in every library, and should be perused and preserved by every family, as essentially a HOME BOOK.

"Wherever truth and nature, unaffected simplicity of style, honest purpose and proper religious feeling, are admired as superadding an additional excellence to the highest interest of romance, there will **THE LAMPLIGHTER** find friends. I recommend, all my readers, old and young, male or female, to lose no time in purchasing.

"This extraordinary work has been received by the entire press, and the public generally, with great favour. Twenty thousand copies have already been disposed of in less time than was consumed in selling the same number of Mrs. Stowe's famous fiction. The character of little Gerty is equal to any of Charles Dickens's sketches."—*Holt's Army and Navy Dispatch*.

"The author has evidently a highly cultivated and refined, as well as an original and imaginative mind; and writes with the ease, the classical correctness of diction, and that choice selection of terms, which indicate the good English scholar."—*Daily Advertiser*, Boston.

*Daily Atlas*. In Ornamental Paper covers, price 2s. 6d.; cloth, full gilt back, price 3s. 6d.

**ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS:** Translated by the Rev. EDWARD FORSTER, carefully revised and corrected. Embellished with over Six Hundred Engravings.  
Do. do. Royal 8vo., cloth, gilt back. (1048 pp.) Price 21s.  
Demy 8vo., Price 12s. 6d.

~~~~~  
**THE MOST INTERESTING NAUTICAL WORKS OF THE DAY.**

*Just Published, Elegantly Bound, Price Five Shillings,*

**JEM BUNT; A Tale of the Land and the Ocean.** By "The Old Sailor." With Twenty-one Illustrations on Steel, by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

"No writer on nautical themes appeals more forcibly to our best feelings, or sketches with a more intimate pencil the peculiarities of naval character, and the business of a seaman's life, than

the able and excellent individual who writes under true colours, as 'The Old Sailor.'"—*United Service Magazine*.

*Also, uniform with the above, Price Five Shillings,*

**THE OLD SAILOR'S JOLLY BOAT:** Pulled by Wit, Fun, Humour, and Pathos, Steered by Himself, and Illustrated with Beautiful Steel Engravings, by GEORGE and ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

"'The Old Sailor' is too old a favourite with the public to stand in need of our recommendation. We rejoice to see him enter the lists again with his sea-stories (and none can tell them better). The embellishments are suitable and good."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The **JOLLY BOAT** bids fair to outrival all that he ('The Old Sailor') has previously written."—*Nottingham Review*.

"If popularity be a test of excellence, but few names in modern literature hold higher rank as a writer of naval stories than 'The Old Sailor.'"—*Nottingham Mercury*.

"The Illustration of 'Dick Fitton and Davy Jones,' and the reminiscence which it illustrates, is one of intense interest to all who admire the reckless daring of the British tar."—*Sheffield Iris*.

~~~~~  
**WILLOUGHBY & CO.'S CABINET SERIES, (Post 8vo.)**

**VALENTINE VOX THE VENTRILOQUIST;** By HENRY COCKTON, Esq.,  
Illustrated by ONWHYN.  
Do. do. Boards, Price 3s. 6d.  
Bound in Cloth, Price 4s.

~~~~~  
**CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE,** at Home and Abroad; By ALBERT SMITH.  
Illustrated by JOHN LEECH.  
Do. do. Boards, Price 3s. 6d.  
Cloth, Price 4s.

~~~~~  
**TOM RACQUET AND HIS THREE MAIDEN AUNTS;** By C. W. MANBY. Illustrated by R. CRUIKSHANK.  
Do. do. Boards, Price 2s.  
Bound in Cloth, Price 2s. 6d.

~~~~~  
**WOMAN'S LOVE; A Romance of Smiles and Tears.** By G. HERBERT RODWELL, Author of "Old London Bridge," &c. With a Frontispiece by ALFRED CROWQUILL.  
Do. do. Boards, Price 2s.  
Bound in Cloth, Price 2s. 6d.

~~~~~  
**HEADS OF THE PEOPLE,** Taken from the Crowd: By KENNY MEADOWS. and elaborately criticised and examined by the most eminent writers.  
(Two Selections.) Boards, Price 2s., each.

[These Works are printed verbatim in a larger edition, embellished with Steel Engravings, and Elegantly Bound in Cloth, with Emblematical Gold Back. They can be obtained of any bookseller.]





27119

100

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 291 769 8

